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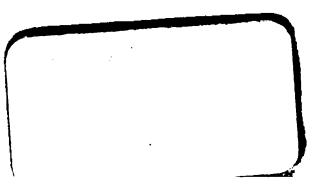

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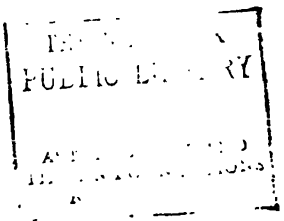

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THE

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

Quarterly Review.

JULY, MDCCCLV.

ART. I.—1. *The History of Church Laws in England from A.D. 602 to A.D. 1850.* By Edward Muscutt. London: Gilpin.

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3. *An Inquiry into the Principles of Church Authority; or, Reasons for recalling my Subscription to the Royal Supremacy.* By the Rev. R. I. Wilberforce, M.A. London: Rivingtons. 1854.

WE live in eventful times! We are on the eve of great changes! so we are informed from day to day, and so were our fathers before us. Oppressed nationalities are waiting with more or less of faith and patience for the day of their deliverance; the victims of clique and routine are anxiously expecting when the period of their emancipation shall arrive; and not a few, led by a well known and excellent minister of the Church of Scotland, have made up their minds that in half-a-score of years, at most, this dispensation will be brought to a conclusion, and the millennial reign of the Saviour will be proclaimed on earth.

Scientific men assure us that we are trembling upon the verge of some vast discovery; that recent investigations in almost every branch of natural philosophy seem to converge their indications towards some great central truth, which when discovered shall fling into shade all the knowledge of the past. Politicians are satisfied that the day of shams and compromises is well nigh over, and that before long the maxims of the purest philosophy shall be applied to the operations of government.

In the midst of these prognosticated changes how stands the Church? Is she prepared to enter into them and to become a part of them—to advance with the advancing race, or to be left behind, an anile monument of effete legislation? And we must here premise that our questions concern not the spiritual Church of which Christ is the only head, but that "established in these kingdoms," and which admits "that the Queen's Majesty is in all causes and over all persons, as well civil as ecclesiastical within these her dominions, supreme." We are dealing not with the Lamb's bride—an institution of prophets, and apostles, and evangelists, and pastors, and teachers—against which the gates of hell shall not prevail; but with a human hierarchy of archbishops and prelates, and deans and canons, and chancellors and archdeacons—an institution of tithes and church rates, and glebes, and appropriations and impropriations. It is in this sense that we put the question, How stands the Church?

Nor while we thus characterise the Establishment as a human institution do we therefore withhold from her our dutiful and affectionate allegiance. We are not the less loyal subjects of the Queen because we repudiate with contempt the ancient fiction of

"The right divine of kings to govern wrong;"

and we regard our Ecclesiastical Polity as one which, if honestly carried out, is well calculated to evangelise at least our portion of the world; better indeed than any which could be substituted for it.

It has become a prey to much corruption and many abuses —granted. It has suffered from foes without and traitors within—granted again. But, perhaps, if the case be fairly examined the mischief will be found less than is sometimes suspected, and the strength of the constitution immeasurably greater. From the earliest times the same things have been said. In the reign of Henry V. they were said in the same words, and few thinking men imagined that the English Church would last out their time, even in the age of that great king. Nevertheless, four centuries have passed away and the Church still remains—more powerful and less corrupt. Indeed the very outcry which is sometimes made against abuses is in itself a safety valve; discontent which may freely blow itself off in the steam of words, rarely concentrates itself in acts; liberty of speech is a great preventer of revolutions, and had the English been a less outspoken nation their revolutions would have been more numerous and more

sanguinary. It is therefore very likely that the free and somewhat acrimonious discussions which have lately been held through the length and breadth of the land concerning ecclesiastical corruptions, may have the effect of preventing the besom of reformation from being too energetically applied. Admiral Lord Gambier, when a captain, once ordered a black sailor to be punished for drunkenness; before the infliction the captain lectured the culprit at considerable length on the enormity of his offence. "Massa captain," said Sambo, "if you floggee, floggee; if you preachee, preachee; but no preachee and floggee too!" It is almost needless to add that Sambo escaped the severer part of his punishment.

But if our body politic has in its ecclesiastical members some foul plague spots, it is certainly not for want of empirics who have their infallible remedies at hand. We have abundance of church physicians. One very extensive scheme is before us, which advocates the reforming away of the Establishment, as it at present stands, from the face of the earth, and substituting a new one on totally different principles. This scheme finds its organ in the *Courier*. Another party tell us that everything is best as it is; that if a poor curate can only get £50 per annum for himself, his wife, and nine children, he must take pupils—and *patience*; that if he is unmarried he must seek a richly dowered wife, for which, he is reminded, he has remarkable opportunities; but in any case he is not to publish his distresses, because such conduct is very undignified. Finally, we are all instructed that our plain duty is to say what the bishops say, and praise what the bishops do, giving in our upward glances through this best of all organised churches a reverential look on deans, canons, and patrons. This party finds its organ in the *Clerical Journal*, a paper which but a short time ago was very independent; and we are grieved to connect the change with the accession to the editorship of Dr. Burgess (late of Blackburn) eminent as a Syriac scholar. But between these two extremes there are an almost infinite number of means, and while at the one pole, which we may call the positive, there is a desire to change every thing; and at the other, or negative pole, an equally strong desire to change nothing; we shall find between them proposals for effecting alterations singly or by groups in every part of our Liturgy, our doctrinal articles, and our church economy.

In the course of last year we discussed at large one of these groups, viz. that connected with Church Preferment; we shall now touch briefly on a few others: and as no one

doubts that the finance question lies beyond and beneath many of the others, we shall first apply ourselves to the consideration of the problem, how ought church revenues to be raised? how ought they to be collected? and how ought they to be distributed?

Everybody feels that if the Church were not endowed, half if not all the opposition she meets with from Dissenters would disappear at once; that if bishoprics were only moderately endowed they would be bestowed on different principles to those which now prevail; and that if the right of presentation to a rectory or vicarage did not mean a right to bestow certain revenues, it would no longer be a matter of bargain and sale. These observations seem like mere truisms, but it is necessary to make them here because we are about to treat on that which is at once the strength and weakness of our Church—its wealth. At present the revenues of the Establishment may be divided into tithes, lands, money endowments, Easter offerings, pew rents, voluntary gifts, and sums granted directly by the State, to which must be added church rates.

In some of these lies a portion of what is called the union of Church and State; and it will, perhaps, be as well to point out before proceeding further, how far the money question is mixed up with this politico-ecclesiastical one. It will at once be granted that the State can only establish a connection with and exercise a power over the Church, by right of endowment, so far as she actually *does* provide the endowment in question. This she may do in two ways; she may pay the clergy out of the national funds, as is done in the case of some colonial bishoprics; or she may levy a tax on the people for church purposes, as is done in the case of church rates. Tithes hold a somewhat different position, granted originally by the State, they have by lapse of time become corporate property, and have been recognised and dealt with as such. Hence they form no longer any portion of that which constitutes the union between Church and State; the latter has no longer the right to resume them, notwithstanding the motto, "*Nullum tempus occurrit regi;*" and in proportion as they become commuted, (and they ought to be commuted into *real* property,) in like proportion will even the appearance of this mystic union vanish from among the elements of their composition. Church rates are doomed, it is needless to philosophise about them, they will not last many years, and with them will go another element of the union. Easter offerings are now rarely enforced, and when

they become purely voluntary nothing will remain of the state endowment, save those sums directly contributed for church purposes; these are small and insignificant at present, and are hardly likely to be of long continuance; with them will disappear the last fragment of those endowments which connect the Church with the State.

It would be easy, did our space permit, to prove at length what we have here briefly asserted, that the pecuniary hold of the State over the Church is small and rapidly decreasing; but we must hasten to consider the question before us, How ought church revenues to be raised? Tithes when redeemed and commuted are unobjectionable; lands and money endowments, when made by private persons, are equally so; nor can the most rigid reformer find any thing to blame in voluntary offerings. The objection to tithes as they at present stand is the mode of their collection, which gives them the appearance of a tax, and this they have long ceased to be. In taking a farm the tenant pays rent in proportion to the amount of tithe; the landlord has purchased the estate for a proportionate sum, so that the endowment has been made and *paid* ages ago, and the appearance of raising it again year by year ought, as an act of mere justice, to be removed. To make this clear let it be supposed, (and "*absit omen!*") that any government in this country were to abolish tithes; A. B. is a farmer who pays £50 per annum in that form, paying £50 less per annum in the shape of rent to C. D. his landlord; C. D. purchased the estate in question estimating its rent at £50 per annum less than he otherwise would have done, knowing the sum that would be required for tithes. Now when the abolition takes place, A. B. is required by C. D. to pay the larger rent; and as the latter has no compensating payment to make, the effect of the change is to take away from the Church a certain amount and to make of it a free gift to the landlords. If however tithes were all commuted into *real* property, the appearance of taxation would cease, and the property of the Church would be rendered more secure.

The question of church rates presents many difficulties—one thing is certain, that in towns the voluntary principle will compensate abundantly for their loss, but in rural districts there seems but too much reason to believe that many churches will fall into decay. The experiment will, however, be tried, and we must strike a balance between the advantages and disadvantages which will result. But it must be borne in mind, that the *rights* of parishioners over their

church will be greatly modified if they refuse to furnish the sums necessary for its sustentation. Church matters must be arranged by a committee; there will be no parochial elections, no distinction between rector's warden and parishioner's warden; and the non-paying portion of the parish will have no more right to interfere in the affairs of the church than they have in those of Ebenezer chapel. And, perhaps, we cannot find a better place than the present to speak of pews and pew-rents. A short time ago the Tractarian party preached quite a crusade against these inoffensive little boxes. "In the house of God," they solemnly exclaimed, "all were equal!" a cushioned pew they denominated a bed; and they spelt the objectionable word "*pue*," in order to signify that it stank in their nostrils. Their theory was undoubtedly very pleasing, but in order to carry it out the whole parish must pay for the whole parish's accommodation; and when the parishioners decline to do this, and the State declines to compel them, then the theory falls to the ground, and there seems no other means of making the rich pay for the poor, or indeed of keeping up the church at all, than the much vilified plan of pew-rents. The Bishop of London lately introduced a bill which legalised in certain cases the letting of pews in parish churches, and made the rents of them recoverable by law; but the fault of the bill was, that it was not of general application, it did not lay down a principle and define the mode of applying it to special cases, but dealt with the cases themselves as isolated ones, which they were very far from being.

We have now specified the chief forms under which church property presents itself, and have endeavoured to indicate those which seem to have in them the elements of permanence: in a future paper we shall give some statistics on these subjects, but must now proceed to our next point—how those revenues should be collected. Supposing church-rates to be abolished, and tithes commuted into land, we shall then have only one problem before us; for voluntary offerings must be given as the donors choose, and there is only one way of collecting pew-rents. The problem then is this: Shall each parish, each corporation, each dignitary, deal separately with the endowments which respectively concern them; or shall the whole be dealt with by commissioners, thrown into a common stock, and divided by those who have collected it? In other words, are the clerical corporations to manage their own estates, or shall they be managed for them? Now, the answer to this query must depend

on another: How have they managed them hitherto? And if it shall appear that they have been so deplorably mismanaged, that they have produced in some cases not more than half their legitimate revenues, then it will be evident that such a state of things ought not to continue. It may be all very well for right reverend and very reverend dignitaries to say, You have no more right to interfere with our management than with that of lay lords and squires; we are not likely to damage our own property: but the reply will be, You receive these revenues for a specific purpose, and that purpose is one which, if well carried out, greatly concerns the best interests of the nation: the nation is therefore bound to see that the most is made of these incomes. Now, on investigation it appears, that the one thing deemed needful in the management of church-property has been, hitherto, to make it as productive as possible *to the present holder*. A private gentleman will plant and drain, and do many things to benefit his estate, of which he never expects to receive personally the advantage; but he has an eye to the interests of those who shall come after him. For this purpose he lets his land for fixed periods, and obtains the highest rent he can, consistently with the requisite improvements which the tenant will be required to make: it is his object to make the land permanently productive. Church estates, on the other hand, were leased on lives, and the chief payment consisted in fines; so that there was a kind of gambling with regard to the present holder: he might receive little or nothing, or he might receive a fortune at once in the form of a heavy fine, and this chance he preferred to a steady rental. That this, on the whole, was short-sighted policy, will be evident to any one who considers the nature of rent; but it is difficult to make a man alter a course by which he has the possibility of reaping a large harvest for himself, and leaving the deficiency to his successors. Now when it comes to be known that the joint amount of fines and rent are very much under what the lands in question should produce, it clearly becomes a duty to treat church property as other property is treated, and to obtain for the Church all that it is capable of affording.

The first step in this direction, was to decide that church dignitaries should have a fixed income; for when once this was settled, the temptation to the ruinous system before mentioned ceased. The Bishop of A., the Dean of B., or the Canons of C., would no longer desire to depreciate the property of the see or the chapter, when they would obtain no personal advantage by so doing; but the very same reason which made them so far

*dis*interested would make them *un*interested also. Whatever became of the property, their income would be the same, and secure; and hence, the only mode of rightly managing ecclesiastical estates would be to place them in the hands of commissioners. Nor need it be said that, by coming to this conclusion on these grounds, we are in any way impugning the character of the corporations in question, or of the individuals composing them. If it be said to them, You have certain duties—perform those duties, and you shall have a specific remuneration—it would be obviously unfair to add to those duties, whether onerous or otherwise, the additional one of managing the estates out of which the remuneration is to be made. In time past the whole system was vicious; the tendencies of our own day are, at least on this point, towards a complete and effective reform.

But there yet remains the question of distribution; and this is so far connected with the preceding, as to show almost equally the necessity that *all* ecclesiastical estates, however denominated, should be managed by commissioners. So long as I, as a canon of St. Paul's or Canterbury, have a direct interest in making the value of the produce of an estate large during the time at least in which I have an interest in it, so long I may reasonably be required to pay that attention to the estate which may bring about the desired result; but when I am told, that if I make the estate more productive, the excess will not go as heretofore to the chapter of which I am a member, but to make up the deficient revenues of Chester or Exeter, then it is rather too much to expect from deans and chapters, that they should be exceedingly anxious about the matter.

The plan of the present Ecclesiastical Commissioners is gradually to increase small livings, *after* providing for bishops, deans, canons, chancellors, archdeacons, registrars, and every imaginable dignitary, so that though the Commission seems a little like the tribe of cephalopods, prone to walk on its head, yet the progress is in the right direction, and, *if it lasts long enough*, will put everything to rights. Meanwhile the "*inferior*" clergy must go on starving, and hoping, and wearing old clothes, and dying in poverty, and leaving their children to the orphan asylums. (There are five children of clergymen candidates at this time for the Infant Orphan Asylum at Wanstead). Nevertheless, we have better prospects now than we have had hitherto, inasmuch as the mountain has begun to move; and as mountains, when they do move, always move slowly at first, but gain in speed

and momentum as they advance, so we do not despair that future generations may see curates and poor vicars living by the Church, and bishops travelling after that apostolic pattern set forth by worthy Mr. Godolphin Osborne.

The plan of Lord Blandford will, if carried out, tend much towards so desirable a consummation, and it has the great merit of being comprehensive. It is not a mean series of petty compromises, as are most of the others which have been proposed on this most important question. He doubtless is right in the estimate which he makes of that saving which may be effected by such an arrangement as that which he proposes; but even then, though much benefit may be and must be the result, and to all orders in the Church, yet it does not follow that this scheme shall be a panacea for all the evils that afflict her. It will but be necessary to recur to what we have already said about patronage and preferment to see this. The revenues of the Church may be levied on the most philosophical system; they may be managed with the most scrupulous integrity, and distributed in the most accurate proportions; but unless these proportions come into the best hands, or at least into qualified hands, very little has been done. The inhabitant of a certain parish says, "My rector is careless and apathetic; he is a keen sportsman, a pleasant companion, polished and gentlemanly; but he cares nothing for his parishioners: he is appointed solely because he is a younger son of Lord Deuceace." It is no reply to tell him, "Well, sir, the living of Take-it-easy was formerly £2500 per annum, it is now reduced to £1500; formerly it absorbed all the revenues of Workington, but now the Reverend Mr. Scrubb, the respectable but somewhat overworked vicar of the latter poor locality, gets his £250 per annum, in lieu of the £75 with which his predecessor was obliged to content himself." The reform which is wanted is one which will place the rectory of Take-it-easy and the vicarage of Workington respectively in the hands of men who will devote themselves to their work; and for this purpose it is our system of patronage and preferment which needs a change.

Again, the dweller "under the cold shade of a cathedral"—and why should it be a *cold* shade—says, "I feel no pleasure in the services of our Church. Canon Bishopsgate is a most unprofitable preacher, and sets anything but the best example. He has a large living, which he leaves entirely to his curates. He makes it so evident that it is the fleece, and not the flock which he desires, that it is scarcely a reproach to tell him so. He has at least £4000 per annum from his various prefer-

ments; his preachings are statutable preachings; and his visits to the poor are—*nil!*" Now it is evidently no sufficient answer to say, that when the reverend canon goes to receive his reward, his place will be filled by a gentleman who will only have a thousand a year. No; the reform here wanted is one which will prevent bad schoolmasters and other unqualified persons from being pitchforked into canonries, just to get rid of them from situations in which they were more mischievous.

Therefore it is to be borne in mind what may, and what may not be expected from a merely financial reform. It will do much, doubtless, and more year by year will spring from every instalment—*but not all.* Another objector tells us, "It is because you have bishops, whom you make spiritual peers—whom you withdraw from their natural and rightful occupation of superintending their clergy—that your Church is so languishing in its spiritual condition." "How can they avoid being puffed up with spiritual pride, and carnal pride too, when they have circles of all but worshippers about them, and are taught by the clergy themselves that they are beings of a superior order." These two points have been unhappily regarded as though they were all in all—if these, or one of these were conceded, the Church would soon right herself. We have endeavoured to show how far this is the case with regard to the first.

The next point has been treated with the same want of consideration. On the one hand, it is contended that the presence of the bishops in the House of Lords is the guarantee of the State's Christianity. Those who have even hinted at its discontinuance have been treated as the worst of traitors to the Church, and almost as renegades to Christianity itself. The denial of Peter was innocent compared with their sin, and the guilt even of Judas himself seems capable of finding a parallel in our own time. None who remember the newspapers of their boyhood—perhaps now some five-and-thirty or forty years ago—can fail to be struck with the change which has come over their tone in this respect. Church reformers were then treated as Atheists; and even at the time of the Reform Bill, the Tory party had no more revolutionary speech to charge Lord Grey with, than that wherein he recommended their lordships the bishops "to set their houses in order." On the other hand, the opponents of the Church, and grievance-mongers in general, inveigh against the episcopal peerage, as though it were the root and foundation of all the evils that affect the State. If a worthy clergyman be

neglected, and allowed to pass his days in penury and obscurity—and, alas! this must be the lot of the greater portion even of such—we are told that the avocations of the bishop as a spiritual peer prevent his giving that attention to his diocese and clergy which it so imperatively demands. If we find a youth fresh from college, and with few other claims to preferment than that he is the son, son-in-law, or nephew of a prelate, promoted over the heads of older, more experienced, and more deserving men—and this too is, unhappily, a matter of every-day occurrence—we are at once reminded, that the pomp and pride of lordship necessitates a suitable provision for family connections, and that if this cannot be made honestly, it must be made dishonestly. In fact, all episcopal misdoings are traced to the seat in the House of Peers; and it is fondly imagined by some, that we have nothing more to do, in order to obtain a bench of bishops like to the apostles, than forthwith to evict from the national legislature all the members of the order. Let us however examine the state of the case as it stands.

The presence of a few dignified ecclesiastics, say the advocates of things as they are, sheds an atmosphere of religion about the deliberations of parliament, and adds not a little to that reverential tone which the English legislature has always regarded things sacred. This assertion may pass for what it is worth, but it is a mere assertion. We have no reason whatever to believe in the existence of this more reverential tone, as peculiar to our parliament; it characterises nearly all Christian legislatures alike, and moreover it varies with the varying circumstances of the time. It was not found in the age of Walpole; it was not aided by such prelates as Blackburne. Had Swift been made a bishop (and he was very near being so), he would not have been a very bright example of it; nor would Laurence Sterne, who was not far off at one time from the mitre. The truth is, that the taste and spirit of the age has changed—Josiah has succeeded to Amon—and the House of Lords is decorous, because gentlemen are educated in a decorous manner.

But another very remarkable reply may be given to the theory in question; it is that the religious element in the House of Lords, so far as it is actively evolved, does not rest with the bishops, but with certain lay-peers, such as Lords Shaftesbury, Roden, Bandon, the Duke of Manchester, and others. These make the Upper House what it is, in respect to religion. We do not deny that all questions concerning the interests of religion are met and discussed by our prelates in

a becoming spirit, but they are apt to be looked on as retained advocates; and their advocacy cannot fail, from this very consideration, to lose, in such an assembly, much of its weight. On the other hand, when they take a part in mere secular discussions, they labour under a twofold disadvantage, for one party will consider them out of their sphere, and the other as wanting in experience and knowledge of business —a reproach which does in general attach to the clergy of all ranks. Here and there we find a prelate who readily obtains the ear of the House. Sometimes, as in the case of the venerable Primate, from the sanctity of his personal character; sometimes, as in that of the Bishop of London, from the combination of great activity and talent, immense wealth, and enormous patronage—all which things must produce a corresponding influence; and sometimes, as in the case of the Bishop of Oxford, from a peculiarly fascinating eloquence. Occasionally, too, the House finds on the episcopal bench an able and practised debater, such as the present Bishop of Exeter, who is listened to in the same proportion, and much for the same reasons, as Mr. D'Israeli is in the House of Commons.

But after making these exceptions, we shall be compelled to admit that the bishops have little weight in the Upper House. Indeed they have themselves tacitly arrived at the same conclusion; for their attendance is by no means constant, or even frequent, and the part which they take in debate still less so. If they are urged to give their votes on subjects not obviously of a religious character, they not unfrequently urge as a reason for not doing so, that their diocesan engagements prevent their giving sufficient attention to the topics in question; doubtless a good reason, but one which may be replied to as a certain old woman once replied to Philip of Macedon—"Then be no longer king."

If this then were the sole reason why bishops should form part of our legislative body, it would seem hardly worth while to make it a subject of contention. If from the present we turn to the past, we shall have no very favourable account to give of episcopal legislation. An analysis of their votes will show us that the bishops were almost always on the side of power and against improvement; that they resisted the abolition of slavery, the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, the Reform Bill, and the cessation of monopoly; and that they were ever partisans of the crown against the people, and of the oligarchical against the national interests. We say this not with any intention to judge the present pre-

lates by the acts of their predecessors, but only to show that if the great benefits which are attributed to them as legislators be diligently sought for we must go back into remote antiquity to find them. The anti-church party say, "What good do the bishops do in Parliament?" and their advocates will, we must freely acknowledge, find it very difficult to answer the question. But they may retort with another—What harm do they do? Paley excuses, rather than defends their presence, by observing that if more subserviency to the crown be found among them than is quite pleasant to contemplate, they are the more wisely placed in that branch of the legislature from which little patriotism is to be expected. So do we translate his sarcastic observations on the spiritual peerage.

Nepotism, neglect of duty, narrowness of mind, ecclesiastical corruption, want of moral courage, are all charged on the bishops by some writers *because* they are peers; the accusers forgetting, so far as any of their accusations are true, that it is the spiritual and not the temporal office which furnishes the means of the crime. Dismiss the Right Rev. Dr. A. B. from the House of Lords, and leave him with the same immense patronage, and the same uncontrolled power over the clergy, and you will have produced no change in the matters complained of. Until human nature can be made other than what it is, absolute power *must* produce tyranny and oppression; rank and wealth, accompanied by adulation in large measures, must produce pride and self-seeking; and it must be remembered that even were the whole bench shut out from the Upper House, they would lose nothing in social rank; they would still be addressed as "your lordship" and your "grace," the mitre would still do duty as a coronet, and the Convocation would soon be resuscitated as an Ecclesiastical Parliament.

There is an incalculable difference between the honours paid to the spiritual and those paid to the temporal peerage. The hereditary lord lives habitually with his equals; his position is generally pretty well marked out for him; he is merely a titled gentleman, and has no more irresponsible power than his own game-keeper; he is of much less account personally than a leading member of the House of Commons, and if he betake himself to any profession it is that of war, in which he learns to obey—let the example of the gallant Earl of Cardigan be remembered as an instance in point;—above all, he is not surrounded by an obsequious circle to whom his will is law, and whose bread is in no small measure

dependent upon his caprice. It is said that an Englishman naturally loves a lord, and so he does; but in the case of a bishop, superadded to his aristocratic lord-worship, there is a feeling of religious veneration often amounting to superstition and servility.

All that renders the position of a prelate more perilous to his own soul than that of the temporal peer, would remain if the doors of the House of Lords were closed against the order from this day forward: nor would any unwholesome influence be withdrawn from that House. So far as the bishops make their voices heard there at all, it is now, at all events for good, whatever it may have been up to a recent period; so that neither those who would remain, nor those who would depart, could be expected to profit by the change. As a panacea for the evils of the Church, we are therefore of opinion that none could be found more delusive than the removal of the bishops from the Legislature.

But again, it is said, they are there on false pretences; they are to represent the clergy, their views, their hopes, their interests, and this it is notorious they do not do. The clergy are not eligible to the Lower House—why, it is difficult to say; their exclusion, as it stands, is an *ex post facto* law, made to mortify the electors of Middlesex and to keep John Horne Tooke out of Parliament. Now, as a compensation for this injustice, we are gravely told, "You have no right to complain; the bishops are in the House of Peers and thus you have your representatives!" In the first place we would demur to this theory, that any injustice done to one man can be made up for by a favour granted to another. In the second, we by no means see how any man's interests can be said to be considered in the bestowing of additional powers on his master, that master being already, so far as *he* is concerned, despotic. But the truth lies much deeper than this; the whole is, or rather was, a piece of state-craft and not a piece of church-craft. Government wanted votes in both Houses—and mitres were great political prizes,—and accordingly the theory stood thus: the State said to the Church, let me choose your bishops and I will make them princes, and the Church consented to the bargain; and thus Convocation was thrown over, and the union between Church and State cemented by a new tie. It is quite true that we can point out no period in our ecclesiastical history when any such compact was made, but we can show abundantly the same spirit, working by the same means, and to obtain the same result. Our own Norman and Plantagenet kings fought

against the Pope to have the choice of their own bishops, and at last they succeeded; not because in those days they wanted votes in Parliament, but because they wanted the weight of the episcopal influence, which was then far greater than it has ever been since. As Parliament grew, there grew with it a new use to which the prelates of the Church might be put, and it was but playing a different tune on the same instrument and to the same purpose.

And now that we have reached another era, and the episcopal bench is no longer available as a political engine—now that the peerage itself is less potent, and that the House of Commons has gathered into its own hands all the real power of the State—in what way does the government look on the spiritual peerage? The answer is significant. A bishop is not the less a bishop even though he has not a seat in the House of Lords, and accordingly when the episcopate is enlarged, the new prelate does not succeed to that seat till the decease of some previous holder. Make new bishops if you will, only do not make them lords of Parliament! So that the government has itself decided that the Upper House is none the worse for the exclusion of the new bishop, and the bishop himself none the worse because he is excluded. Surely this is one of "*the signs of the times.*"

We have already attempted to show, and we trust successfully, that this much-discussed measure would, by itself, be attended by no beneficial result. *In itself*, it is and must be a matter of indifference. The legislature neither takes up a bishop's time, nor gives him any peculiar status in society; neither enables him to do good, nor prompts him to do harm. Most of the objections against it are mere party objections, and dictated rather by a dislike to see the Church splendid, than by a desire to see her effective. The duties of a bishop, as they are generally understood and practised, are by no means laborious; and were he so inclined, he might, without in the least neglecting them, become a very efficient legislator. But there is another light in which the subject may be regarded, one in which it occupies a secondary and not a primary place. It is easy to conceive a state of things in which the number of our bishops might be greatly augmented, and their revenues considerably reduced; in which there would be a less painful distance between the bishop and his clergy, and the episcopal rule more that of a father and less that of a sovereign. In this case attendance on the House of Lords would cease; time would be wanting for the duties of a politician, for a new view would arise of those of a chief

pastor. Sufficient for modest and dignified hospitality, the revenues of a bishopric would not suffice for a metropolitan residence and the splendour of a spiritual peerage. The clergy would be governed by love and not by fear, and the people would have a more profitable, because more apostolical, spectacle before their eyes.

Who could overrate the benefits which would accrue to the Church from such a multiplication of her pastors, that every country parish should be familiar with the person and benefitted by the counsels of the bishop; that every rural vicar and every humble curate might look on him as a personal friend, might fly to him for counsel, and hail his appearance as that of a father in God? Many there are now on the bench who would gladly lay aside the costly and treacherous magnificence of their present condition and embrace one like that which we have attempted to pourtray. It is not their fault that the episcopate is what it is; they, at least, would gladly have it otherwise, and the tendencies of our day are towards such a state of things. The bill for the better arrangement of ecclesiastical revenues, disclosed so great an amount of corruption, and implicated some of our prelates to so incredible an extent, that the policy of church reform received an immense stimulus: and if we are not among those who anticipate speedy and sweeping changes, we are at least aware that the eyes of the public are open.

There is another topic that must not be lost sight of. If the bishops should be removed from the House of Lords, —which in itself would be *no* benefit to the Church—or if changes of real importance and most beneficial effect should take place, and the result of those changes should gradually remove them to more congenial duties by their own act—where then should the power of choosing the prelates be lodged? At present this power seems to be one of the most prominent points of the union between Church and State; but if the one party withdraws its gift, should not the other be permitted to withdraw its equivalent? Equity would suggest, yes! but experience would answer, no! Government appointments, however Erastian the assertion may seem, are for the most part the best appointments; and though we might look with indifference on the release of our bishops from their legislative duties, we should be grieved indeed to see them chosen by any other than the head of the State.

At present, however, we need not occupy our attention with these ulterior questions; it is enough to indicate the direction in which the current seems to be carrying us, and

to point out those wise and gradual concessions to public opinion, by which alone the Church can either be made acceptable or profitable to the nation. On this depends her very existence.

But besides these points, on which so much stress has been laid, there are three or four more which, though in themselves of minor importance, do yet require somewhat more than a passing notice. These are—

I. Liturgical reform.

II. A means of retirement from the clerical office for the unqualified or the disqualified.

III. A provision for superannuated clergymen.

IV. The removal of certain restrictions which press heavily on the clergy.

V. Greater security for stipendiary curates.

Of these, the first is incomparably the most important. Of those who conscientiously dissent from the Church, we may fairly assume, that at least three-fourths do so because they object to doctrines which they *think* they find stated in the Liturgy, but to which the Church is in no respect bound. The notions entertained concerning baptismal regeneration are among the principal of these. The term regeneration has come to be understood in a much more extensive sense than that in which the framers of our Liturgy used it. It is now almost universally considered as synonymous with conversion; and this is the case not only among Dissenters but among Churchmen; not only among the laity, but among by far the greater portion of the clergy also. The theological language of the time has therefore, after the lapse of centuries, come to be discordant with that of the Liturgy. Now, there are two proposed remedies: one is, to bring back the popular phraseology on sacred subjects to what it was in the time of the Reformation; the other is, to accommodate the language of the Liturgy to the understanding of the age. The former is scarcely possible; if it be feasible at all, it will be slow and feeble in its operation; generations will pass away alienated from, and hostile to the Church, simply, as now, from misunderstanding her. Nor can we wonder at the state of the case as it is. Ask a clergyman whether he believes that an unbaptized infant is consigned, in case of death, to all the horrors of hell? He lifts up his hands in amazement and disgust at such a notion. Ask him whether he believes any process analogous to conversion takes place in the soul of the child by the rite of baptism; and, for the most part, he will answer, No. Ask him, if by sprinkling with water in the name of the blessed Trinity a wicked adult, who may

desire baptism for secular purposes, the sinner becomes converted to God—and he is filled with horror at the very question. Yet, from the way in which he himself uses the word regeneration in his sermons, he lays himself open to the dilemma of either believing all this, or of contradicting his Prayer-Book. There are, perhaps, a few ministers of our Church who carefully confine the term to the effects of baptism; but these are *very* few, and the great body even of the Tractarians themselves are open to the reproach. It is of little use to show what the Reformers *did* mean; the phraseology of a nation cannot be easily changed; and though the better-informed both among clergy and laity know that the Prayer-Book and the Bible are not at variance on this most important subject, the greater number only save their churchmanship by not examining it at all. Why should not some accommodation be made? It would cut the ground away from innumerable objectors, would bring our real and our professed faith into harmony, and would greatly enlarge the basis of communion. But yet there are minds to which *any* change in the Liturgy would be profanation; they forget the words of Christ, "the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath;" and that, *à fortiori*, the Liturgy was made for the Church and not the Church for the Liturgy. Again, in the Communion for the Sick the words of the absolution run—"I absolve thee from all thy sins." What objection could there be to put these words in the form of a prayer? True it is, they are not intended by our Church to be an absolution from the guilt of sin; "for none," saith our Saviour, "can forgive sins but God only;" but they are frequently so understood. The difficulty lies on the surface; the solution, however satisfactory, is recondite, and known to few. Why should a charge of blasphemy be brought against our Church which could be so easily prevented?

Another objection is, to the multiplicity of creeds. The Athanasian Creed finds few real lovers, as a portion of a public service. No one supposes that it was the work of Athanasius; no one is now, at least among us, in any danger from the errors it denounces; no one believes in his heart the damnatory clauses; for no one believes that all the members of the Greek Church are necessarily consigned to everlasting damnation; and thus, every time the creed is read, the officiating minister has solemnly to enunciate what neither he nor any of his hearers believe. It is true that, by distinguishing between the creed itself and the damnatory clauses he may save himself, mentally, from declaring a falsehood; but surely this is reason

enough for the removal of the creed from our Liturgy. We have had too much in our Church of mental reservations. So far as the doctrine of the Trinity is concerned, it is abundantly insisted on in the Apostle's and Nicene Creeds.

We should be glad too, on many accounts, to see all "the State Services," as they are called, swept from the book. Few in our day would venture to say, that it was a cause for peculiar thanksgiving that Charles II. ascended the throne of Charles I. Few except the Whig families, who owe their power and wealth to the Revolution, have any cause to regard with peculiar complacency the accession of William III. The abdication and expulsion of James II. was indeed a blessing; but the reign of his successor did but inaugurate an oligarchy in this country instead of a despotism.

That our services are too long is generally, although not universally, conceded. There is, no one will deny, much repetition in them as they are at present conducted; and the recitation of the Lord's Prayer six times on a Sacrament morning may be taken as an instance. But as we do find the clergy occasionally taking this matter into their own hands, and by the consent of their ecclesiastical superiors arranging the services so as to suit the wants of their congregations, we shall say the less on this topic: only we would point out the absolute necessity for a new selection of morning lessons. Motives of public decorum prevent the more prudent among the clergy from being always guided in this respect by the directions of the calendar.

From what has been said, it will be seen that we are the advocates of no large and reckless changes; we recognize our Liturgy as deservedly endeared to our people; and neither would we recommend, nor would they suffer, any alterations in it which would tend to lower its tone. A few verbal changes, the omission of a few rubrics, a new arrangement of the morning lessons, and we might go on without detriment for another three centuries. Much, too, must at all times be left to the discretion of the clergy. Open-air preaching, early sacraments, and occasionally evening celebrations of the Eucharist have been adopted with decided success.

Indeed, much of our Church's efficiency must depend, and that in an increasing measure, on the discretion of her clergy, especially the more experienced among them; and while we have men like Miller, and Owen, and Champneys, and Carus, still preserved among us, we may look forward with hope that God's blessing will still rest on our communion, and that all changes will be over-ruled for good.

We come now to the consideration of four points so closely connected together, that it is impossible to treat on one without more or less involving the discussion of the other three; and the first of these is, that there ought to be some means of retirement from the clerical office for those who feel themselves disqualified, or some means of expulsion for those who have brought disgrace upon their calling. It is not sufficient to say, that a man may resign his benefices, and cease to exercise the duties of his vocation. Whether active or not he remains a clergyman still; he is still entitled *Reverend*, and his errors are still supposed to reflect on the whole body to which he belongs. Once a clergyman always a clergyman, is the maxim of our ecclesiastical polity; and we have had instances, even in our own day, in which a clergyman, led to look on some of the doctrines and practices of the Church as erroneous, and yet believing himself bound to preach the gospel, quitted the communion in which he had been brought up, and obtained a licence as a dissenting minister; but it was held, that he could not divest himself of the clerical character, and one actually suffered imprisonment for not obeying the commands of his former diocesan!

We well remember a melancholy but interesting case, which will exhibit as strongly as possible the necessity of some such enactment as that which we advocate. The son of a wealthy banker imbibed a taste for a military life; his wishes were complied with, and he donned, to his unspeakable satisfaction, her Majesty's scarlet. His duties were confined to those of peace, and, perhaps for want of more useful occupation, he fell into habits of extravagance and dissipation. The first of these failings was of comparatively little consequence, but by the latter he undermined his constitution and ruined his character. His friends, desirous of reclaiming him, induced him to marry; and his choice fell on a young lady belonging to a family whose very name has become historical in the evangelical annals of this country. For a time the desired effect was produced; but, alas, evil habits are not easily renounced, and ere long his excesses were renewed, in spite of ties which rendered them doubly criminal. Domestic peace was destroyed, and friends were called in to mediate between the estranged parties. Unhappily it occurred to the wife, that if her erring husband would become a minister of the Church, the sense of his deep and solemn responsibilities would act as a check to fiery and hitherto uncontrolled passions. Her friends unfortunately took the same view, and in an evil hour the young couple

removed to Cambridge, and the quondam officer "studied for the Church." His college career was far from blameless; but he obtained his degree and, in due time, ordination. But alas, the dissipated captain became the still more dissipated clergyman, and great and many were the scandals which he brought on his new profession. He was not without feeling, however, in the midst of his excesses; and while the tears of his wife, and the remonstrances of his friends ceased to have any effect upon him, he still felt the pricks of conscience on account of his sacred position. "Oh," he exclaimed, "that I could cast aside this hateful livery! No one feels my unfitness for the sacred office more keenly than I do." But once a clergyman, always a clergyman: there was no escape either for the culprit or the Church; and, after doing more harm by his profligacy than twenty of his clerical neighbours had done good by their respectability, he died at last, miserably pursued to the latest moment of his life by remorse for his faults, not as such, but simply because they had been committed by one vowed to the Divine service. Is this a solitary instance? Unhappily there is reason to believe that it is but one of a class, and if it be somewhat more terrific than the generality, it will be but all the more proper for our purpose.

Let us consider what are the causes for which young men are placed in the clerical profession, and we trust that we shall not "set down aught in malice" in our picture. The Hon. Thomas Highflyer is the third son of Lord Newmarket. His Lordship has considerably embarrassed his estates by his speculations on the turf; and St. Leger, the eldest son, will have enough to do to keep up the family dignity; the second son is diplomatically provided for; and there is the family living all ready for Thomas as soon as he can be "japanned!" Tom is a good tempered, careless fellow, thinks his brother Percy very lucky that he can spend his time so pleasantly at Paris or Vienna; and, failing a hussar jacket, would be well content to be an *attaché* himself. But inexorable necessity steps in. His sisters' portions must be preserved, and there is no resource but the living. Dr. Interim, who is holding it for him is getting infirm, and it would be very troublesome were he to die before Thomas is ready. So the Hon. Mr. Highflyer becomes rector of Great Droning, and not only loses his own "*mens conscia recti*" but keeps some able and conscientious man out of a sphere in which he would be abundantly useful.

Mr. Cosine is a fellow of St. John's College at Cambridge: he was the senior wrangler of his year; has made some very

interesting discoveries in magnetism, applying his great mathematical powers to their investigation: and if there be beyond the present known limits of the solar system some vast planet floating through the realms of space, he is undoubtedly the man to lay his telescope upon it. He never leaves his rooms, save for a furious "*constitutional*" of two hours daily; has no time to get his hair cut; and entertains a notion that Bickersteth or Wilberforce, or somebody of that sort, is very likely to go over to Rome. During the first year of his fellowship he read up his divinity, because as it must come to that bye and bye, he thought he might as well be ordained at once; and, accordingly the Rev. John Cosine is now in priest's orders. Last month he might have had the vicarage of Muckingham-cum-Drains, worth at least £700 per annum; but he is waiting for the rectory of Star Cross, by no means so valuable, but where his friend and former pupil Lord Meridian has built an observatory, and where there is always Airy, or Challis, or Herschel, or some good man staying. When this event shall come to pass Cosine will preach occasionally, but he will leave his parish and all its affairs to his curate or curates, and in his heart imagine that he has done all that it was his duty to do. He is a clergyman simply because he is a fellow of St. John's.

Samuel Smith is a sizar of the same college, he is the son of a small farmer in Westmoreland, and obtained his education in the grammar school of his native village. He was thought to give proofs of mathematical ability, and accordingly he remained a little longer at school than his brothers, and worked a little harder. Success crowned his efforts: he obtained an exhibition of £50 per annum; and, this with his sizarship, keeps him decently enough during his undergraduate course (for it is a great mistake to think a larger sum absolutely necessary). Smith is a very common man, he has not a particle of the "*mens divinior*" of genius, but he is as strong as a Shetland pony, which he somewhat resembles in person, and he can work, as he phrases it "to the *n*th." He is Cosine's abhorence, for he regularly takes his difficulties for solution to the great mathematician, who has the misfortune to be one of the tutors on his *side*. By and bye he will be a Senior Optimé, and as that degree will neither secure him a fellowship nor attract to him pupils, there will be nothing left but for him to go back again to the north and take a curacy.

Here we have three cases; cases which occur every day. These men all assumed the most solemn of earthly responsibilities from causes totally disconnected with the sacred

office. One because there was a living in the family; one because he was a fellow of his college; a third because there was nothing else left for him to do.

It very frequently happens that a man, placed from some such causes, or combination of causes, in the ministry of the Church, feels that he is not in his proper position, and would gladly, were it possible, escape from its responsibilities; but what is he to do? Let us suppose that he wishes to embark in commerce—the door is closed. Tuition only is open, and to be a conscientious and able instructor of youth requires almost the same qualifications as to be an efficient minister of the gospel. It may be, too, that he has dragged on, wearily and unwillingly, till the time for active service in any other sphere of exertion is past. And this brings us to the consideration of the second of the four points which we have undertaken to discuss.

We want an adequate provision for superannuated clergymen. At present we have none whatever. A little temporary relief they may obtain from the "*Friend of the Clergy*" or "*Sons of the Clergy*," or some societies of the same kind, but their bounty is soon exhausted, and then nothing remains. We have had many schemes for securing some such provision; the "Clergy College" is one. The various plans of Clerical Assurance have not lost sight of the necessity; but at the bottom of all these lies the old and unanswerable objection, "the man has not enough to live on; much less to assure his life, or to make a provision for his old age." Raise small livings above the starvation point, enforce even the existing laws with respect to curacies, and *then* you may call on the whole body to pay a per-centage for future needs. Moreover it would be an extremely difficult thing to establish any law for such a purpose. Patrons *might*, perhaps, exact an obligation from persons presented to livings in their gift, to pay some two or three per cent. for such a purpose; but in cases of family benefices, or where the advowson had been lately transferred, they would not be very ready to do so—and who would undertake to persuade the Bishop of London to pay a per-centage on the real income of his see for any such purpose. Mr. Hulbert fancied that his "Poor Clergy Association" might effect some such wonder, but we imagine he is pretty well undeceived by this time. Yet the idea must not be abandoned; every scheme partially carried out is calling attention to the urgent necessities of the case, and so far aiding in their supply. But this question would require not one, but many, articles to develope it; and having thus

briefly indicated its importance we proceed to the consideration of the third point before us, viz., the removal of all unnecessary restrictions upon the clergy.

At present we have seen that the clerical character is indelible, a man may be an idle clergyman, a useless clergyman, a scandalous clergyman, an unwilling clergyman, but once in orders he cannot be anything else. A barrister may be disbarred; a member of parliament may accept the Chiltern Hundreds; a solicitor may be struck off the rolls, and thereby the parliamentary or legal character is altogether laid aside. The man is no longer a barrister, a solicitor, or a member of parliament. A dissenting minister may cease preaching, call himself esquire, and his ministerial office has determined, there is no reason why he should not be a member of parliament, a wine merchant, a surveyor, a physician, if it so please him. The clergyman alone is bound, his orders are indelible. Now an unwilling minister is one who does harm instead of good; and for the sake of the Church, as well as for his own, he should be suffered to depart in peace. The theory that the Holy Spirit is really bestowed *ex opere operato* by the laying on of episcopal hands, lies at the bottom of the difficulty; and yet in the Church of Rome a priest may be secularised. We want then two modes of exit from the clerical office. One by secularisation, attended by no disgrace; and one by degradation, as the punishment of evil doing. It would be quite sufficient safeguard that no one could, under any circumstances, be re-ordained; and we should at once rid the Church of many incumbrances, and do an act of justice to many who are the victims of their position. Many a most mischievous rector would make a splendid captain of dragoons: and many a miserable curate would find a congenial shelter behind a counter. But in order to such a result two things are needful; first, that they should be relieved from their orders, and next, that the law should recognise them in their lay character. At present the clergyman cannot carry on business, because he is neither entitled to its advantages, nor held to its obligation. Whatever he takes a part in, is *ipso facto* vitiated; and Joseph Adey reaped a large harvest of sovereigns under pretence of communicating information "*to thy advantage*" by pointing out the various modifications of this fact.

Now we fully admit the necessity of some such enactment. It would, indeed, be at once derogatory to the honour and detrimental to the efficiency of the Church, if her ministers might serve God and Mammon by pursuing commercial avocations together with the sacred duties of her ministry: but

we would wish this restriction to be laid solely on those actually in orders; and we would make it as practicable for a clergyman to divest himself of his clerical character as for an officer to give up his commission. Do not retain by force those who are neither fit nor willing to stay. There will always be strong reasons against such a step being hastily taken; and when it would be taken, it would be clear that the retiring clergyman was one whom the Church would be better off without. He might be a worthy man, a most conscientious man, but who felt his unfitness and sought a sphere for which he would be better qualified.

Again, we see no reason why a clergyman should be prevented, simply because such, from entering parliament. It would obviously be inconsistent with clerical offices, or cathedral dignities, or parochial duties; and nothing would be easier than to pass a law to prevent any such from sitting in the House of Commons; but where none of these obstacles exist we can see no reason for the exclusion. Where a clergyman is really a man of business, he is usually a good one; when really a debater, he is not uncommonly an able one; and the peculiar character of his arguments would often render him valuable in a popular assembly.

The only point remaining for discussion is that which regards the security of stipendiary curates. This large class of men are absolutely at the disposal of the bishops; they have no security whatever, no rights, no powers; public opinion may protect them to a certain extent, but any bishop who chooses to set public opinion at defiance, and we have two at least who do not scruple to do so, is absolute over the whole class. The state of the case is thus:—A.B. is curate of ——, in the diocese of ——; by virtue of his orders he cannot enter into any secular employment, except the instruction of youth. He has, trusting to Providence, in a spirit of greater reliance than prudence, "given" as Lord Bacon says, "hostages to fortune"—he has a wife and children. His increasing family make it necessary that he should look for preferment in the Church; he applies to his diocesan, and is told that there is nothing vacant which the bishop can offer him; he may, perhaps, be gently reminded that hundreds of curates have precisely the same claim; possibly he may have a few words of kind encouragement to labour and faith, and even such words, how valuable they are! But he is soon made to feel that preferment has its regular channels, and that starvation is no claim to patronage. Now we have here a man very likely to become discontented. He will be something more than human if he does not, at some time or another, make observations on

the existing order of things, more characterised by candour than compliment. "A bird of the air carries the voice" to the palace, for no such remarks ever escape reaching the episcopal ear. And we have another element in our calculation. Here is a discontented curate, almost starving, and here is a displeased bishop who, in the midst of his splendour, lodged in a palace, clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day, cannot help feeling that the condition of his brother is a reproach to himself. Every thing is prepared for a rupture between these sadly discordant parties.

A.B.'s rector is a well beneficed clergyman, he becomes under such unhappy circumstances almost unavoidably an object of envy to his less fortunate curate, and an undefined coolness arises between them. A question arises in which a difference of opinion is involved: the curate, soured by disappointment, perhaps hardly qualified to judge accurately of all the bearings of the case, so conducts himself as to offend his rector irretrievably; the latter appeals to the bishop; his case is listened to and the curate reprimanded. Alas, it is but too likely that the reprimand is ill received, and perhaps the bishop's authority set at defiance. A suspension follows, as a matter of course, and the ruin of the unhappy man is complete. He would gladly obtain a curacy in another diocese, but there is a rule against him; no other bishop will licence him, and any engagement in his sacred vocation has become impossible, the avenues not only of preferment but even of employment are hermetically closed, for who will send a son for education to a man whom his bishop has expelled from the pulpit?

This is an extreme case, but unfortunately not a very uncommon one. Yet our bishops are, with few exceptions, men of kind hearts and forgiving spirits; they do, for the most part, make their rule felt as a paternal one; and if the social difference between the lordly prelate and the humble curate, make the latter unwilling, save in cases of extreme necessity, to intrude upon his diocesan, he is, when he does appear, received with marked kindness, and his views as far as possible forwarded. There are few persons who could be safely trusted with such power as the English bishops possess, probably none who would exercise it so well; but it is too great to be lodged in any hands; and the Bishop of London does no good to the Church in general, or his own order in particular, by his constant attempts to render it still greater. What is imperatively required is that, in one respect at least,

it should be very seriously diminished. At present a bishop can, *suo mero motu*, withdraw the licence of any curate; he is not bound even to give a reason for so doing; the consequence of this step we have seen; and we ask is it right that this power should exist? Ought *any* man, no matter how excellent and amiable, as we rejoice to believe the great majority of our prelates to be, to have this unquestionable power of ruining without redress a whole class of young men just entering on the most sacred of callings? Is it not inquisitorial in its character and totally contrary to the very spirit of the English constitution?

Neither is it competent to the upholder of existing institutions to say there are few instances in which this vast and irresponsible power is oppressively used. If it were otherwise it would not, nay could not, be endured for a moment. But if there be *one* example, it is sufficient for our purpose; and though taking the clerical body *as a whole* the cases are rare, yet they are strikingly frequent in certain dioceses. We have a remarkable instance before us. The incumbent of a district, from which he lives, by the permission of his diocesan, at a considerable distance, engaged a curate to whom he gave a title. Anxious to do his duty, the young man required more of his superior's advice and direction than the latter was willing to bestow, and his dislike was soon excited towards his too diligent curate. Although purely evangelical in doctrine, the assistant curate had an unfortunate habit of crossing his arms, which roused the righteous indignation of the incumbent; and, after a while, a formal complaint was lodged against him, that he used Popish gestures, read Popish books, and, lastly and chiefly, that he had actually left the desk while the incumbent was preaching and gone into the vestry. His defence was that he was sorry for the gestures, that they were not intentionally Popish, and that he would diligently try to overcome them; that, as to the Popish books—he wished to make himself master of the sacramentarian controversy, and that he had thought it necessary to read Wilberforce's book as containing an intelligible summary of the views held by the Popish party; that as to his leaving the reading-desk, it was quite true; but that it had been far from an act of disrespect to the incumbent—he had been extremely unwell and had been overtaken by a sudden faintness, which rendered it absolutely necessary that he should obtain a glass of water, and that if he had not left the desk he should have fallen down in it, occasioning a disturbance among the congregation far greater than by gently leaving it for a few

moments. To this meek and apologetic defence the astounding reply of the bishop was: "I do not believe you, sir!"—followed by a suspension!! This case will be thoroughly investigated: and, probably by the time these lines appear in print our readers will know the names of all the parties concerned. We cite it here only to show how overwhelming is the power of a bishop over a stipendiary curate, and how recklessly it is sometimes exercised.

We are far from wishing to withdraw the unbeneficed or beneficed clergy from the power of discipline; we only claim for them the benefits of law, that they shall not be delivered over to any inquisitorial authority, and that an unfair use shall not be made of the gentleness and kindness of our bishops in general to perpetuate a power so capable of abuse.

We have now gone through a few of the chief points of many projected schemes of reform. We have endeavoured to show how futile some of them are, and how far others, while most useful in themselves, will prove from cleansing the Church of her present manifold corruptions. Let us conclude by pointing out an object for consideration which has strangely escaped the notice of all who have written about the Church. Her union with the State makes the Establishment not only a national but also an aristocratic institution. The great inequality of her endowments; the hands into which, from the time of Henry VIII. downwards, the disposition of her benefices has fallen; the fact of her chief pastors being Lords in Parliament; and the continual transfer, by sale, of her richest patronage, so as to keep her highest posts ever in the hands of wealthy persons, all tend to keep up this character; but while the Church is thus kept aristocratic as to her hierarchy and most splendidly endowed preferment, she is attempting to provide for the wants of the time a supply of unaristocratic labour. She has created a host of *benefices*, (?) which alone are within the reach of her working curates, and which will not raise them above the most grinding penury. She is thus—

> "Keeping the word of promise to the ear
> While breaking it to the heart—"

But can this state of things continue? While our merchant princes are gathering together and declaring that a few families shall no longer govern or rather misgovern this country; while they are insisting that ability and integrity shall be the qualities sought for in those who are to hold high office; while the system of purchase in our army is so closely pressed that we can all see that its days are numbered; shall the

Church alone keep her real fundamental abuses untouched? Shall the Civil Service be so reformed that *any* man entering upon it as a profession shall have before him the prospect of competence, and the Church alone offer a life of labour and no better future than £150. per annum can supply: no superannuation allowance; no power of retiring; nothing in old age but penury, "the Sons of the Clergy," and left off apparel?

But even this is not all. The question is seriously asked, and in quarters where the question is ominous:—"Are we to have an aristocracy at all?" This is not put in a red republican spirit. It does not mean: "Are we to hear in our streets the *carmagnole*, and the cry "*les aristocrats à la lanterne.*" It does not mean: "Are we to abolish the House of Lords and discontinue the use of titles?" No; but it means "is the House of Peers to be regarded in any other light than as a court to register the decrees of the Commons?" Is our aristocracy to retain its present legislative power? Are we to have any governing classes? And we should be blind indeed did we not see the tendencies of our age are towards answering all these queries in a democratic sense. While then the country is becoming daily more democratic, and the Church remaining exactly as it was, the discordance between the spirit of the one and the spirit of the other is constantly on the increase. The government have refused to grant Queen's Letters for certain Church societies, and the general voice of the laity approve their decision. The Church Missionary Society can do without such aid; why not the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel? The new Educational Society is prospering without Queen's Letters; why should not the National Society?

The truth is that these societies, and one or two more, are in the hands of the stationary, the aristocratic party. They have lost the confidence of the people; and the moment the aid of a Queen's Letter is withdrawn their hollowness will be displayed. "You see this globe of caoutchouc," said an accomplished governess to a very practical little boy: "if I were to puncture it, it would collapse." "Yes" was the reply, "that is an India rubber ball; if you prick it, it will go squash!" We fear there are more than one or two very dignified and solemn societies which if the air of public opinion could get inside them would, like the India rubber ball, "go squash!"

Now, in all this we are not arguing as though the condition of the Church were hopeless, or even as if she were really de-

clining: far from it. She still retains so strong a hold on the popular affection, that were she but rendered more effective by a few moderate and judicious reforms, she would be found admirably adapted for the requirements of the time. As it is there is no outcry against the Church. The working clergy were never more honoured nor more popular than they are at this moment; they are regarded as unfairly treated in the disposal of preferment; and it is more than probable that the reforms which are now imminent in many other branches of the public service will be brought to bear upon them also.

Church Reform has not been in proper hands, it has had no proper organs, it has been advocated on insufficient grounds, and party feeling has had too much to do both with its assailants and its defenders. It is difficult to get any man to agree in the condemnation of a system by which he has personally prospered; and equally difficult to obtain the assent of those who see and feel abuses, that those who have profited by them should be left in possession of their advantages; and thus Church Reform has looked like an onslaught on all dignities and dignitaries; and the opposition to it like a generous and conservative feeling. But the public mind is awakening, and we trust that ere it be too late the ecclesiastical mind will awake also, and effect those changes from within which will otherwise be far more rudely effected from without.

ART. II.—1. *Charities of London.* By SAMPSON LOW, Jun. London. 1854.
2. *Reports of various Hospitals.* London. 1854—5.

OF the various families of the *genus* book none, perhaps, possess a more extensive utility, or render a more general subserviency, than the species Handbook. This law obtains under different dispensations: whether considered as a class, or viewed as an individual; whether consulted for advice, or read for amusement; whether studied by the man of letters, or skimmed by the man of pleasure,—the Handbook becomes to all and to each a friend and an intimate. These sentiments are barely removed from truisms; since few works, if any, by the use of a figure of speech not very involved, or by the abuse of language not very culpable, are able to escape the sweeping, the comprehensive title of Handbook. In the modern, and altogether anomalous acceptation of the word,

indeed, every book is a Handbook. Tomes of theology, volumes of divinity, and tractates of morals, are Handbooks for all, to religion; fictions, fables and fairy tales, are Handbooks, for young and old, to men and manners; the classics are Handbooks to the past; the publications of the periodic press are Handbooks to the present; and history is the Handbook which joins the present with the past. Let these be the extremes to which the all-embracing term extends, and who will deny its application to works upon Agriculture and Astronomy, upon Botany and Biography, upon Economy and Education, upon Law and Literature, upon Morals and Medicine, upon Poetry and Politics, upon Zoolites and Zoophites?

The origin of the compound dissyllabic noun-substantive Hand-book is involved in profound mystery,—a mystery we do not venture to dispel. Etymology is not our theme; yet we cannot forbear to hint, and that in the most diffident of manners, at a period anterior to which the word was probably, if at all, but little used. We suggest then that, if its conception be not due to some more dignified occasion, the appellation owes its existence to a common-place remark of the great lexicographer—"*Books* that you may carry to the fire, and hold readily in your *hand*, are the most useful after all;" and also that, if little used before, the phrase has certainly been much employed since, the immortalization of the sentence, as a motto for the Home and Colonial Library, by the father of Handbooks, Mr. Murray. However, this much few will be sufficiently bold to deny, that since the time of Dr. Johnson, and since the issue of the Albemarle series, the race of Handbooks, so ycleped by writers, compilers, or publishers, has increased to a very large extent,—an extent which will not be credible to those who have not examined the London Catalogue of Books, printed between the years 1816 and 1851; wherein they will find, merely to select a few classified in alphabetical order, Handbooks to Art, Architecture, Amusements, Authors, Accomplishments, Angling, and Antiquities; to Bathing, British Museum, Bible Geography, Billiards, and Botany; to Etiquette and English Ecclesiology; to Carlingford Bay, Cheltenham, Cookery, and Chronology; and to Taste, Trade, Turning, and Toilette. The latest Handbook which has come under our immediate notice, is the Handbook to the Charities of London.*

"The Charities of London" in 1852—53, presents a report,

* "The Charities of London, 1852—53. By Sampson Low, jun." London: Low & Son. 1854.

the title-page informs its readers, of the operation, resources, and general condition of the charitable, and religious institutions of the Metropolis. The design of this report the introduction states—

"is essentially practical, developing itself in a twofold manner; first, to the benefit of the various deserving institutions whose operations it records, by making them better and truly known to those who wish to enjoy the luxury of doing good; and, secondly, to the aid and guidance of those who experience the distress or need they are designed to relieve, and would otherwise be in ignorance of the benefits they are able to confer."

"Scarcely subordinate," it continues, "to these purposes, is that arising from the necessity which has long existed for the objects, operations, and conditions of our charities to be periodically made public, in a form at once more systematic and available than presented by the separate reports of such as publish them for circulation amongst their respective subscribers. Both the direct and suggestive benefit from such a compendium are apparent; it will serve to show at once in what channel, and to what extent public beneficence flows—where it might do so to more advantage—where alteration would be judicious—where union requisite."

We are here concerned with but one portion of Mr. Low's most serviceable little manual,—with that part which treats of the Medical Charities of London; and, as far as he will help us, in conjunction with the reports of such of the institutions as we have been able to obtain, we propose to consider, first, the origin, and rise of Hospitals in general; and, secondly, the present condition and prospects of the Metropolitan Hospitals in particular. This consideration, it is imagined, at a time when much attention has been drawn to the state of our hospitals in the East, will not altogether be devoid of interest.

First, then, to consider with becoming brevity the origin, rise, and progress of the system of Hospitals. For the most comprehensive account with which we are acquainted, we shall find occasion to consult the labours of the indefatigable Professor Beckmann; yet, even he confesses that to offer any complete history of hospitals, it would be necessary to enter also into the history of inns established for the use of strangers and pilgrims, which were in general combined with them; and, likewise, into that of the different Orders instituted for the like purpose, and of taverns which arose at a later period. Into such an extended inquiry it is obviously foreign to the purpose of the present undertaking to enter: we must therefore be content with a more limited view of the historical side

of the question of hospitals. On all hands it appears to be regarded as a recognised fact, that it is needless to search for the existence of hospitals, as we understand the word, anterior to the promulgation of Christianity. Greece and Rome, without doubt, were in possession of no such institution; nor, we believe, does modern investigation assure us that the more primitive nations of antiquity, the Egyptians and the Assyrians, enjoyed these combined results of a Christian's creed, and of a more refined, and humane civilization. This fact, though patent to every inquirer, it has been the pleasure, and the policy of enemies of the Faith to explain away, upon principles, not only of expediency but of absolute necessity. Bodin,—who as our author says, "readily embraces every opportunity of exalting his paternal religion, the Jewish, and deprecating the Christian faith, by which he gained riches and honour,"—endeavours, in his celebrated work "De Republica," to lessen this service by asserting that—

"On the introduction of Christianity, freedom was given to many slaves who possessed nothing else and who having learned no trade or handicraft by which they could gain a living, became so burdensome to the state that the clergy were obliged to devise some means to remove them from the public view, and to provide with the necessary support these unfortunate beings, abandoned by all mankind, whose increasing number was asserted by the unbelievers to be an effect of the Christian religion."

The Emperor Julian himself acknowledges his sense of this one result of the preaching of Christianity,—by imitating the principle. Observing, as he could not fail to do, the numerous means for alleviating human suffering introduced by the new religion, he attempted to rival Christian benevolence by causing "his priests to provide for the poor" (of whatever creed,—in imitation again of the despised Galileans); and assigning them funds for this purpose "to establish inns into which they could be received."

The days of palmers and pilgrims are to be reckoned among the most early ages of inns and of hospitals. To the Holy Land then, as being originally the centre of all religious journeys, and also the region of scarcity of the bare necessaries of life, much more of medical care and comfort,—to the Holy Land should we naturally look for the first establishment of these houses of refuge and resort. Nor should we look in vain. For on the authority of St. Jerome, we learn that himself built an hospital at Bethlehem, and that his friend Paula caused several to be erected, on the road to that village, in order, as she says, "that devout idlers might fare

better than the mother of God, who, on necessary journey thither, could find no inn." Though himself not disposed to accord to the clergy any undue amount of praise, Beckmann is prepared to admit that "the establishment of the first house for the reception of the sick is among the services rendered" by the order, and that many decrees of early councils bear upon this very matter. He adds, that the first, or one of the first houses for the reception of the indigent sick was that built at Rome by Fabiola, a Roman lady, a friend of St. Jerome, and consequently in the fifth century of the Christian era.

As we can afford only to point out here and there certain land marks in the course of the rise of hospitals, the reader who will accompany us from the fifth to the ninth century, will find that at this date the Irish, and the Scotch claim the credit of erecting in France, for the benefit of their countrymen passing through that kingdom to the threshold of the Apostles, hospitals for sickly, and inns for weary, pilgrims. At the close of the former century we discover Pope Adrian I. recommending to Charlemagne the hospitals established in the Alps; a circumstance which proves their earlier existence: whilst in the middle of the following one, we read that many of those refuges, whose ruins in wild and desert parts on mountain side or river bank still attest their former position, were visited and restored by the Emperor Louis the Second.

Turn we now to the close of the eleventh, and to the commencement of the twelfth century, and we find brotherhoods, and consequently houses for them, collected in the Holy Land, and elsewhere, whose duty it was to attend to the needs, and to supply the wants of poor, or sickly pilgrims. These once formed, quickly flourished, both in numbers by self-devoted assistants, and in wealth by the dying bequests of those who in time of distress had received consolation, or relief. Hence the hospitals of the East by degrees grew larger, were better organised, and more effectively managed than those of the West; and, consequently, were selected as models, whilst their members were chosen as managers, of those which sprung from the liberality, or the devotion, of princely palmers. The most famous of these brotherhoods was that which derived its name from the hospital of St. John at Jerusalem, and whose duty it was to afford succour to needy visitants to the Holy Sepulchre; a society which after the foundation of the kingdom of Jerusalem, and when its revenues had increased beyond its original requirements, under its master Raymond du Puy about the year 1120, was transformed from a peace-

ful brotherhood of charity to a warlike order of knights, who fully sustained their high character as determined men in whatever direction their services were required.

The first hospitals, says Beckmann :—

"The first hospitals, at least in general, were built close to cathedrals or monasteries, and the Bishops themselves had the inspection of them; but afterwards, either for the greater convenience or the want of leisure, when their occupations increased, they committed their charge to the deacons. In course of time when houses for the sick were erected by laymen, and entirely separated from monasteries, the Bishops asserted their rights, often confirmed to them by imperial as well as pontifical laws of visiting these institutions. We find, however, that in later times they were deprived of the privilege by princes and sovereigns, either because they wished to omit no opportunity of lessening the power of the clergy, or because the latter had given reason to suspect that the incomes destined for the use of the hospitals were not always applied to the intended purpose. These institutions have the appearance of ecclesiastical establishments and still retain in many cases similar privileges. As such they are free from all taxes, are spared as much as possible in war, and enjoy the same rank as churches."

Of the internal economy, the same author remarks of the oldest houses, no information is extant :—

"It is not even known whether physicians and surgeons belonged to them, or in what manner they were supplied with medicine. In the hospital at Jerusalem the knights themselves attended the sick, bound their wounds, and acted as their physicians. Thus we find in Amadis, and other books of knight errantry, how much exertion was made to obtain the best balsamic mixtures, of which the well-known *baume de commendan* belonged to the times of knighthood. Extensive knowledge of medicine could not be expected among these knights, were we even unacquainted with the account given of their skill given by Guy de Chauliac, who, in 1383, mentions the different medical sects, of which the German knights being the fourth sect, were wont to cure wounds by exorcism, beverages, oil, wool, and cabbage leaves, and to trust to the belief that God had conferred supernatural power upon words, plants, and stones."

England can point to the year 1070 as that in which an hospital, built in his diocesan city, probably in imitation of those of his native country, by Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, was in active working order. It is probable that this was not the first of its sort in our own country; but since it is earlier by half a century than any hospital at present extant in the metropolis, to which our attention is more especially directed, it seemed desirable not to pass the foundation of Lanfranc without at least a casual notice. St. Bartho-

lomew's Hospital, in Smithfield, was the earliest establishment in London, and it can boast of an antiquity of upwards of seven centuries. For its history, which is intimately connected with the other four Royal Hospitals of the City, we have to acknowledge much assistance from an useful and learned work, published at the commencement of the present century, by Mr. Highmore, under the title of "*Pietas Londinensis*: the history, design, and present state of various charities."

The original foundation of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, this author states, has been traced from the earliest documents and records to the benevolence of Raherus in A. D. 1102, who is said to have filled the office of minstrel to Henry I. Raherus, in the first instance, founded a Priory of Black Friars, of which he assumed the chief control; and, about twenty years later he added to the abbey an hospital for "the continual relief and help of an hundred sore and diseased." The priory was in those days endowed with possessions to the amount of £553 a year; and "the estates which he settled upon the hospital were then valued at £305." Amongst other estates, with which in future years pious benefactors were moved to endow the priory, was a gift received

"in 1334 from Henry le Hayward and Roger de Creton, of 106 acres of arable land, and 4 of pasture meadow, in Iseldon (Islington) and Kentyshton, valued at 21s. 6d. per annum, to pray for the soul of John de Kentyshton. In the year 1443, the master and brethren of the hospital gave 6s. 8d. to the prior and convent, on condition that they should have the free use of an aqueduct, the head of which was in the precinct of Canonbury, which was the country residence of the priors."

At the suppression of the monasteries in 1537 the Priory and Hospital came into the possession of Henry VIII.; "and being connected together and under the same government, were dissolved." Henry, however, in the last year of his reign, granted a new charter of incorporation for the Hospital, "for the relief of an hundred poor sick in the City of London, and endowed it with 500 marks *per annum*, subject to the condition that the City should add 500 more." What follows deserves notice.

"The citizens received this additional grant with all thankfulness; but when they took a survey of the property given by the king on this condition, they found that his Majesty's annual rent of 500 marks to be secured only upon several old houses in great decay, and others in better condition leased out upon 'terms and rents scarce reasonable for the relief of the poor,' so that a con-

siderable expense was incurred 'in making them again worth the wonted revenue;' pensions had also been charged upon this annual grant; and when the citizens extended their survey to the interior of the Hospital, they found only so much furniture towards succouring y^e^ 100 poor persons as served three or four poor women at that time lying in child-bed, and no more. So much had the godly meaning of that king been abused!"

The citizens, however, not discouraged by such circumstances, "speedily engaged in measures necessary for the repair of the estates," and having incurred considerable outlay, were enabled in the time of Edward VI. "to receive the proposed number of patients and to succour them with all necessaries." Since that date the Hospital has increased in extent and in usefulness, and at present enjoys the largest revenue, and performs the greatest amount of benefit of any hospital within the boundaries of the metropolis. It is curious to mark at different stages the progressive march of effectiveness displayed in the history of this charity. Thus in

		£
1122 A.D.,	100 sick persons were relieved, at an annual cost of	305
1550 „	100 „ „	795
1660 „	300 „ „	2000

Later we find that the distinction between in and out patients though observed is not mentioned; and in the year

1704	the number cured amounted to	2792
1754	„ „	7749
1809	„ „	9464
1848	„ „	71,573
1853	„ „	88,988

Nor have the funds increased at any inconsiderable ratio: since, from the annual income of £305 with which the Hospital commenced, we find that in 1729 the sum amounted to £10,400, in 1772 to £10,800, and in 1853 to about £32,000.

Between the establishment of the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, and of that of St. Thomas, the next in order of time, four centuries elapse. The latter was founded by royal charter in the year 1551; and from this date till the last century, no hospital at present in existence in London appears to have been established. Between 1719, in which year the Westminster was founded, and 1818, in which Charing Cross Infirmary was first opened, a period of a hundred years, four general hospitals have been established: Guy's in 1724, St. George's in 1733, the London Hospital in 1740, the Middlesex in 1745. Whilst, since the year 1828, London has witnessed the rise of four more hospitals of the same class: the

Royal Free, King's College, University College, and Paddington Hospitals.

The rise of special hospitals is of more recent origin; and the idea of instituting societies for the relief of patients afflicted with specific diseases, does not appear to have presented itself to the English mind anterior to the middle of the last century. Of this class the lying-in hospitals are the most numerous; and, with a single exception, that of a small-pox infirmary, were the most early in the field. The first charity of this description can claim an antiquity of 105 years, rejoices in the title of The Lying-in Hospital for Married Women, and is situated in Brownlow Street, Long Acre. This dispensary was quickly followed by a long string of similar charities, so that before the conclusion of the century seven institutions of this class had been established. One other hospital of this description was founded in the year 1829.

There exist at present no fewer than five Ophthalmic hospitals in London, of which the first which opened its doors to the indigent patient was The Royal Infirmary, Cork Street. We will extract a few lines from the Institution's last report. After some remarks upon the special form of disease, for the relief of which the hospital was built, and upon the amount of injury it inflicted upon the poor; the general consideration of the distress observable, continues the report,

"added to the peculiar sufferings of the soldiers and sailors after the Egyptian expedition, induced Sir Watkin Waller, in the year 1804, to lay before their Majesties the proposal to establish an infirmary, exclusively for persons afflicted with diseases of the eye. .... He had for many years received indiscriminately this class of patients, but as the number of applicants had for fourteen years amounted annually to 1000, 1500, and even to 2000, the small relief afforded by a single individual was totally inadequate to their wants."

A hospital was then determined upon; royalty honoured the scheme with its patronage; "a generous public," with its support; and

"the contributions soon after received enabled the promoters to open the Infirmary, to which a limited number have been from time to time admitted; and the annual reports bear witness to the extensive benefit since conferred upon the public by the adoption of this benevolent plan."

The list of the remaining special hospitals will be given hereafter, when we speak more particularly of this class of London charities.

II. In the consideration of the second division of our subject —the present state and future prospects of the Metropolitan Hospitals,—we have, in the first place, partially supplied an apparent want in Mr. Low's Handbook. An analytical table of all the hospitals is greatly required in any work which professes to exhaust the description of the medical charities,—a table which, at a glance, would give the results of the various reports, and their details arranged systematically under each head; to wit—name, situation, date, object: whether corporate bodies, or not: how governed and by whom: the medical staff, numbers, &c.: other officers: patients; the numbers out, and in; whether cured, died, or discharged, during the past year: finances; income, fixed, or fluctuating; condition, prosperity, or debt. These are some of the details we would see clearly set forth at large in a future edition of the "Charities of London." Meanwhile, we in a degree anticipate the deficiency, by arranging those facts in an imperfect manner which should be more artistically disposed at length.

*A Table of the General and Specific Metropolitan Hospitals.**

THE TWELVE GENERAL HOSPITALS.

No.	Date.	Name.	Income.	Medical Staff.	Beds.	Number of Patients during past Year.		
						In.	Out.	Total.
			£					
1	1123	St. Bartholomew's Hospital	29000	12	580	5797	83191	88988
2	1553	St. Thomas's ,, ...	25000	12	460	5002	46389	51391
3	1719	Westminster ,, ...	4811	12	174	1581	16810	18391
4	1724	Guy's ,, ...	30000	13	550	...	...	...
5	1733	St. George's ,, ...	15000	16	330	3849	10863	14712
6	1740	London ,, ...	10500	13	330	4051	17062	21113
7	1745	Middlesex ,, ...	7000	10	385	2328	11002	13330
8	1818	Charing Cross ,, ...	3000	6	100	1200	16795	17995
9	1828	Royal Free ,, ...	7185	7	100	906	30019	30925
10	1839	King's College ,, ...	4981	12	120	...	...	30607
11	1833	University ,, ...	6000	8	199	1219	16635	18754
12	1843	St. Mary's ,, ...	5000	19	150	...	...	...
		Total ...	153731	135	3380	30280	335676	365956

THE FORTY-FIVE SPECIFIC HOSPITALS.

1	1821	Seaman's Hospital, Greenwich	6000	...	200	2242	1642	3884
2	1747	Jews' ,, Mile End	1000	...	...	...	...	...
3	1845	German ,, Dalston	1900	9	40	...	...	...
4	1802	Fever ,, ...	3000	5	...	926	...	926
5	1841	Consumption ,, Brompton	9000	10	...	474	3197	3671
6	1814	Royal Infirmary, Consumption, City Road	870	5	...	...	...	1800
7	1848	City of London ,, Finsbury	3600	7	80	...	...	3752
8	1796	Sea-Bathing, Scrofula	...	...	200	...	...	500
9	1749	Lying-in Hospital, Long Acre	350	4	40	160	120	280
10	1750	,, ,, City Road	...	...	...	...	...	448
11	1752	,, Queen Charlotte, Lisson Green	...	5	...	240	400	640
12	1829	,, ,, Queen Adelaide ...	150	3	...	...	...	...

* This table does not include the 31 Dispensaries of London.

THE SPECIFIC HOSPITALS—*continued.*

No.	Date.	Name.	Income.	Medical Staff	Beds.	Number of Patients during past year.		
						In.	Out.	Total.
			£					
13	1757	Lying-in Hospital, Royal Maternity ...	1830	13	...	...	...	3500
14	1765	,, ,, Lambeth	...	5	...	...	...	...
15	1778	,, ,, Charlotte Street ...	...	2	...	...	...	...
16	1787	,, ,, Newman Street ...	...	3	...	...	...	300
17	1843	Hospital for Women, Soho Square ...	2439	11	...	...	...	4000
18	1847	Free ditto, ditto, Orchard Street ...	1400	5	...	58	7825	7983
19	1851	Cancer Hospital	...	5	20	...	...	...
20	1816	Children's ,, Waterloo Bridge Road...	...	...	80	...	...	6000
21	1851	,, ,, Ormond Street ...	1824	3	30	143	1250	1393
22	1746	Small Pox ,, Highgate	1720	2	70	...	...	682
23	1806	Vaccine ,, Finsbury	300	1	...	...	...	7800
24	1809	National ,, Fitzroy Square ...	...	...	...	...	...	...
25	1804	Royal London Ophthalmic	830	8	...	311	11071	11382
26	1804	Royal Infirmary, ,, Cork Street ...	375	2	...	...	...	2452
27	1843	North London, ,, Portland Place	150	4	...	...	...	2348
28	1816	Westminster, ,, Charing Cross...	700	5	24	152	5150	5302
29	1843	Central London, ,, Calthorpe Street	200	3	...	...	...	..
30	1816	Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear ...	200	2	...	...	...	1029
31	1838	Orthopædic Hospital, Bloomsbury Square	2000	...	...	73	1327	1400
32	1836	Hospital for Distortions, Portland Road	1066	3	36	68	614	682
33		Spinal Hospital, Middlesex Place ...	530	3	...	...	...	...
34	1835	St. Mark's, Fistula	2500	3	...	...	...	537
35	1786	National Truss Society, King William St.	150	1	...	...	...	350
36	1807	City ,, ,, Queen Street ...	...	1	...	...	...	5258
37	1820	Hospital for Glandular Diseases ...	...	1	...	...	...	...
38	1841	,, for Skin ,, ...	1100	5	...	...	...	7608
39	1825	Invalid Asylum, Stoke Newington ...	900	6	...	153	...	153
40	1840	Convalescent Institution, Carshalton ...	2177	4	...	705	...	705
41	1842	Home for Confirmed Invalids	572	3	12	...	...	...
42	1547	Bethlehem Hospital, Lunatics	16000	5	...	967	...	967
43	1751	St. Luke's ,, ,, ...	6500	5	194	390	...	390
44	1847	Asylum for Idiots	7000	5	250	...	...	...
45	1840	Institution of Nursing Sisters	2149	...	...	...	...	...
		Total ...	93310	381	2065	15011	78952	93963
		Grand Total* ...	247041	516	5445	45921	579249	624540

From a general review of the above table, of the various annual reports of the societies, and, where the latter fail, of Mr. Low's compilation, the following are among the many results which may be ascertained. It appears then

That at the present moment there exists in active working order within the boundaries of the metropolis an aggregate of eighty-eight medical charities for the benefit of diseased, injured, or helpless poor :†

That of these fifty-seven are hospitals and other institutions

* The reader will perceive some inconsistencies between the tabulated figures and the totals beneath them. The former are extracted from reports of a later date than Mr. Low's volume, which furnishes the latter : whilst the unavoidable incompleteness of the reports rendered it necessary to avail ourselves of Mr. Low's results, though of some of his details we are able to dispense with.

† This excludes five homœopathic institutions, two county lunatic asylums, and one hospital for incurables.

for the treatment of in and out-patients,—of which twelve are devoted to the treatment of ordinary cases of disease and accident, and fourty-five are reserved for the relief of special complaints and injuries; and thirty-one are dispensaries "for the dispensing of medicines to applicants as out-patients, and for visiting by medical officers such poor at their own habitations as may be unable to attend" the hospital:

That during the year 1852-53 these institutions enjoyed a revenue of £266,925; of which sum £153,731 was appropriated to the funds of the general hospitals, £93,310 to those of the special infirmaries, and £19,884 to those of the dispensaries:

That of the eighty-eight institutions, it is believed only four are entirely supported by funds which possess an invariable character, obtained from landed or funded property, from rents, or from other similar channels; that nine are continued by means of revenues of which a large proportion, amounting in some cases to as much as one-half or three-fourths, are obtained from the same source; and that the remaining seventy-five are dependent altogether, or for the most part, upon fluctuating, and precarious incomes derived from donations, legacies, annual contributions, charity sermons, balls, bazaars, or other extraordinary sources:

That notwithstanding the enormous revenues possessed by these charities, few, in their reports, refrain from expressing, and none fail to experience, the lamentable fact, that their means are disproportioned to their requirements, their incomes are insufficent for their expenditure:

That although the financial condition of the hospitals are not all published, or cannot all be obtained, it appears that of the sixty societies whose reports lie before us, or whose balance sheet has been consulted, only twenty-two are pronounced to be positively in a satisfactory state:

That at any one time the metropolitan infirmaries are capable to receive within their walls 5,445 sick; and that during the year for which reports are constructed no fewer than 624,540 patients availed themselves of the treatment offered; of whom 45,921 received attention within the wards, and 579,249 without them: And, lastly,

That the number of individuals, exclusive of nurses, servants, or underlings, connected with the relief of the sick in these institutions, amounts to upwards of 4,000; of which the medical profession is represented by 247 physicians, and by 269 surgeons.

Further researches into the statistics of the London hospitals produce fresh results. Of the general and special in-

firmaries, it appears that three have been in operation upwards of 300 years; ten between 100 and 300; seven between 50 and 100; twenty-four between 12 and 50; and fourteen within the last dozen years. The twelve general hospitals containing accommodation for 3,380 sick, received for treatment during the last year 30,280 in-patients, and 335,676 out-patients; in all, 365,956 cases. Their income during the same period is estimated at £153,731; a sum from which three hospitals entirely, and two in part, are supported by determinate revenues to the amount of more than £97,000. The funds of four of these institutions are represented to be in a flourishing condition, whilst those of the remainder are not only in an unsatisfactory state, but are even to some extent involved in debt. The treatment of the patients is entrusted to 66 physicians, and to 69 surgeons.

Of the forty-five hospitals instituted for the relief of specific maladies one is appropriated to those who speak the German language, one to Spanish and Portugese Jews, and one to the seamen of all nations. One is a fever hospital; three are devoted to diseases of the chest, consumption, &c.; one undertakes to provide for scrofulous patients. Eight are lying-in hospitals; one was instituted for diseases peculiar to the female sex; one for women and children; and two for infants only. Into three infirmaries small-pox cases are admitted, and patients for the performance of vaccination. There are five ophthalmic hospitals. Diseases of the ear monopolise the attention of a single institution; whilst two are devoted to the study of cutaneous disorders. Distortions and internal affections are treated in six different charities. We possess one invalid asylum, "which affords a temporary home to females employed in shops." In one part of London we find a convalescent institution; and in another a home for confirmed invalids. Two hospitals receive lunatics, and one admits the imbecile and those afflicted with idiotcy. Lastly, the metropolis is able to boast of a society which provides the indigent poor gratuitously, and the affluent at a small expense, with those blessings to the sickroom—respectable, trustworthy, and well-trained nurses.

The special hospitals, containing 2,065 beds, received for treatment during the past year 15,011 in-patients, and 78,952 out-patients; in all, 93,963 cases. Their annual income averages £93,310, a sum which, from the paucity of reports, it is difficult, if not impossible, accurately to divide into fixed and fluctuating revenue. Hence arises another difficuliy, to determine the condition of their finances, though it will not be far from the truth, perhaps, if we assign nineteen of the societies

to the class of embarrassed charities; fourteen to the only not involved; and the remaining twelve, to that class of which we can predicate nothing. Seventy-seven physicians, and eighty-four surgeons, are employed in the special hospitals.

The dispensaries, as Mr. Low remarks, are a more modern institution. Their statistics can soon be recorded:—Numbered at thirty-one, of which thirteen were established between 1770 and 1800, and the remainder since the latter date, the dispensaries ministered to the wants, during the past year, of 164,621 persons. With few exceptions, they are dependent for support upon voluntary contributions, which average the sum of £19,884, a sum which is capable of supplying the necessities of the patients, and of securing the services of a medical staff of 220 members. From sixteen of these institutions no statements of a fiscal nature have been obtained; but, of the remaining fifteen, only four are reported as to the solvency of their exchequer to be above suspicion, whilst eleven are declared to be more or less embarrassed.

Some curious facts, deserving attention, may be deduced from these data. These we will endeavour, concisely, to state. From a comparison of the total number of hospitals, of patients, of income, of beds, and of medical staff, we learn that there exists one doctor for every 1210 patients (in and out) viz., 1120 out and 90 in;—that each patient is relieved at an outlay of about 8s. 6d;—that each patient remains, on an average, 45 days in hospital; and hence that in the course of the year the same bed is occupied eight times. Such are the results of the Medical Charities exclusive of class.

Let us now calculate the same details for the different kinds of hospitals, and we shall find that one doctor attends 2710 patients (in and out) in the general hospitals; one, 583 patients in the special hospitals; and one, 748 patients in the dispensaries;—also that one doctor attends 1120 out-patients in the general hospitals, and 490 in the special hospitals; and that 224 in-patients are attended by one doctor in the general hospitals; and 93 in the special;—that in the general hospitals the average cost of each case is 8s. 4d., in the special 18s. 9d., in dispensaries 2s. 5d.,—lastly, that each bed is occupied nine times in the year in the general hospitals, and seven in the special; and hence, that the average time of cure in the general hospitals is 40 days, and in the special 52 days. From these figures several important truths are evident. Omitting all account of such societies concerning which we possess no certain information, we discover that there exist twice as many hospitals whose exche-

quers are involved, as those whose funds are free from debt:

That no institution whose income is relieved from the uncertainty of fluctuating causes, possesses a misbalanced debtor and creditor account:

That, with few exceptions, every hospital whose revenue is not in part derived from invariable sources, is proportionately involved in difficulties, and hampered with debts:

That the general hospitals relieve more distress than either of the other classes of infirmaries, more quickly, at an individual cost, less in some cases than one half that of their rivals, and with a smaller staff of medical men, in the proportion of one to five in the case of special hospitals, and of one to four in that of dispensaries.

In our opinion, these facts militate strongly against the system of special hospitals. The question of the relative merits of general and of particular infirmaries is too large an one for discussion in this place. But from the circumstance that certain complaints find no admission into general hospitals, the establishment of special dispensaries forms an indispensible feature in our charitable institutions. The theory of the division of labour, though at first sight it opposes our conclusions, on closer scrutiny is found to be counterbalanced by the economic maxim, that supply shall ever equal the demand; since where experience is to be gained in the greatest abundance and in the least time, there will be present the largest amount of science, and of skill. Another objection to the system consists in the spirit of competition which apparently animates the special hospitals. As opposed to combination, it is true that the same imputation may be cast upon general hospitals, yet the power of yielding, even if the will be present, is less strong to the latter than to the former, and hence the evil is practically less. However, that this objection is no imaginary one, is forced upon the observation of all who have examined the reports of the various charitable institutions; and in support of our opinion we extract two passages, where many might be given, from different hospitals, the one a special, the other a general, infirmary. Whilst bewailing the insufficiency of the annual contributions, the committee of management of the first hospital takes occasion to observe, that

"the causes which are seriously affecting all the old charities in the City of London are severely felt; valuable supporters are lost by death, or removal, and *competition arises with new charities.*"

The Board of the second infirmary remark, that

"efforts are now making to *increase the hospital accommodation* of the metropolis; but the duty is more imperative to make the accommodation, which already exists, available. To do this, no new establishment is required, no additional officers, no increased buildings, but only means to receive and support in a long-tried institution an increased number of poor and destitute."

It may be urged that these are partisan appeals of rival establishments, and therefore unworthy of consideration. But the question is rather, not by whom are the sentiments uttered, but what is their worth? and it is for the latter property that we venture to quote them in favour of our position, and having quoted, to leave them, and the theory they support, to the approval of the reader.

There is another large subject upon which we can afford to say but little where much might be urged,—we mean the subject of embarrassment. In some degree we have seen the large extent to which hospitals are involved in debt and difficulty; yet it may not be amiss to add somewhat more in explanation of the real state of the case. The reports of the societies themselves teem with complaints of excess of expenditure over income, of unsatisfactory accounts, of continued antagonism with the hospital's chief enemy,—Mammon. Few if any of the committees of management possess such resources as the hospital under their control requires; or, as they imagine, it deserves. Many preserve themselves from embarrasment, but many more, if they do not run into difficulty, suffer themselves to be drawn into it. The same tone pervades well nigh every report, and it is only from a due regard to space that we adduce but two instances of hospital murmurings. Little advantage, we apprehend, would accrue from individualizing the institutions in question: hence, on a question about which there can be no dispute, we quote from the reports of anonymous infirmaries. "It is a subject," the first document states—

"It is a subject of deep regret to the committee, that the funds of the hospital are quite inadequate to the support of the charity. It is already considerably in debt to the treasurer, and the medical officers are unable to admit as in-patients numerous deserving objects. . . . . The committee cannot suppose that so useful and economic a charity will be permitted to be closed for want of funds: though such an event must occur at no distant date, if the present rate of applications for relief continues, and the funds do not increase."

Take another report:—

"The hospital (we read) has been supported for the year ending December 31st, at an expense of £1623 : 0s. 3d., leaving a deficiency in the assets for the current year of £66 : 6s. . . . The number of in-patients has been augmented from sixteen to twenty-four: the hospital however has still two wards closed, capable of containing ten other persons, but who cannot be received for want of funds."

To these printed statements we add a third, from a private letter volunteered by an anonymous secretary. This letter will become a curiosity if it prove to be a specimen of the manner in which hospital accounts are "managed."

"It will doubtless appear (the writer says) from the treasurer's report, and from the balance in hand, that we are in a flourishing condition; but I much regret that such is far from being the case. The committee is indebted to Mr. —— (one of the professional body) the sum of £581 : 12s. 6d., for board of in-patients, &c., which had been increased year after year, and which the committee were not in a position to repay. . . . . Fortunately (this year) owing to one or two legacies lately bequeathed, the committee felt bound to repay Mr. —— a small sum, which reduced his debt to £500 . . . . leaving the sum of £401 (one hundred pounds less than an increasing liability) to meet all current expenses."

The amount, however, to which hospitals are involved is best perceived from figures, and from facts taken from their official reports; and a slight calculation reveals the statement, that from nine of the institutions, the exact state of whose funds can be ascertained, there was due at the close of the last year, in sums varying from £1000 to £8500, considerably more than £31,000; whilst in smaller sums, above a hundred pounds, we discover one at or about £110, one at £250, another at £330, several about £500, others near £600, one at £738, and another at £939. These figures, however, fail to convey a correct impression of their relative value, unless we remember, that in many cases they exceed the annual income of the society, and in most cases they fall but little short of it.

This lamentable state of affairs is the effect of three causes: the large amount of destitution in the metropolis; the insufficient supplies apportioned to the hospitals; and the consent of the committees of management. With the latter cause alone are we concerned; and by way of proof that committees are able, even when threatened with difficulty, to escape the peril, we propose to quote from the report of one of the City hospitals. The choice allowed to the managing body was

severe, yet, in our opinion, they chose justly; and, as the circumstance is one which redounds to the credit of the society, there can be no objection to mention, that we allude to the Central London Ophthalmic Hospital. This small society has existed in active operation upwards of ten years. Its resources, size, and means of doing good are insignificant in comparison with other and more imposing infirmaries; yet, in its own unobtrusive way, it alleviates much distress, and in the economy of its arrangements, and in the integrity of its principles, it may well bear comparison with other metropolitan charities. Instead, as we often perceive, of an item in the balance-sheet of excess of expenditure over income, we read with gratification that, though small, a positive surplus remains at the close of the financial year in the treasurer's hands. The official statement discloses the reason of this singularity. After alluding in grateful terms to the "more than usual benefits" conferred by the hospital during the past year, the report proceeds to notice

"the extremely small sum that has been expended in effecting so large an amount of good. What greater assurance (it continues) or more speaking truth can the committee offer to all who have subscribed or may subscribe to this charity, than that their contributions have been, or shall be solely and efficiently used for the purposes intended. It would indeed have been easy had the committee been reckless of expense, but they considered it would have been as dishonest in them as a body as in a private individual, to incur expense which they had not the means to meet. Therefore have they found great difficulty in keeping within their income, and have carried out their resolution by the painful alternative of turning a deaf ear to the numerous and heart-rending importunities for relief. Except in a few instances they have not ventured, even under the most pressing necessity, to admit in-patients, unless their friends could pay part, or the whole of their boarding expenses; and on the contingency of admission frequently depends the restoration of sight, or the rescuing of it from impending peril."

These periods disclose the reason why the Central London Hospital keeps clear of debt, and why many other hospitals are involved in liability. Hence, in the same words, we find the certain cure for much embarrassment in the financial accounts of the London Charities, a cure which may be evolved from the old saying, "Be just before you are generous." Other plans for the avoidance of debt will naturally occur to those who give the subject a moment's attention; yet all will be useless unless this plain rule, which the hospital above mentioned is self-denying enough to observe, but which most

others fail to practise, be kept,—never to admit patients for the cost of whose cure the society does not possess funds to defray.

In concluding this portion of the subject it may not be unadvisable to offer some remarks upon what is conceived to be a judicious method of avoiding difficulty when free from debt. It appears from a consideration of the reports of the different hospitals, that those institutions which are supported by incomes of a fixed character are clear of liability; and that those which subsist by revenues of a fluctuating character are involved in obligation. Here we fancy we discover cause and effect; if not, something near akin to these. Be that as it may, and be the secondary causes what they will, statistics show that the former class of charities labour under no such disadvantage, as those from which the latter suffer. Let the character of their incomes, as far as possible and by degrees, be changed; and let the fluctuating revenues become determinate. Many and great difficulties obstruct the way, but none insurmountably: and since precedent, with some minds, is weighty, we will quote the plan adopted by the London Hospital to remedy what is acknowledged to be a crying evil. This institution, till within the last year, possessed an "Accumulating Fund" thus described in its report:—

"The plan of this fund originated with Dr. John Cooke . . . . . it was commenced in 1810, and in accordance with a rule laid down at the foundation, having been suffered to accumulate for twenty-one years, three-fourths of the amount were, in 1832, transferred to the funds of the hospital, being £8,739: 11s. three per cent Consols. After a second interval of twenty-one years, namely, in 1853, the members of the fund determined that the period had arrived that the whole of the accumulation, with the amount already should be amounting to £16,363: 8s. 7d. three per cent Consols, referred to, transferred to the account of the hospital."

We can find another instance of a like system. "An Inalienable Fund" has been founded by the committee of the Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital, in the name of certain responsible governors.

"The money from time to time contributed to this fund is invested in the three per cent Consols, and the interest only is permitted to be appropriated for the purpose of the hospital; the principal forming a permanent capital, assuring the future existence of (the charity) on an enlarged scale. . . . . Donations of £50 and upwards must, by the rules of the institution, be applied to the fund, unless otherwise desired."

Such is the principle we recommend, modified or extended

according to the wants, or to the necessities of each individual institution.

We conclude the article with a few quotations, extracted from the reports of a few of the more interesting of the London Medical Charities. The first shall be from that of the Asylum for Idiots, established in 1847, and at present containing accommodation for 318 inmates.

"The schools for instruction and physical exercise are improved in method and attainment. The asylum has been enlarged; and, especially, a set of good workshops has been erected, which has given more space and vigour to the classes. There are now in the male department the following classes:—gardeners, matmakers, tailors, shoemakers, netters, plaiters, carpenters, and basketmakers. Two of the classes are fresh; and all of them are much improved. As an example, it may be stated that the tailors have made eighty-seven pair of trousers; that the basketmakers have made for the family fifty-five baskets; that the shoemakers have made twenty-two pairs of slippers; and that the matmakers have executed work to the value of £30: 2s. 9d. In the dumb classes, composed of about sixty children, nearly thirty are beginning to speak. A parent was overcome with delight on finding his dumb boy salute him for the first time as 'father.'

"In the female department, there is similar improvement. Besides the ordinary business of the school, there are drilling classes, singing classes, knitting classes, and bonnet classes. They are now making the bonnets of the family, and taking charge of much of the needlework. Some of them are gardeners, and many of them are training as housemaids. The needle class at Highgate have done work valued at £5: 5s. 1d. Nearly all the children now attend domestic worship, and have evident pleasure in doing so; and a large proportion attend on public worship, with the approbation of those who observe them."

The following account of the Institution for Nursing Sisters will be read with interest:—

"The Institution of Nursing Sisters was founded in London in the year 1840; its object is to provide experienced, conscientious, and Christian nurses for the sick, and to raise the standard of this useful and important occupation, so as to engage the attention and enlist the services of many who may be desirous of devoting their time to the glory of God, and to the mitigation of human suffering.

"For this purpose women are selected with great care, and their characters minutely enquired into. They are kept for some weeks at the Home on probation, and then regularly trained for a certain time in one of the public hospitals, in order to prepare them for their important duties. At the expiration of this period, if their conduct and qualifications be found satisfactory, they are received as sisters. They are allowed an annual stipend of £20, (which is raised to £23 after three years' service,) supplied with an appro-

priate dress, and maintained in the 'Home' provided for them during the intervals of their engagements.

"This Institution being intended to benefit all ranks of the community, the committee is unable to fix any rate of payment for the services of the sisters, it is therefore left to each to remunerate the society according to their means. The liberality of many of their friends has enabled them to give this aid with freedom in all such cases as have applied, and have appeared suitable objects for it, except when no sister has been at liberty to undertake nursing. It is their desire that those families from whom they are not likely to receive payment, should always be attended with the same promptitude as the more wealthy; knowing that the comfort of a good nurse must be even more essential to persons of limited means. The sum which is considered fully to remunerate the Institution is £1 : 1s. a week, *but when limited circumstances claim a pecuniary sacrifice, the committee on their part are ready to make arrangements accordingly, as well as to render gratuitous assistance in cases of necessity.*

"The nature of the Institution is such as to make it difficult to give a report of the benefits conferred by its operations. Between seventy and eighty sisters are constantly employed in its service: the claims for assistance having been so numerous, the Committee have been obliged, in addition to the regular sisters, to employ several women as supernumeraries, whose character and efficiency they have taken pains to ascertain. The attendance of the nurses on their patients has been for various periods, in several instances for many weeks or even months. The average number of nurses supplied gratuitously to the poor, is about twenty-five to thirty quarterly."

Some of the details, connected with the report of the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, are sufficiently curious to bear quotation; it states:—

"That during the past year no less than 1388 patients had been admitted upon the books of the institution. That of these 559 had been discharged cured, 308 had been relieved, and 521 still remained in weekly attendance. The numbers who had thus attended the institution were composed of clerks in offices, needlewomen, domestic servants, artisans, distressed foreigners, soldiers, sailors, and policemen, all of whom had received advice and assistance. The report also stated that the cause of a great many of the cases of deafness which came under the cognizance of the Institution, might be traced to living in confined and damp localities, bad drainage, insufficient or adulterated food, sleeping in damp apartments and unaired beds. As an illustration of the manner in which the institution was progressing, the report also stated that on the number of patients admitted last year, as compared with that of the previous year, there was an increase of 359; that on the number of those cured there was an increase of 224; and on the number of those relieved there was an increase of 116; while a great number—in

fact, the great majority of those who had taken advantage of the institution—would, but for it, have been the inmates of a workhouse, or dependent on parochial relief."

From the ear turn we to the eye, and give some statistics from the tables of the Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital:—

"Since the year 1817, to the 1st of January, 1854, 98,859 persons have availed themselves of the benefits of this charity: of these, 2137 have been restored to sight by operations for cataract and the formation of an artificial pupil; the appearance of 4298 persons has been altogether improved by the operation for the removal of squinting; 5659 persons have been admitted to its benefits during the past year, of whom 137 were in-patients. Of the principal operations during 1853, 88 were for cataract, 12 for the formation of an artificial pupil, 167 were for squinting, and 180 others for various complaints. Of the operations for cataract and artificial pupil, 3 failed—the remainder obtaining, some a reasonable, and others an excellent sight."

The last description we shall quote is taken from a paper forwarded with the report of the Infirmary, Great Ormond Street, entitled "A Visit to the Hospital for Sick Children," and originally published in a monthly contemporary.

"In these days of restless philanthropy, when it has become a pleasure to explore each weakness of the system—a luxury to suggest some specific, or to advocate some nostrum, it need excite no surprise that there should exist an hospital for sick children. The wonder, indeed, is rather that such a name should have to our ears an unfamiliar sound: that it should have been reserved for some benevolent individuals in our own days to hit such a charitable blot—to fill up such a social deficiency.

"In every principal city in Europe, from Paris to Constantinople, from Hamburg to Moscow, such an institution may be found; across the Atlantic, in the United States of America, a hospital for children is no novelty. In England alone, the sick children of the poor have been left uncared for and untended,—jumbled up in large and public wards with rough men and peevish old women, or allowed to perish, without a hope of rescue, in their miserable dwellings—at once the cause and the fomenter of disease.

"Was such an hospital required in London? Does sickness prevail to any extent among young people? Are there diseases almost peculiar to them? Listen to the answer of the Registrar-General!—In the year 1846 (and this was no exceptional year), out of about 50,000 persons who died in the metropolis, upwards of 15,000 were less than two, and more than 21,000 under ten years of age. To illustrate the same fact in a different manner:—Out of every 100 persons born in London, 35 die before they reach the age of ten. Is such a mortality natural? Is it a fatal necessity, a normal con-

dition of human existence? We cannot say so, when we find that there existed in London only one dispensary for the special treatment of the diseases of children; when we learn that the number of children received into the general hospitals is so small, that on an enumeration of the population of these institutions made in 1843, they were found to contain only 136 children under ten years of age. Of this small number, too, only 26, or less than one per cent., had been admitted for the cure of any internal disease. We may add, for the sake of comparison, that while 23 of these 26 were children between the ages of three and ten years, the total mortality between these ages in 1842, amounted in the metropolis to 33,748."

After furnishing many details of much interest, which space alone prevents us from copying, the visitor reaches the first ward of the hospital.

"The *coup-d'œil* on entering is really striking. A suite of lofty rooms with richly-decorated ceilings, pleasant to the eyes of the sick children—the walls painted in panel, with coloured nymphs and rosy cupids sporting about,—the large fire-places, with massive and highly-carved marble chimney-pieces, all give to the place an appearance of stately but cheerful magnificence. Against the walls, instead of chairs or couches, are ranged the clean-looking light iron cribs, with moveable sides, occupied by the little patients. Strewed about the floor, on the mantel-pieces, on the beds, are toys of the newest and gayest fashion, the gift of many a kind-hearted lady. In the centre of the room a lilliputian table, with low benches, suited to the little occupants: here and there a diminutive American rocking-chair, lolled in, perchance, in a consequential way by some smiling sufferer. Across the cribs, for those patients who are prevented from rising, is fitted a wooden shelf, on which the toys may be placed, or the picture-book be rested. There was nothing sad here; nothing inappropriate; all showed good thought and good judgment. Ventilation is amply provided for by the double perforated glass windows; whilst a bath-room, fitted with every convenience, is at hand for the purposes of cleanliness or of cure.

"We confess that it was with some misgivings we first entered the ward. Lively recollections of noisy sounds from private nurseries, with even one invalid, made us look with apprehension to the effect of so many collected together. We were agreeably disappointed. Not a single cry greeted our entrance. The kind looks of the nurses were responded to by a gentle and confiding air on the part of the patients. Even in a moral, a disciplinary point of view, the effects produced by the hospital are most beneficial. Children who enter the wards rude, dirty and fractious, speedily, under the influence of kindness and firmness, acquire habits of order and cleanliness,—habits, we may hope, which will prove of lasting benefit to them.

"In a corner bed, placed apart from the other children, was a very pretty girl, pale, rather wan, but with a face having a sweet and

interesting expression. On making her acquaintance, we found that one of her legs had been amputated a day or two previously, owing to incurable disease about the ankle. She was an orphan; and the timid yet gentle manner in which she related her sufferings, and expressed her gratitude for all that had been done, was perfectly affecting. With a fervent hope that the operation might prove successful, and that she might be restored to health, we passed on: and, leaving this ward, devoted exclusively to girls, we ascend another flight of stairs, and enter the boys' apartment.

"Here, of course, we no longer had the rich decorations of the old drawing-rooms; but the ward is lofty and spacious, amply provided with baths, clean, and well ventilated. Still the same absence of peevishness and wailing; though, perhaps, a little more noisy merriment. Even a poor little fellow in a corner bed, with contracted limbs, who had recently undergone some operation for their cure, was busily engaged in solving an abstruse architectural problem with wooden bricks, to the wonder and amusement of a boy near him, who appeared to have only one eye, but who made the best use of that one, as well, indeed, as of his tongue. Sculling himself along the floor, in a new-fashioned kind of go-cart, was another young gentleman, progressing much to his own satisfaction, and to the intense delight of a small circle of patients, who were watching his progress with as much interest as if they had heavy stakes depending on the result."

ART. III.—1. *The British Jews.* By the Rev. JOHN MILLS. London: 1853.

2. *The Forty-fifth Report of the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, &c.* 1853.

3. *British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews. Report of the Committee presented at the Tenth Annual Meeting of the Society, &c.* 1853.

THE evidences of Christianity are admirably varied. History, philology, archæology, miracles, prophecy, internal coincidences, all add to the strength of the impregnable rampart which girds our faith. And the Jews are its *living* evidences.

Nearly eighteen centuries have now passed away since this remarkable people were driven from their native land, and yet they are still a distinct race. The Paganism of Greece and of Rome is now but the clumsy plaything of poetry. Islamism has reared its crescent on the sunny hills of Spain, and has left the ruined halls of the Alhambra as its mausoleum; Arianism has flooded the fields of Christianity like a

summer torrent, but its bed has long been bare and dry; Fanaticism has planted its dark-hued standard in many a region where the very name which it assumed is now almost, if not altogether, unknown; but Judaism still retains its stubborn footing amidst the most powerful nations and the most aggressive creeds of the world. The devotee of Apis is a swaddled mummy; the Assyrian exists but in his mystic sculptures; the star-gazing Chaldee has utterly perished; the imaginative Greek and his dreams of Olympus, and the stern Roman, a fit emblem of his own god of war, are both no more, save on the page of history; but the Jew survives, and he is a Jew still. The Goth, the Hun, the Saxon, the Dane, the Norman, the Moor of Spain, the Indian of North Eastern America, where is he and where is his religion? But where is the Jew?

War, massacre, banishment, confiscation, torture, the stake, have all failed to extirpate either him or his faith. He speaks the language of those with whom he dwells, but he repudiates their religion and their alliance. He is a stranger, not a settler—a guest, not a member of the family. Surely there is something suggestive in this isolation, and more than ordinary causes must have been at work to effect it.

But let us take a glimpse at some of those peculiarities which characterise the domestic, the social, and the religious life of the Jew, confining ourselves to those facts which are prominent and curious. Our chief source for these facts will be the work of Mr. Mills, but we shall insert a few additions and elucidations obtained elsewhere. And here we must put in a caveat, lest the reader should conclude that Judaism is throughout a tissue of absurdities. Our mode of procedure has great advantages, but it has this drawback, that it compels us to pass by much that is admirable and worthy of imitation.

Judaism has not escaped the evils of division. Its two great communities are the Sephardim, or Spanish and Portuguese, and the Ashkenazim, or German and Polish Jews. The Sephardim claim descent from the tribe of Judah, and may be styled the Jewish aristocracy: they reside chiefly in London. The Ashkenazim settle in any place where the hope of gain attracts them.

In describing the domestic, we shall necessarily trench upon the religious life of the Jew, for the two are often inseparable. Indeed this intermixture takes place, probably, in every system of religion.

We will commence with infancy. It is a general rule—

though not without exceptions—that every male child should be circumcised when eight days old. Sandakin, a kind of sponsors, are chosen; a sacred name is given, which may be distinct from that of every day life; and a mohel, or circumciser, is engaged. On the Friday which precedes the circumcision, the birth of the child is announced in the synagogue, and after the service has ended an entertainment is given to a few friends. At the time appointed—if the rite is not performed at home—the child is brought by the female sponsor to the door of the synagogue, and is there received by the male sandak. As he advances with the child the congregation says, "Blessed is he that cometh." It is deemed meritorious to assist in this rite, and a relative of the child is uniformly called on to take an important part in it, among his duties, one is to hold two glasses of wine for the use of the mohel. A large two-seated chair stands in the midst—one seat for the sandak, and another for Elijah, "the angel of the covenant," who is believed to be an invisible witness of what is passing. There is on this subject a curious story in the treatise "Maaseh." A certain wealthy Jew of Ratisbon had engaged a man of distinguished sanctity, the Rabbi Judah to be the Sandak, or Baal Bris, of his child. But Rabbi Judah made none of the preliminary responses, and being asked why, he replied that Elijah was not present, and that the reason of his absence was that he foresaw the future apostasy of the child.* After the completion of the rite the mohel holds the child in his arms and offers a prayer, dipping his little finger thrice into one of the glasses of wine during this part of the ceremony, and afterwards placing it in the child's mouth, and saying at the same time certain words about the longevity of the infant. Offerings are now made for the poor. The sandak returns the child to his female co-partner, who is standing at the door, as females are not allowed to be present. He then congratulates the father, and entertains the party at a breakfast. Should the child die before the eighth day, the rite is performed in an irregular way with a piece of glass. A mohel, who has circumcised as many children as make up the numerical value of the letters in his name, is generally believed to be entitled to peculiar happiness in the next world.

If the male infant be the first-born of its mother, it is redeemed when thirty days old, unless it be the child of a

*Stehelin's Traditions of the Jews, vol. ii. p. 333.

cohen, or priest, or of a Levite. When he begins to articulate the parents are to teach him the daily prayers. During this period of tuition he is invested with the Arbang Kanphoth, or *four corners*, which is a species of garment made of wool, silk, or other materials. For an adult, its dimensions are about three feet by one. There is an aperture in its centre through which the wearer thrusts his head. It is worn beneath the waistcoat. Tsitsith, or memorial fringes, are attached to its four corners. White lambs-wool, prepared and spun by a Jew, is the material of these fringes, which are each composed of eight threads. The Tsitsith are fastened to the Arbang Kanphoth, and are twisted and knotted in a complex manner. They are deposited in pockets, made on each corner of the garment, to prevent their defilement by contact with the body. The passage of the Pentateuch in Numbers xv. 37—41, is the authority upon which this custom is founded. Great mysteries are said to be hidden in the knots and twistings of these fringes, but we will not attempt to unravel any of them. The numerical value of the word Tsitsith is 600; and eight for the threads, and five for the knots, if added to this number make 613. Now the Jews tell us that the law contains precisely six hundred and thirteen precepts; and then, by a marvellous feat of logic, they infer that he who rightly observes the Tsitsith has virtually kept the whole law. This is stenographic religion truly.

Until a Jewish youth arrives at the age of thirteen his parents are considered accountable for his sins, but after that age the youth is reckoned to be responsible for his actions. He is now bound to observe all the ceremonies of Judaism, and a feast is generally kept, and visits of congratulation are made, on the occasion, which is also marked by formalities of a more serious nature. The young Jew now assumes the Tephillin or phylacteries—one for the head and one for the left arm. We will not stay to describe these curious insignia of worship minutely. They consist of four slips of parchment, inscribed with certain passages of the Pentateuch; two boxes of parchment to contain the slips, and long leathern thongs. They are worn during the act of prayer. We have known a Jew to tie knots in a handkerchief so as to make it into a kind of cap, and our impression is that this was meant as a substitute for the tephillin. Some allusion, we believe, was made to the subject, and we cannot now remember whether this prevented him from wearing the cap or not when at prayer. It is a Rabbinical doctrine that every Jew should

marry, and that he should marry when young. They found this law upon the command, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth." The proper age is from thirteen to eighteen, but this rule is not rigidly observed in this country. The Jews have Shadchanim who may be styled professional matchmakers. The Shadchan proposes what he deems an eligible match to the parents or guardians of those concerned in his arrangement, and if his proposition is approved of, the courtship commences. But his services are not so much called for as they once were.

Betrothal is the next step, and when this ceremony is performed, a Kenas or deed of penalty is read, which stipulates what sum is to be paid to the injured person, should either of the two individuals betrothed break the engagement. A cup is broken to signify that the covenant is made. Betrothal takes place six or twelve months or more before marriage.

The most curious features of the marriage rite are the employment of a canopy of silk or velvet under which the bridegroom and the bride stand, and the ceremony of stamping upon an empty glass which is performed by the bridegroom, whereupon those present cry out Mazal Tov—good luck.

The young housekeeper has now to prepare a Mezuzah for each of his door posts. This is a metallic case or a glass tube containing a piece of vellum, on which is written the passages Deut. vi. 4—9, and xi. 13—21. This vellum is folded up, and the word Shaddai—one of the names of God—is written in Hebrew upon the outer fold, and placed opposite to a hole in the receptacle, so that it can be seen by the passer-by. It was the custom, we believe, a few years ago, in one part of Austria, at least, to write the name of God on the back of the Mezuzah in transposed letters; but Mr. Mills makes no allusion to this peculiarity, and it scarcely appears of sufficient importance for us to enquire whether any British Jews retain it. The receptacle containing the inscribed vellum is fastened to the door-post in an oblique position on the right hand side upon entrance; and a strict Jew always kisses the Mezuzah as he goes away to his business, and generally bows to it as he passes from room to room.

If a husband goes alone to any distant country a conditional bill of divorce is generally given to his wife, which takes effect in three years, should he neither return nor send for her within that period. He can also divorce his wife by sending a messenger, and this messenger can deliver the bill of divorcement into the hands of another messenger, but cer-

tain precautions are taken which tend to prevent any fraudulent proceedings.

The most curious customs which relate to sickness and death appear to be the following:—When recovery is deemed impossible, nothing whatever is allowed to be given to the sick person, lest it should hasten death and bring upon the giver the guilt of shedding blood. Four persons watch constantly until the patient is dead and in his coffin. No one stands near his head or feet during his death struggle, because it is thought that the Shechinah or Divine presence rests then at his head, and the angel of death at his feet. The watchers say "*one Lord*" just as the sick man is expiring—this is deemed very important. All present make a small rent in one of their garments after death has taken place. A basin of water and a towel are placed by the corpse—a pewter plate containing salt is laid upon its breast—and a lighted candle stands at its head. The water and towel remain for seven days—the candle or lamp for thirty. All the water in the house, and in the three adjoining houses on each side, is poured away after the sick person has expired. The interment must take place, if possible, within twenty-four hours after death. The water employed for washing a corpse must not be poured out where it might be passed over. A small quantity of Jerusalem earth is put in the coffin. Before the corpse is taken away to burial, the friends of the deceased come and take hold of his great toes, and beg pardon for all injuries which they have done him, and a favourable mention in the next world. The Rabbi cuts, and then rends, the edge of an upper garment of each of the mourners, who approach in turns, and lean upon the coffin, whilst this is done. Variations occur in this ceremony, which is only performed upon the mourners, and not upon all the friends of the deceased. Females are not allowed to join in the procession. When the coffin has reached the burial ground it is opened to see that everything is in its proper place. If many deaths occur in a family within a short period, a locked padlock is lowered into the grave with the coffin, by the nearest relative, who then throws the key away: this is done to stay the inroads of death. The mourning customs are very expressive; sitting barefooted on the ground for seven days is one of them. After the death of a parent, it is the duty of a son to visit the synagogue, every morning and evening, for eleven months; to repeat the Kaddish, an act of adoration, which is uttered aloud at the side of the reading-desk; he is to observe the day of death throughout his life, and one of the

ceremonies of this anniversary is the burning of a lamp or candle all the day.

Let us now turn our attention to the Jewess. "Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, who has not made me a woman," says the Jew in his daily prayers; and this ungallant sentiment is carried into practice in the public worship of Judaism, in which a female is not allowed to join. The Jewess sits apart in a gallery; her great duties are—to light the lamp for the Sabbath, which is done of course on the afternoon of Friday; to offer the dough on Fridays, and on the days preceding all the festivals, which is done by putting into the fire a small piece of the peculiar dough which is made on these occasions; and to perform her ablutions and purifications. The ceremonies at the sickness and death of a female are similar to those for a male, a part of which has been described. A peculiarly formed shoe, made of black cloth list, is always kept in the synagogues, to perform the ceremony by which a widow is set free, by her husband's brother, to marry whom she will.

During sleep the soul is considered to be absent from the body, upon which evil spirits are popularly believed to have rested, and therefore, immediately after rising, the Jew must wash his hands and face. This ablution is performed in a prescribed manner, and with certain regulations, in which piety and superstition are curiously jumbled together. The ceremonies over meals offer nothing very peculiar, save that a fragment of bread is dipped into salt and eaten, as an offering to God; and that all knives and forks are taken away before the grace after meat is said, because no iron or steel was made use of about the altar; and, according to their notion, a table at mealtime represents the altar of the temple. It is also customary to repeat two particular Psalms after a meal—one on the week days, and the other on the Sabbaths and festivals. There are as many rules about food as would fill a volume—flesh and butter are neither eaten nor placed upon the table at the same meal—cheese made by Gentiles is prohibited—and cattle and poultry must be killed by a Jew, in a particular manner, and with a peculiar knife. The windpipe must be cut about three-quarters through, and either two or three cuts must be made—and so on. The Shochet examines the animal which he has killed, and, if he pronounces it fit for use, the Shomer seals it with a piece of lead, which is fastened to the flesh by a strip of tin. He stamps a letter, his own name, the word Kasher, and the initial of the day of the week, on the lead. When the carcase is cut up each joint is sealed.

We will now pass on to the social life of the Jew. Mr. Mills estimates the number of Jews in Great Britain to be about 25,000, and of these, he assigns, 20,000 to London. He gives us the following table, which possesses some interest—it embraces a year, or from January, 1852, to January, 1853:—

Synagogue.	Births.	Marriages.	Deaths.	Seat-holders.
Bath	2	—	1	10
Bedford	—	—	—	5
Birmingham	39	14	12	116
Brighton	3	2	1	32
Bristol	11	3	4	64
Canterbury	1	—	2	13
Cardiff	1	—	3	13
Chatham	2	2	1	30
Cheltenham	—	—	4	15
Dover	2	—	1	11
Exeter	6	—	4	21
Falmouth	—	—	1	3
Hull	13	4	3	82
Ipswich	1	1	1	8
Leeds	8	3	2	18
Liverpool (old)	8	2	10	116
Liverpool (new)	10	5	4	75
Manchester	42	15	8	189
Merthyr Tydvil	2	2	—	20
Newcastle-on-Tyne	5	3	1	15
North Shields	4	—	1	16
Norwich	2	1	—	30
Nottingham	3	2	2	16
Penzance	1	—	—	6
Plymouth	11	1	5	52
Portsea	5	1	5	62
Ramsgate	2	—	—	Private Synagogue of Sir M. Montefiore.
Southampton	1	—	—	15
Sunderland	10	1	4	30
Swansea	4	1	2	21
Yarmouth, Great	2	—	—	8
Dublin	5	—	4	35
Jersey	No registry kept.			11
LONDON SYNAGOGUES.				
Sephardim	63	11	41	183
Duke's Place	299	90	235	500
Hambro'	7	8	49	200
Great St. Helen's	31	56	98	350
St. Alban's Place	13	14	20	209
Maiden Lane	10	4	11	70
Reform Synagogue	3	1	2	107

Besides these synagogues, there are minor metropolitan ones in Gun Square, Carter Street, Cutler Street, St. George's Market, Prospect Place, Rosemary Lane. There is also a new registered one, at Birmingham, and two unregistered ones—one at Edinburgh, the other at Glasgow.

The cry "Clo, clo! old clo!" is familiar to every Londoner; but there are probably not a few who are ignorant at what marvellous prices these old clothes may be bought. Here is the cost of equipment for two persons, given on the authority of a writer in the "City Mission Magazine," at whose expense the experiment was made. The purchaser was cautioned not to be "too parsimonious."

	s.	*d.*
Full linen-front shirt, very elegant	0	6
Pair of warm worsted stockings	0	1
Pair of light-coloured trousers	0	6
Black cloth waistcoat	0	3
Pair of white cotton braces	0	1
Pair of low shoes	0	1
Black silk velvet stock	0	1
Black beaver, fly-fronted, double-breasted, paletôt coat, lined with silk, a very superior article	1	6
Cloth cap, bound with a figured band	0	1
Pair of black cloth gloves	0	1
	3	3

	s.	*d.*
A shift	0	1
Pair of stays	0	2
Flannel petticoat	0	4
Black Orleans ditto	0	4
Pair of white cotton stockings	0	1
A very good, light-coloured cotton gown	0	10
Pair of single-soled slippers, with spring heels	0	2
Double-dyed bonnet, including a net cap	0	2
Pair of white cotton gloves	0	1
A lady's green silk paletôt, lined with crimson silk, trimmed with black velvet, quilted and wadded throughout	0	10
	3	1

Mr. Mills tells us, that he has been assured that the business transacted in the old clothes Exchange, amounts to £1500 or £1600 per week. Ten thousand purchasers, and from one to two thousand thieves are said to congregate in

the neighbourhood of this Exchange every Sunday; but two adjacent retail Exchanges are the chief scenes of business. Fruit is another source of busy trade to the Jews.

The following are the public Metropolitan Charities of the Jews.

Date of Foundation.	
1664.	A society for the study of the law, and also for educating and clothing boys.
1665.	A society for relieving the sick and interring the poor. The sick are now provided for elsewhere.
1703.	An orphan school.
1724.	A society to grant marriage portions, and aid to lying-in women.
1730.	A charity school for twenty girls.
1736.	A society for giving annual marriage portions to fatherless girls.
1745.	A society to provide a mohel, a sandak, and twenty-five shillings in money for poor married women.
1747.	The Sephardim Hospital, which is also an asylum for aged persons.
1748.	A society for the clothing of ten orphan boys.
1749.	A society for apprenticing poor boys, lending money to the industrious poor, granting rewards for good conduct to servants and apprentices, and outfitting boys about to leave the country.
1778.	A society for distributing bread weekly.
1780.	A society for distributing bread, meat, and coals.
1798.	A society for giving relief to the poor in winter.
1806.	The Ashkenazim Hospital, which however is not designed for the reception of sick persons.
1812.	The Ladies' Benevolent Institution. A lying-in society.
1813.	A society for clothing boys.
1816.	This charity is a department of the Free School to be noticed hereafter.
1816.	Barrow's Almshouses.
1818.	Ladies' Benevolent Society for clothing girls.
1819.	A society for granting 5s. per week to the blind.
1820.	A society for providing clothes and 4s. weekly to orphans.
1820.	A society for clothing, educating, and apprenticing boys.
1821.	The Westminster Benevolent Institution for clothing boys.
(No date).	A charity school for clothing, educating, and apprenticing forty boys.
1824.	A society for relieving the sick.
1825.	A society for allowing widows 5s. weekly.
1826.	A society for clothing boys.
1828.	The Western Philanthropic Institution for granting loans and gifts.

1829. A society to allow £13 per annum to aged reduced persons of good character.
1829. A society for cheering the needy at festivals.
1830. A society for allowing 8s. weekly to the blind.
1830. A society for providing persons to sit up with the sick, and aid for the week of mourning.
1831. The Orphan Asylum.
1832. The Infant Orphan Charity.
1832. A society for allowing 2s. 6d. per week for six months, to widows.
1833. A society for clothing children.
1833. A society for granting assistance during festivals.
1835. Clothing Society.
1836. A society for relieving Jewish aliens.
1840. Hand-in-hand Asylum for aged decayed tradesmen.
1843. Widows' Home.
1843. Youths' Benevolent Society.
1845. A lying-in charity.
(No date). A society for relieving distressed Jews in Palestine.
1845. Linusarian Benevolent Loan Society. This society does not restrict its charity to Jews.
(No date). Ladies' Charity.

There are also a number of almshouses not mentioned in this list, and Mr. Mills tells us, that there may be one or two more charities not contained in it. The synagogue charities amount to a considerable sum. There are also twenty Jewish Friendly Societies in London, which number about two thousand members.

The following is a list of the Public Schools of the British Jews, with other particulars:—

	Pupils.	Teachers.	
Birmingham	42 males ... 20 females	2	Boys:—English commercial education, and religious instruction daily. Girls:—Hebrew and religious instruction, twice weekly.
Bristol	4 males ... 10 females	3	Hebrew and translation, English reading, writing, spelling, grammar, geography, history, arithmetic and sewing.
Hull	15 males ... 14 females	2	The elements of Hebrew and English, arithmetic.
Leeds	10 males ...	1	Hebrew.
Liverpool	38 males ... 45 females	3	Hebrew, reading, grammar, and translation into the vernacular.
Manchester (last year's return) ...	37 males ... 31 females	4	All the branches of elementary and useful knowledge in English, with the addition of needlework in the case of girls; Hebrew language and religion.

JEWISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN LONDON.

	Pupils.	Teachers.	
National and Infant School, "Path of Truth," Heneage Lane, Bevis Marks.	65 males ... 83 females	3	Course of instruction as practised in infant schools.
Gates of Hope Charity Schools, Heneage Lane, Bevis Marks.	88 males ...	3	Hebrew, English history, geography, &c.
Orphan Society School, Bevis Marks.	10 males ...	...	Hebrew, English, reading, writing, arithmetic, &c.
Villareal Charity School, Heneage Lane, Bevis Marks.	20 females	...	Same as last.
Jews' Free School, Bell Lane, Spitalfields.	700 males ... 460 females	Male: 10 teachers 4 pupil do. Female: 3 teachers. 20 pupil do. 1 assistant.	General education in Hebrew and English.
Jews' Hospital, Mile End	25 males ... 18 females	3	Same as last.
Jews' Infant School, Houndsditch ...	200 infants	3	Infant-school instruction, Hebrew and English.
Jews' Orphan Asylum, Tenter Ground, Goodman's Fields.	18 males ... 10 females	3	General education in Hebrew and English.
Western Jews' Girls' Free School, Dean Street, Soho Square.	55 females	2	Elementary education in Hebrew and English, needlework.
Western Jews' Free School for Boys, Grek Street, Soho Square.	60 males ...	2	Hebrew and English, writing, arithmetic, and the usual elementary routine.
West Metropolitan, Red Lion Square	Recently opened.		

The metropolitan Jews have a Literary and Scientific Institution, whose address is Sussex Hall, Leadenhall Street. It is not restricted to persons of the Jewish faith, and has a library of nearly 5000 volumes, which contains the best standard and modern works, besides a valuable collection of Hebrew works for reference. The reading rooms are supplied with reviews, magazines, newspapers, and English, French, and German periodicals; and lectures and classes form a part of the economy of the Institution, which however is not well supported.

The Rabbinic Institution is situate in Smith's Buildings, Leadenhall Street. The study of the Talmud is the object of this society, and, unhappily, this study is in much greater repute than that of the Old Testament. The strict Jew regards the Talmud "as an invaluable treasure-house of theology, ethics, and jurisprudence." Professor Hurwitz, in a treatise which Mr. Mills has appended to his interesting volume, tells us that he doubts "whether there exists any uninspired work of equal antiquity, that contains more interesting, more various, and valuable information, than that of the still existing remains of the ancient Hebrew sages." This

opinion is a very favourable one, and many readers will be disposed to call it in question. Indeed the professor himself acknowledges that the Talmud "contains many things which every enlightened, nay, every pious Jew, must sincerely wish had either never appeared there, or should at least long ago have been expunged from its pages." But it may be that there is some ground for the complaint of Coleridge—quoted by the professor—that the learned "have turned their backs on the Hebrew sources; and that, whilst they hope to find the key of ancient doctrine in the obscure, insolvable riddles of Egyptian hieroglyphics; whilst nothing is heard but the language and wisdom of India; the writings and traditions of the Rabbins are consigned to neglect, without examination."

Adult Sunday schools for girls are a new phase of educational activity amongst the Jews, one having been established towards the close of 1852. Many of the children of the upper and middle class Jews are educated in Christian schools.

"The Jewish Chronicle," now united with "The Hebrew Observer," and a "Hebrew and English Almanac," appear to be the chief periodicals which are in circulation amongst the Jews. Of other works, the following is a list of those published in the last two years:—

Initiation of Youth. By the Rev. B. H. Ascher.
A Volume of Sermons. By the Rev. D. W. Marks.
Prize Essays on the Post-Biblical History of the Jews.
Devotions for the Daughters of Israel. By M. H. Bresslau.
Devotional Exercises for the use of Jewish Women, on Public and Domestic Occasions. Translated from the German of Dr. Wesseby. By Miriam Wertheimer.
The Path of Good Men.
Hebrew Primer. By Dr. Benioch.
A Philosophical Explanation of the staying of the Sun and Moon by Joshua. By M. H. Simonson.

Mr. Mills believes these two years to have been the most fruitful that Anglo-Jewish literature has known. Oxford is said to contain the best collection of Hebrew MSS. and printed works in existence.

A Board of Deputies watches over the political interests of the Jews. The following resolution points out its objects:—

"That the Board of Deputies shall make observation of all proceedings relative to legislative and municipal enactments, and shall use such means as they may deem requisite in order that no infraction upon the religious rites, customs, and privileges of the Jewish

community may ensue therefrom; that they shall also watch over the interests of the Jews in this empire, and deliberate on what may conduce to their welfare and improve their political condition; and that for these purposes they may adopt such measures as they may think proper, consult legal opinions, call to their aid and co-operation, and obtain the advice of such persons as they may deem requisite and proper.

The religious life of the Jew remains to be noticed. British Judaism has three rituals:—that of the Ashkenazim, the Sephardim, and the Reformed British Jews, according to Mr. Mills, but there appears to be an error either here or in his list of synagogues. The Ashkenazim have forty-one synagogues in the United Kingdom. Each is independent of all the others, except with regard to certain matters upon which the synagogues are united under a common head. This presiding authority is called Beth Din, and consists of the chief Rabbi and three colleagues. The Beth Din sit twice every week, and decide social and civil cases. There are three castes of Jews—the Cohen, or priest, the Levite, and the Israelite—but the public distinction between them appears to be small. There are also the Rabbi, who has a general oversight of the community committed to his charge; the Morenu, a title of honour conferred only upon local Rabbis; the Chaver, another honorary title inferior to the last; the Sopher, or writer, a kind of law clerk; the Menahelenu, a new title of honour, superior to Morenu; the Shochet, or killer; the Shomer, who inspects the animals when killed, besides other Shomrim who inspect, some cheese and others bread; and the Mohel, or circumciser.

The synagogue has its ground-floor restricted to males, and its gallery to females. Ten males above the age of thirteen constitute a minyan, or congregation. Lattice work is placed in front of the gallery through which the females gaze upon the worshippers below. The Keichel or Ark, a sort of wooden chest, is placed at the east end of the synagogue in a receptacle, and before it is suspended a curtain. Different curtains are made use of on different days, and some are so loaded with ornaments that it requires six men to move one of them from place to place. In the Ark, the vellum scrolls, upon which the law is written, are deposited; every scroll is fastened to rods at each of its ends, and when read is unrolled from one rod and rolled upon the other. These scrolls are each kept in a tent-shaped cover, usually of richly-adorned silk, at whose upper extremity are placed small bells of silver. The Tevah, or reading-desk, stands between the

centre of the synagogue and its west end, where a lamp is kept burning continually to typify the Shechinah. That part of the synagogue which is nearest the ark is deemed the most honourable. The officers are Parnassim or wardens, one of whom is the president of the synagogue, an office which is conferred by seniority or by rotation; the Gobah, or treasurer; the Gobai Tsedakah, or overseer; the Tove Hangeer, or elders; the Chazan, or reader; the Shamas, or clerk; a secretary, a collector, and a beadle. There are also monthly committee meetings, a vestry, auditors, and a building committee. During the synagogue service the head is kept covered; and kneeling is never employed as the attitude of devotion except on the two first days of the year, and the Day of Atonement. The males wear a fringed scarf called Tallith, which is a substitute for the Arbang Kamphoth already described. There is no sermon or lecture; the worship is exclusively liturgical. It is appointed to be performed thrice daily, but the afternoon and evening services are linked together. The Sabbath service is celebrated four times properly—about sunset, in the morning, in the afternoon, and in the evening. Connected with the reading of law in the Sabbath morning service are various offices of honour, which are all bought, and which were once actually sold by auction during the service. But this medley of the church and the auction mart is now generally abandoned. Altogether, this part of the Jewish service leaves a strong metallic taste upon the mental palate, and we cannot wonder that one of the metropolitan synagogues speaks "of members actually absenting themselves from the synagogue to avoid the too frequent demands consequent upon being called to the holy law." One remark we must make in passing. The liturgical service of the Jews is a forcible argument for the use of liturgies. Sanctioned by our Lord by his attendance upon the synagogue services, and by the apostles Peter and John after the day of Pentecost, we scarcely need to adduce other arguments in justification of a practice which the Church of England has wisely retained.

The music of the synagogue consists of cantillation and singing. The former is regulated by the accents, so well known to Hebrew scholars; and a perusal of the brief remarks of Mr. Mills upon these accents may tend to clear up the mists in which some neophyte Hebraists may be involved with respect to them.

The congregation consists of Bangalei Battim, or masters of the house; Joshavim, who only rent seats; and Orchim,

or visitors. The Bangalei Battim are privileged members, who pay a varying sum for their advantages. The revenue of the synagogue flows from four sources—the offices connected with the reading of the law; pecuniary offerings, also connected with such offices; sittings; and donations and legacies. Social meetings for prayer are allowed under certain restrictions.

Every synagogue buries its own dead. Male and female burial societies attend to this part of the Jewish economy. The burial ground is always at a distance from the synagogue; the dead are buried in rows, and each in a separate grave. The cemetery is raised in one part, and here the privileged members are buried, and those who purchase this honour. When a burial ground is filled, and another cannot be conveniently obtained, the surface of the ground is covered with earth to the depth of three feet, and, to use an architectural term, the *restored* ground is again made use of.

Some time before the Sabbath commences, every Jew is expected to prepare for the holy day. Shaving with a razor is forbidden, and some employ an instrument which resembles a pair of scissors, whilst others betake themselves to a depilatory ointment. This prohibition they found upon Lev. xix. 27, but we are informed on good authority that the British Jews, "properly so called, imitate us in the *daily* use of the razor." It is believed that angels abide in each dwelling throughout the Sabbath. No fire or candle is kindled by a Jew on this day, but a Gentile is secured to do these things. This is a catspaw method of evading a difficulty, and we hope that every Jew who avails himself of it is satisfied that a Gentile may lawfully do these things, for otherwise it is a detestable piece of selfishness. Food may not be cooked upon the Sabbath, but the inconvenience of this prohibition, in cold weather, is partly obviated by placing a dish of food in an oven or under ashes, on the afternoon of Friday, which is left there until the noon of the following day. This peculiar dish is called Shalit; it consists of meat, peas, rice, and other ingredients. It is not permitted to carry a loose pocket handkerchief on this day; but if it be pinned to the pocket, or tied round the waist, the prohibition is evaded. The Sabbath is generally regarded as a day of festivity and pleasure, and accordingly it is spent in recreation and amusement. For other Sabbatic observances, some of which are curious, and others worthy of imitation in their devotional spirit, we must refer the reader to the work of Mr. Mills.

The Jews have a ceremony of salutation to the moon,

which is performed every month. Should the luminary shyly hide her face behind clouds, the greater part of a cold night may be spent in waiting for an opportunity of going through this rite, after which they believe that they will not die during that month. It is deemed preferable that a number of individuals should associate in the performance of this ceremony. It is surprising that this *lunatic* life insurance did not immediately lose its credit, for it must have been found to be calculated on very insecure data.

We will now give a brief sketch of some of the most curious ceremonies of the feasts and fasts of the different Jewish months, which, we must observe, are lunar. On the first of Tishri—the first month of the civil year—the merits and demerits of every individual are weighed, and each is sealed to life or death, as the former or the latter preponderate. But those are reserved to the day of atonement whose good and evil deeds are equal; and, should they repent in the meantime, they are sealed to life, but if not, to death. On the first and second days of this month the great festival, called Rosh Hasbanah, is celebrated. Amongst its ceremonies are the following:—A cup of honey and a sweet apple are placed on the table before supper is served. The apple is divided amongst those present by the master of the family, and then each one dips his piece into the honey and eats it, saying, "To a good year and a sweet one." A ram's horn is blown in the synagogue, and to the pious Jew this ceremony is of the very highest import. The blasts are thirty in number, and the names of the various sounds are called out whilst the blower responds one by one—thus

Tekeingah, Shevorim, Terungah, Tekeingah.
Tekeingah, Shevorim, Terungah, Tekeingah.
Tekeingah, Shevorim, Terungah, Tekeingah.
Tekeingah, Shevorim, Tekeingah.
Tekeingah, Shevorim, Tekeingah.
Tekeingah, Shevorim, Tekeingah.
Tekeingah, Terungah, Tekeingah.
Tekeingah, Terungah, Tekeingah.
Tekeingah, Tegeingah, Tekeingah gedoulah.

Four more blasts are repeated thrice in the service, which usually occupies about six hours. The ceremony of Tashlich is performed at this feast. Men, women, and children go to a river or pond, and shake the skirts of their garments over the water, after they have offered a prayer. This signifies that they cast away their sins. The water is to remind them that we are taken away suddenly, as fish are caught in a net.

The repetitions and details of the ceremonies of this feast must be learned from Mr. Mills. We do not find any allusion in his account to the absurd notion that the trumpet blasts confuse Satan, who comes before God at this time specially to accuse every soul. But this ridiculous delusion appears to be plainly alluded to in the prayer, which the blower repeats before he sounds his blasts.

On the ninth of Tishri sacrifices are offered—a cock for a male, and a hen for a female—and the burial grounds are visited, to implore the intercession of the dead for the following day. Pious Jews are greatly affected whilst thus engaged. The "whip of correction" is made use of this day—it a leathern thong with which thirty-nine stripes are inflicted upon the prostrate body of the rigid Jew. The great festival of the Day of Atonement commences in the evening, and on the morrow fasting is kept up for from twenty-four to twenty-six hours, and unintermitting worship for more than twelve. This festival is strictly observed by hundreds who never enter a synagogue at any other time. Neither leather shoes nor anything made of calf skin is worn, and consequently some, who are not provided with boots or shoes of cloth, wear stockings only. This is done as a memorial of the calf worshipped by their ancestors, and no ornaments of gold are worn on this day, in memory of the material of which the calf was made.

The Feast of Tabernacles, which commences on the fifteenth day of this month, is never rigidly observed in this country. On the first morning of this feast, the synagogue reader has a palm branch with myrtle and willow branches attached to it. Holding this in his right hand, and a citron in his left, he brandishes the branch in all directions, singing as he does so, and during the service other persons shake similar branches at certain times. A procession round the reading-desk afterwards takes place, each of the individuals forming it being furnished with a branch. On another day of the feast, every one has a bunch of willow sprigs that have grown by a running stream; each bunch contains five seven-leaved sprigs, tied together with palm bark. When the synagogue prayers are over the willow leaves are knocked off, and it is considered a good or a bad omen as they come off easily or not. On the following evening the destinies, recorded at the beginning of the year, and sealed on the Day of Atonement, are said to be distributed; and rigid Jews remain all night in the synagogue, and dip thrice in an underground pool, ascending and descending in the dark, when if doomed to

die, according to a legend, they will see a headless shadow of themselves.

On the evening of the thirteenth day of the sixth month the feast of Purim commences. A parchment roll prepared for this purpose is read, and when the name of Haman is mentioned the congregation stamps on the floor, saying, "Let his name be blotted out: the name of the wicked shall rot;" and the children strike the wall with little wooden hammers, to intimate that the whole race of Amalek should be destroyed as well as Haman. This custom of stamping and knocking at the mention of the name of Haman is dying out. The names of Haman and his sons are pronounced rapidly, and, if possible, in one breath, to signify that they were destroyed suddenly. The great festival of the Passover falls in the seventh month. The unleavened cakes used at this festival are prepared with the greatest care lest fermentation should take place. Their preparation is under the management of a board, whose superintendent is the chief Rabbi. Ordinary flour is not allowed at this season, and therefore all pastry is made of ground Passover cakes. The wine which is made use of comes chiefly from France, where it is manufactured under the inspection of a Jew, and sealed. A substitute made on the spot by pouring boiling water upon raisins is also made use of, as are rum, brandy, and shrub, which also come chiefly from France. For the other curious details relating to this festival we must refer the reader to the work of Mr. Mills.

The Sephardim and the Ashkenazim are agreed upon the essentials of Judaism; but there are some differences between them in their rituals—their mode of reading the service—their music—and other matters, upon which Mr. Mills promises to give us information in a future work.

In the year 1841 a new party sprang up, known by the name of the Reformed British Jews. Their chief peculiarities appear to be the employment of a revised liturgy, and the rejection of the divine authority of the traditions contained in the Mishna, and the Jerusalem and Babylonian Talmuds.

As might be expected, the Jewish mind sways towards rationalism, though the revolutionary excesses of 1848 have temporarily checked this tendency in some parts of the continent at the least. The abyss into which a false philosophy was hurrying Christian and Jew alike, has caused the latter to recoil to the inanities of Rabbinism. But this is probably a temporary check, and we hope that a more rational reaction towards Christianity will ere long take place. The following

extracts from the "Jewish Chronicle and Hebrew Observer" will be read with interest, by those who study the phases of popular feeling, in the hope of learning truths valuable both to the statesman and to the philanthropist. These quotations both appeared in the early part of the present year.

"It cannot have escaped the notice of even the most superficial observer, that religious life in our communities is rapidly approaching an important and serious crisis. The conflicting elements appear to be so heterogeneous, that an entirely changed state of our synagogue system will arise, as the inevitable result of the fermentation. But whatever view we may take of this absorbing question; to whatever standard of religious bias we may incline; the chief source to which our present perilous position may be traced, is the alienation from active and energetic religious interest, that prevailing apathy and lethargy which so utterly paralyse devotional sentiments."

Let us now hear the "Hebrew Observer:"—

"It must be admitted, that a large proportion of our community, even those living in the immediate locality of the synagogue, absent themselves from God's house; thus the national bond is daily becoming weaker: the children of the wealthy seldom hear the Word of God from the preacher or precentor. What a melancholy prospect does such a state of things open for the future of Judaism.

"Many leave the synagogue under the impression that the ceremonies of Judaism are conservated and antiquated forms, that were suited to a former age and have answered their purpose; they suppose them to have been founded in the vanities and conceits of men's minds, and will admit of reorganization to suit what they term 'the onward progress of the age.' If these false impressions are permitted to take root, we cannot wonder at the laxity of the Jew. Individually I have heard men of the best intentions exclaim, 'Oh, that Rabbinism! it is inimical to, and retards all progress in the community.'"

Such avowals as these are ominous. To expect any sudden change in Judaism would perhaps be unwarrantable; but to fold our arms in lethargic despair before errors and prejudices, which have stood for centuries, would be irrational and cowardly. The cannibal of the Southern Seas—the stereotyped Hindoo—the filthy and half-naked South-African—and the ceremonious native of China, have all yielded to the influence of Christianity. And the Jew must yield also.

Nor ought we to despond should missionary converts be fewer in number than a sanguine mind would anticipate. How many in any given English neighbourhood have been

Christianized within the last twelve months? When we have made the computation we shall perhaps cease to wonder should some missionaries appear to have but small success. But it has been asserted by one apparently well fitted to pronounce an opinion, that every missionary who had fully acquired the vernacular tongues necessary for the performance of his duties, had averaged from three to four hundred converts. Is there then real cause for despondency? This computation was made some years ago, and as facilities for missionary labour increase, we may hope that the average will increase also. When a missionary has to be his own grammarian, lexicographer, schoolmaster, physician, architect and mechanic, it is not to be wondered at that his converts are few.

Another class may object to missionary efforts amongst the Jews, in many cases, on the ground that they are schismatic. But let it be remembered, that it is often impossible, and would be culpable to avoid what these objectors term schism. The Jew may address the Romanist in the language of Chillingworth, and say, We cannot communicate with you, "not so much because you *maintain* errors and corruptions, but because you *impose* them, and have so ordered your communion, that either we must communicate with you in these things or nothing." Interposition is not schismatic whenever a church renders communion with herself impossible.

We must now part company with the interesting and instructive work which has occupied so much of our attention. It contains some minor errors of composition, which should be corrected in a new edition, and there is ambiguity in the account of the Passover. The passage in which it is stated that the success of certain pecuniary speculations afforded "the highest bliss which this world ever afforded to mortal man" is ludicrous. Surely even "this world" has far purer and far deeper streams of happiness, than those which "flowed into and filled" the "soul" of the successful millionaire. But these are minor blemishes; and we can promise the reader both pleasure and profit from a perusal of this work, which furnishes "a living commentary on many passages of Holy Writ."

ART. V.—1. *Giotto and his Works in Padua; being an explanatory notice of the Series of Woodcuts executed for the Arundel Society, after the Frescoes in the Arena Chapel.* By JOHN RUSKIN. Parts I. and II. 1854—1855.

2. *The Life of Giovanni Angelico da Fiesole.* Translated from the Italian of Vasari, by Giovanni Aubrey Bezzi, with Notes and Illustrations. 1850.

AMONG the thirteen hundred works of art which, this year, constitute the exhibition of the Royal Academy, there are few which have attracted more general attention than the fine picture by Mr. F. Leighton, a young artist, said to be only twenty-four years of age.

The subject chosen by the artist, namely, the Procession of Cimabue with his picture of the Madonna dei Rucellai, is one of the most interesting events in the history of art. It celebrates the commencement of a new era, when Italian art began to emancipate itself from the trammels of the Greek Theological School of Painting. Cimabue's Madonna dei Rucellai contained the largest figure that had then been painted in Mediæval Italy; but it was less distinguished by its size than by its deviation from the line and rule manner of the Byzantine School, and its approach to the more natural and life-like style of the moderns. The story of the picture will be found in the interesting narrative of Vasari. When first exhibited to the people, who thronged in crowds to see it, their admiration was expressed in so lively a manner that the locality where the artist resided was, according to Vasari, thenceforth called "Borgo Allegri." On the completion of the picture, it was borne to the place of its destination, the Rucellai Chapel, in Santa Maria Novella, in triumphant but solemn procession; for the admiration of the people for the skill of the artist was tempered by religious veneration for the subject of the picture. Mr. Leighton represents the procession in its progress through the streets of Florence. Immediately in front of Cimabue's Madonna, which is borne aloft, like a sacred banner, walks with a calm step the acute and observant Cimabue, leading by the hand his beloved and youthful pupil Giotto, fresh from the mountain pastures of Vespignano. A group of artists, the most distinguished of the day, follow the picture, which was reputed to be the most wonderful artistic production of the age. Among the artists are the intimate friends of Cimabue, Gaddo Gaddi the painter, and Andrea Tafi the Mosaicist, both followers of the Byzantine School; the aged Niccola Pisano, the apostle of

progress, whose study of the antique laid the foundation of the restoration of art in Italy; Arnolfo de' Lapi, the famous Florentine architect, and the merry and jest-loving Buffalmacco are also there; while Dante, leaning against a wall contemplates the procession with cold and ascetic air. A band of musicians march in front of Cimabue and Giotto, and children strew flowers on the path of the artists; beautiful and expressive female forms add variety and interest to the scene.

As it is not our purpose to discuss the artistic merits of this remarkable picture, we shall merely observe that it is painted according to the recognised principles of art, and has nothing Pre-Raphaelite about it but the subject. We might add that the picture has been purchased by her Majesty, for the sum of £600, a sufficient guarantee for its merits.

The *theme* of the picture so skilfully carried out by the painter is that which has induced us to mention it here. It is the commemoration in the nineteenth century of the great art-movement of the thirteenth. It records the triumph of mind over matter, of the vivifying influence of nature over the cold formalism of the Byzantine School. The innovation was accepted, as with one voice, by Tuscany; the Florentine Cimabue, and the progressive schools of Guido da Siena, and of Giunta da Pisa enjoyed the art-patronage of the Church and of the wealthy of their own times, and their names have descended to posterity as the revivers of painting in Italy.

Judging of the merits of Cimabue by those of the artists who succeeded him, the admiration expressed by his contemporaries for his paintings appears to us exaggerated; it is only when his works are compared with those of the Byzantine School in Italy that we can really appreciate his talent. More fortunate than Guido da Siena or than Giunta da Pisa, Cimabue was immortalised by Dante and by Vasari; but perhaps his greatest claim to distinction rests on his having been the master of Giotto di Bondone.

Giotto was born of poor parents at Vespignano, fourteen miles north of Florence. In early youth he is said to have been remarkable for his intelligence and vivacity. While occupied as a shepherd boy he made acquaintance with nature and indulged his inclination for art by sketching, with a pointed stone upon the smooth face of a rock, the sheep which composed his flock. While thus employed he was seen by Cimabue, who struck with his talent, obtained his father's permission to take the boy to Florence and educate him as a painter. Giotto was then only ten

years of age. His future career justified the expectations formed of his powers; he became not only the first painter of his day, but a great architect and sculptor. "He was most excellent in all the arts," says Ghiberti, "even in that of statuary."*

During the middle ages the sister arts of architecture, painting, and sculpture were, in Europe at least, more closely united than at present. Painting and sculpture, though religious in their aim, were almost entirely of a decorative character, and strictly subservient to architecture; hence the three arts were frequently practised by the same individual. And what could be more rational and proper than for the artist who erected the building to design the decoration? Who could tell so well as he, how to arrange the figure-groups and colour, so as to produce the best effect in the building which they were to ornament? The edifice was first built, then decorated in a suitable manner; this was setting to work in the right way. Giotto was an architect, and in this capacity he decorated many noble buildings with paintings, and one with sculpture. Yet it is not, altogether, for his skill in painting, architecture, and sculpture, that Giotto became celebrated, the bold innovations which, after the example of Cimabue, he introduced into the first of these arts, proclaim him one of the master-minds of his time. Raised from the sheepfold to the proud pre-eminence of first in art, Giotto drew his earliest inspirations from nature; and his genius could not be restrained by the cold conventionalities of the Byzantine painters. Rejecting their formalism and servile imitation of preceding works, while he preserved the early traditional treatment of his theme, he effected a complete revolution in art. His influence was felt not only by his immediate followers, but his name, eclipsing that of Cimabue, has descended to posterity as the founder of the Florentine School of Painting. Rosini† calls him the restorer of painting in Europe, after the Greeks and Romans; and he considers that Giotto's greatest glory consisted in the acknowledgement of posterity, that the praises of Dante were a just tribute to his merits, and not the effect of partiality.

The fame of Giotto spread throughout Italy, which was

* Giotto's principal work in architecture was the beautiful Campanile or Bell-Tower at Florence; some of the bas-reliefs of which were executed by his own hand. Among his other architectural works may be mentioned the Castel dell' Uovo, at Naples, and the fortress of Agosta at Lucca, and the design for the façade of the Duomo of Florence.

† Storia della Pittura, Tom. II., p. 47.

filled with his works. He travelled through the length and breadth of the land, from Verona to Gaeta and Naples, from Padua to Pisa, from Pisa to Florence, leaving everywhere evidence of his powers. Many of these noble works have perished, and the few which remain have, like the books spared by the Sybil from the flames, increased in value in consequence of the destruction of the others. The most complete series of the works of Giotto now existing is in the chapel of the Arena at Padua. This, says the report of the Arundel Society, "is a work of the highest importance in the history of painting; being at the time of its execution probably the most complete manifestation of the powers of the art which Italy had yet seen." Until recently time had dealt leniently with these fine relics of the middle ages, but a violent storm which happened some ten or twelve years ago, penetrated the roof of the building, injured some of the paintings, and the whole, from the delapidated condition of the building, are now threatened with decay. To rescue these valuable examples of early Italian art from oblivion, the Arundel Society have caused copies of them to be made by Mr. W. Olliver Williams, for the purpose of being engraved. Twenty-two of the subjects, carefully executed on wood, are already completed, and are now in the hands of the subscribers. They are accompanied by a highly interesting account of Giotto and his works from the eloquent pen of Mr. Ruskin.

The history of the great painter is soon told, for the materials are scanty and apocryphal. His shepherd life at Vespignano; his famous drawing of the circle, so perfect that "più tondo che l'O di Giotto" passed into a proverb; his intimacy with Dante; his presence in various cities, testified by his works rather than by any authentic biography; and a few anecdotes of good-humoured jests, form the sum total of all that we know of his life. Yet from these some estimate may be formed of his character. Let us hear what Mr. Ruskin says on the subject:—

"By comparing this general colour of the reputation of Giotto with the actual character of his designs, there cannot remain the smallest doubt that his mind was one of the most healthy, kind, and active, that ever informed a human frame. His love of beauty was entirely free from weakness; his love of truth untinged by severity; his industry constant, without impatience; his workmanship accurate, without formalism; his temper serene, and yet playful; his imagination exhaustless, without extravagance; and his faith firm, without superstition. I do not know in the annals of art such another

example of happy, practical, unerring, and benevolent power. I am certain that this is the estimate of his character which must be arrived at by an attentive study of his works and of the few data which remain respecting his life."—pp. 17, 18.

Mr. Ruskin then gives a brief sketch of the relation which Giotto held to the artists who preceded and followed him, and of the general course of his labours in Italy; then, in spite of his plea of incompetence, we have an elaborate analysis of Giotto's artistic character.

The early works of Giotto were, like those of his master Cimabue, formed on the Byzantine model, and at first with the objective treatment common to that school. His mind soaring above this "line and rule" system, he treated his subjects with a novelty and freedom, a feeling for truth and nature, which obtained for him the enthusiastic admiration of his contemporaries, and the respect of posterity. Boccaccio and Giovanni Villani bear testimony to his great powers of imitation and of drawing from the life, and Vasari relates that Petrarch bequeathed to Francesco di Carrara, Lord of Padua, as the only object he possessed worthy of his acceptance, a Madonna by Giotto, of which, he remarked, the ignorant would not comprehend the beauty, but before which the masters of the art would stand mute with astonishment.

According to Mr. Ruskin the innovations of Giotto were "the introduction A. of gayer or lighter colours, B. of broader masses, C. of more careful imitation of nature than his predecessors."—(p. 21.) The first-mentioned innovation was adopted, if not begun by Cimabue, in whom also orginated a peculiarity in the drawing of the features. Instead of the "spectral stare" of the Byzantine school, Giotto substituted long, narrow eyes, very near together. Both these variations, which were perceptible even to the uneducated eye, were repeated by his followers during the succeeding hundred years: so much easier is it to copy the mannerism of a painter than his beauties.

With regard to the second innovation, it may be observed that much of Giotto's breadth of effect was the result of the study of the antique and of the works of Niccolà Pisano. It has been remarked * that his figures, both in the attitudes and disposition of the folds of the drapery, which are few and large, have somewhat of a statuesque effect; and his compositions appear to be arranged on the principle of the

* Selvatico, sulla cappellina degli Scrovegni nell 'Arena di Padova e sui freschi di Giotto in essa dipinti.

ancient bas-reliefs; not only in the large size of the figures as compared with the architecture, but in their arrangement, and in the avoidance, as much as possible, of foreshortening. Some of the architectural details, especially the frieze in the wood-cut number 3, (the Angel appearing to Anna) indicate the study of the antique. In making these remarks, however, we would by no means detract even in the smallest degree from the originality which so strongly characterizes the works of Giotto.

On the third innovation, namely, Giotto's close imitation of nature, Mr. Ruskin has the following remarks:—

"In this one principle lay Giotto's great strength, and the entire secret of the revolution he effected. It was not by greater learning, not by the discovery of new theories of art, not by greater taste, nor by "ideal" principles of selection that he became the head of the progressive schools of Italy. It was simply by being interested in what was going on around him, by substituting the gestures of living men for conventional faces, and incidents of every day life for conventional circumstances, that he became great, and the master of the great."

Thus far we heartily concur with Mr. Ruskin; from what follows we beg leave to express our dissent:—

"Giotto was to his contemporaries precisely what Millais is to his contemporaries—a daring naturalist, in defiance of tradition, idealism, and formalism. The Giottesque movement in the fourteenth, and the Pre-Raphaelite movement in the nineteenth centuries, are precisely similar in bearing and meaning, both being protests of vitality against mortality; of spirit against letter, and of truth against tradition; and both, which is the more singular, literally links in one unbroken chain of feeling; for exactly as Niccolà Pisano and Giotto were helped by the classical sculptures discovered in their time, the Pre-Raphaelites have been helped by the works of Niccolà and Giotto at Pisa and Florence; and thus the fiery cross of truth has been delivered from spirit to spirit over the dust of intervening generations."—p. 23.

It is foreign to our purpose to enter into the Pre-Raphaelite controversy, so warmly espoused, and so eloquently, though we think, unsuccessfully, advocated by Mr. Ruskin. We pass on then to our author's remark upon the advantages to be derived from the study of the works of Giotto.

"But what it may be said by the reader, is the use of the works of Giotto to us? They may indeed have been wonderful for their time, and of infinite use in that time; but since after Giotto came Leonardo and Correggio, what is the use of going back to the ruder art, and republishing it in the year 1854? Why should we

fret ourselves to dig down to the root of the tree, when we may at once enjoy its fruit and foliage? I answer, first, that in all matters relating to human intellect it is a great thing to have hold of the root: that at the least we ought to see it, and taste it, and handle it; for it often happens that the root is wholesome when the leaves, however fair, are useless or poisonous. In nine cases out of ten the first expression of an idea is the most valuable; the idea may afterwards be pólished or softened, and made more attractive to the general eye, but the first expression of it has a freshness and brightness, like the flash of native crystal compared to the lustre of glass that has been melted and cut. And in the second place, we ought to measure the value of art less by its executive than by its moral power. Giotto was not indeed one of the most accomplished painters, but he was one of the greatest men who ever lived. He was the first master of his time in architecture as well as in painting; he was the friend of Dante, and the undisputed interpreter of religious truth, by means of painting over the whole of Italy. The works of such a man may not be the best to set before children in order to teach them drawing; but they assuredly should be studied with the greatest care by all who are interested in the history of the human mind."—pp. 22—24.

The casual observer may, perhaps, experience a feeling of disappointment at the first view of the wood-cuts after the paintings of Giotto. The figures, though always expressive, are frequently wanting in that beauty of countenance and exactness of proportion which one is accustomed to seek in works of art; and the peculiarities of the architecture and landscape backgrounds cannot fail to attract attention. Those who have seen the originals miss the charm arising from the "serene brilliancy,"* as Mr. Ruskin calls it, of the colouring, and the harmonious effect produced by the assemblage in one building of a continued series of works, painted under the direction of a master-mind, and, as it were, in one key. Yet on closer inspection, beauties are discoverable in the prints which the magic of colour might have caused us to overlook in the paintings themselves. We observe the simplicity and dramatic interest of the compositions, the appropriateness, variety, and earnestness of the expression and attitudes; the marked character of the heads;† the truth and life the painter has thrown into the figures; the intelligence with which he tells his story, the skill exerted in drawing the attention of the spectator to the principal character; and the architectural influence visible in the arrangement of the draperies, simple and severe in some figures, full of grace in others. One can

* "Un' armonia placida," according to Rosini.

† We might add the nationality, for they are unmistakably Italian.

imagine the enthusiasm produced by these works when, in all the freshness of their beauty, they were contrasted with the formal and vapid pictures of the Byzantine School. Looking at the original pictures after a lapse of 500 years, Rosini does not hesitate to say that art had made a greater advance between the Vergine dei Rucellai of Cimabue, and the "Death of the Virgin" by Giotto, than between the first works of Mantegna, Francia, and Perugino, and those of Leonardo da Vinci.

Our favourite plates are Nos. vi., xii., xv., and xix., and did our space permit, we should like to place before our readers Mr. Ruskin's remarks upon them. As an example of the spirit in which the explanatory notes are written, we give the following extract from Part II., which accompanies the series delivered to the subscribers for the present year. The picture, referred to by Mr. Ruskin, is the "Salutation," No. xv.

"I have no hesitation in saying, that, among all the renderings of this scene which now exist, I remember none which gives the pure depth and plain facts of it so perfectly as this of Giotto's. Of majestic women bowing themselves to beautiful and meek girls, both wearing gorgeous robes, in the midst of lovely scenery, or at the doors of Palladian palaces, we have enough; but I do not know any picture which seems to me to give so truthful an idea of the action with which Elizabeth and Mary must actually have met,—which gives so exactly the way in which Elizabeth would stretch her arms, and stoop and gaze into Mary's face, and the way in which Mary's hand would slip beneath Elizabeth's arms, and raise her up to kiss her. I know not any Elizabeth so full of intense love, and joy, and humbleness; hardly any Madonna in which tenderness and dignity are so quietly blended. She is not less humble, and yet accepting the reverence of Elizabeth as her appointed portion, saying, in her simplicity and truth, 'He that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy is His name.' The longer that this group is looked upon, the more will it be felt that Giotto has done well to withdraw from it nearly all accessories of landscape and adornment, and to trust it to the power of his own deep expression. We may gaze upon the two silent figures until their silence seems to be broken, and the words of the question and reply sound in our ears, low, as if from far away.

"Whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me?

"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."—pp. 75, 76.

The accessories of the pictures are curious. We see there buildings in which the figures can scarcely lie at full length or

stand upright, elaborately finished in the details, and ornamented with mosaics in the semi-cupolas, and in the compartments of the ceilings, and with friezes copied from the antique, evidently painted *con amore*, as if the artist delighted in his work.* We see also trees, in form not unlike those in Dutch toys, or Egyptian sculpture; they convey the painter's meaning it is true, but this they would have done had they been represented with greater truth. Mr. Ruskin's ardent imagination sees in these peculiarities symbols rather than representations of real objects. He says,

"We moderns, educated in reality far more under the influence of the Dutch masters than the Italian, and taught to look for realisation in all things, have been in the habit of casting scorn on these early Italian works, as if their simplicity were the result of ignorance merely. When we know a little more of art in general, we shall begin to suspect that a man of Giotto's power of mind did not altogether suppose his clusters of formal trees, or diminutive masses of architecture, to be perfect representations of the woods of Judea, or of the streets of Jerusalem; we shall begin to understand that there is a symbolical art which addresses the imagination, as well as a realist art which supersedes it; and that the powers of contemplation and conception which could be satisfied, or excited by these simple types of natural things, were infinitely more majestic than those which are so dependent on the completeness of what is presented to them as to be paralysed by an error in perspective, or stifled by the absence of atmosphere."—p. 38.

If, however, the trees in Giotto's pictures were merely symbols, a single type would have been sufficient, whereas Mr. Ruskin himself points out in the Flight to Egypt (No. xix.) "the more careful study of the distinction between the trees with thick spreading foliage, the group of two with light branches and leaves, and the tree stripped and dead at the bottom of the ravine, than an historical painter would think it consistent with his dignity to bestow." These remarks, from the second part of Mr. Ruskin's notice of Giotto and his works, appear scarcely consistent with those in the former part.

Selvatico, on the contrary, instead of the hidden meaning which Mr. Ruskin thinks he has discovered, expresses an opinion that Giotto treated his backgrounds after the manner of the ancient bas-reliefs, which they resembled in the small size of the buildings as compared with the figures, as well as

* "E lavorerai quelle cornicette con gran piacere e diletto; e per lo simile, base, colonne, capitelli. frontispizj, fioroni, civori, e tutta l'arte della mazzanaria, ch' è un bel membro dell' arte nostra, e vuolsi fare con gran diletto." Cennini, Trattato, cap 87.

in the frequent arrangement of the figures in the same plane. There may be some truth in what both writers advance, but possibly not the whole truth. At this period, it will be recollected, the rules of perspective were unknown. Although we perceive by the paintings in the Arena that some vague notions of this science were floating in the minds of the artists of the fourteenth century, yet, if the woodcuts of the Arundel Society are the faithful representations, which we believe them to be, of the original paintings, we cannot admit that Giotto possessed the knowledge of perspective claimed for him by Selvatico. Cennini even, who lived some fifty years after Giotto, appears to have had very crude notions on this subject. In spite of the symbolism attributed to him by Mr Ruskin, we cannot help thinking that if Giotto could have given a more faithful representation of nature in the accessories of his pictures, he would have done so. Time alone was wanting to enable him to infuse into this part of the art the truth and nature he had introduced into the figures. Giotto had many things to learn in his profession, and he did as all great minds would do, aim principally at the highest qualities of art, the expression of the passions and the feelings, in illustration of the Scriptures, leaving the subordinate as of inferior importance to be improved by succeeding artists.

A glance at the animals introduced into the pictures of Giotto will, we think, confirm our opinions on this point. Although the sheep and dogs, in proportion to the figures, are scarcely larger than rabbits, and by no means accurately drawn, yet they are remarkable for the liveliness of the gestures, the variety of the attitudes, and the individuality, if the term may be applied, which the artist has thrown into the heads. One could fancy that while his pencil traced their forms, the thoughts of Giotto had travelled back to the reminiscences of his youth, and to his first studies of nature from his father's flock in the mountain district of Vespignano.

The chapel in which these paintings by Giotto were executed was built between 1300 and 1306, and was dedicated to the Virgin, The paintings were commenced in 1306 when Giotto was in his thirtieth year. They covered nearly the whole of the interior walls of the chapel, as well as parts of the roof. The arrangement of the pictures may be seen in the plate opposite p. 40 of Mr. Ruskin's work. The first twelve subjects are devoted to the apocryphal history of the Virgin. This subject, we may observe, is not admitted into paintings of the Byzantine School,

the Greek Church not recognising the apocryphal gospels which have furnished so many subjects to the Italian School. In these pictures, therefore, Giotto was probably unshackled by tradition, and at liberty to carry out his own conceptions in the treatment of the subjects. Extracts from the apocryphal gospels, illustrative of the stories, will be found in Mr. Ruskin's work, and his critical remarks add greatly to the interest of the plates. The remaining twenty-six paintings, round the wall, relate to the events of the New Testament. The small panels below are filled with allegorical representations of the virtues with the contrasting vices. The "Last Judgment" occupied the place usually devoted to this subject in the Byzantine School, namely over the entrance, which, as usual, was at the west.

The Arundel Society has already published twenty-two of these subjects as wood engravings, and also a copper plate engraving of the Pietà; the other subjects, it appears from the prospectus, are in preparation, and are to be accompanied, as before, with explanations by Mr. Ruskin, which add so much to the interest of the pictures.

Connoiseurs have detected a difference in the technical execution of many of these paintings, some parts being inferior to the others. To account for this difference, it should be mentioned that the Italian painters were assisted by their pupils, who were employed in the subordinate parts, the principal figures being always painted, or at least retouched, by the master. Without such an arrangement as this it would have been impossible for one man to accomplish in the course of a long life, the numerous works which bear his name. The space covered by the paintings in this chapel, is by no means inconsiderable, yet it formed but a small part of the works ascribed to Giotto.

We close this part of our subject in the words of Mr. Ruskin:—

"Within those walls the greatest painter and greatest poet of Mediæval Italy held happy companionship, during the time when the frescoes were executed. 'It is not difficult,' says Lord Lindsay, 'gazing on these silent but eloquent walls, to repeople them with the group once, as we know, five hundred years ago, assembled within them. Giotto intent upon his work, his wife Ciuta admiring his progress; and Dante, with abstracted eye, alternately conversing with his friend, and watching the gambols of the children playing on the grass before the door.'"—p. 45.

Giotto died at Florence in 1337, honoured and beloved by all men; he was buried, says Mr. Ruskin, "in the cathe-

dral, at the angle nearest his campanile; and thus the tower, which is the chief grace of his native city, may be regarded as his own sepulchral monument."

One hundred and three years after Giotto began the paintings of the Arena Chapel, a young man from the province of Mugello, in the neighbourhood of Vespignano, entered the religious order of the Dominicans in the convent of St. Marco, at Florence, and assumed the name of Fra Giovanni. He was then twenty years of age, and had loved and practised art from almost childhood. Devoted to the service of religion, to which his love for art was strictly subservient, Fra Giovanni was the beau-ideal of the religious artist, the impersonation of the artistic holiness which should ever characterise the Christian painter. The piety that in the Byzantine school had waxed cold and feeble, was in Fra Giovanni so fervent that it almost amounted to passion. From the holiness of his life he was called Fra Angelico.* He never began to paint until he had implored a blessing on what he was about to commence; and, considering his work the result of actual inspiration, he would never alter or retouch what he had once painted. When representing the crucifixion, the agitation and distress he experienced was so great that the tears would flow down his cheeks, as if he had been an actual spectator of the scene he was depicting. To this perfect sympathy with his subject is to be ascribed the earnestness of the expression which he infused into his pictures. Occupied solely with this expression of the feelings, he retained almost unchanged the traditions of early Christian art, even to the inscriptions which he continued to place on some part of his pictures, not unfrequently inscribing the names of the figures, according to the Byzantine fashion, upon the nimbi which surround their heads.

Kugler† has observed that the Tuscan school, which in place of the objective treatment of the old Byzantines, had assumed a decidedly subjective character, was distinguished by two principal tendencies. The first he compares to didatic poetry, the second to lyric. In the former the intellect prevails; its distinguishing characteristic is invention. In the latter, the feelings prevail; and the distinguishing

* The adjunct "da Fiesole" was added from the convent where he resided many years. After his death he was honoured by the appellation of "Beato," a distinction only inferior to that of Saint.

† Handbook of Painting—Italy.

characteristic is sentiment. At the head of the didatic or allegorical school, were Dante in poetry, and Giotto in painting. At the head of the lyric or sentimental school, were Petrarch and Fra Angelico. The theme of both was love, but the one was earthly in his affections, the other heavenly; the appropriate expression of these feelings in their works was the principal aim of both painter and poet.

The life of Fra Angelico, with numerous illustrations from his works, was the first of the publications of the Arundel Society. It is an able translation by Mr. G. A. Bezzi,* from Vasari's most interesting account of this artist.

A life passed in the quiet repose of the cloister, and in the exercise of art, affords but few materials for the biographer. Fra Angelico's would be a history of feelings rather than events. A single anecdote is recorded of him by Vasari, but it is one which exemplifies in the strongest manner his humble and unselfish character and his regard for what he considered the true interests of his country and religion. During his residence at Rome, the archiepiscopal chair of Florence becoming vacant, it was offered by the Pope to Fra Angelico. But the good monk, with rare humility, and with the utmost sincerity, declared his own incompetency, and recommended to the office a brother monk, "who loved the poor, was most learned, and capable of governing." The Pope freely granted his request, and nominated the Dominican monk Antonini, a holy and learned man, Archbishop of Florence. In the warmth of his admiration, Vasari, who could appreciate virtue in man as well as in art, remarks,

"Great was the goodness of Fra Giovanni, (indeed most rare in those days) to yield so great a dignity and honour, offered to him by the Pontiff, to another man, whom with gladness and singleness of heart he thought more fit for it than himself. Let the ecclesiastics of our times learn from this holy man not to seek greedily those honours which they cannot worthily sustain, but rather to yield them to the more deserving. But to return to Fra Giovanni; would to God that every ecclesiastic (and the faithful ought to take this in good part) spent his time, as did this truly angelic monk, in the service of God, and to the good of his neighbour and the world! What more can any one desire, what more ought any one

* To the skill and perseverance of this gentleman we are indebted for the recovery of the portraits of Dante, Brunetto Latino, Corso Donati, and others, painted by Giotto in the chapel of the Palazzo del Podestà, (now the Bargello,) at Florence, and subsequently covered with whitewash.

to desire, than by holy living to gain the heavenly kingdom, and by virtuous labours to leave in this world a lasting fame?"—p. 13.

Bravo! honest, earnest, right-minded Giorgio Vasari! Thou hast preached upon the text "nolo episcopari" a brief and emphatic sermon which deserves to be printed in letters of gold!

We must make room for the character drawn by our author of Fra Angelico.

"Fra Giovanni was in his manner of life, simple and most holy; and the following may be taken as an indication of his scrupulous subjection to duty. One day Nicholas V. having invited him to dinner, he refused to eat meat, because he had not previously obtained the required permission of his superior, forgetting, in his unquestioning obedience, the authority of the Pope to release him from it. He avoided all wordly business, and living in purity and holiness, he so loved the poor as I believe his soul now loves Heaven; he worked continually in his art; nor would he ever paint other things than those which concerned the saints. He might have been rich, but he cared not for riches; nay he was wont to say, that true riches consist entirely in being content with little. He might have had command over many, and would not; saying, that to obey others was less troublesome and less liable to error. It was in his choice to have honours and dignities in his convent and beyond it; but they were valueless to him, who affirmed that the only dignity he sought was to avoid hell and to reach paradise; and what dignity is to be compared to that, which all ecclesiastics, and indeed all men, ought to seek, and which is found only in God and in a virtuous life? He was most kind, and living soberly and chastely, he freed himself from the snares of the world, frequently repeating that the painter had need of quiet, and of a life undisturbed by cares, and that he who does the things of Christ should be always with Christ. That which appears to me a very wondrous and almost an incredible thing is, that among his brethren he was never seen in anger; and it was his wont, when he admonished his friends, to do so with a sweet and smiling gentleness. To those who asked for his works he invariably answered with incredible benignity, that they had only to obtain the consent of the prior, and then he would not fail to do their pleasure. In fine, this monk, whom it is impossible to praise overmuch, was in his works and words most modest and humble; and in his pictures, of ready skill and devout; and the saints which he painted have a more saint-like air and semblance than those of any other painter whatever."—pp. 15, 16.

Of his paintings, Vasari speaks with the utmost admiration and enthusiasm. He particularly mentions that most beautiful picture by Fra Angelico, which forms one of the artistic treasures of the Louvre. The subject, a favourite

one with the old painters, is the coronation of the Virgin, in the midst of a choir of angels and saints,

"So innumerable, and still so well brought out in their various attitudes, and in their individual expression, that an indescribable pleasure and sweetness is felt in contemplating them, and it seems, that the blessed spirits cannot be in heaven otherwise than they are here represented; or rather, to speak more correctly, that they could not be different, if they were there in the body; for not only the saints are living, and have a delicate and sweet expression of countenance, but the entire colouring of the picture appears to be the handiwork of a saint or angel, which indeed it is; hence most rightly was this good monk ever called Frate Giovanni Angelico. The subjects of the Virgin and St. Dominic, which he painted on the Predella, are divine in their kind; and I, for my part, can assert with all truth, that I never look upon that work without discovering new beauties, and never leave it without regret."—pp. 9, 10.

But we must hasten on to the close of the good monk's tranquil life. He died at Rome, in 1455, and was buried in the church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva. The spot is marked by a marble monument, on which is sculptured the effigy of the artist, and an inscription to his memory. The painter is represented in the habit of his order, and would appear as if standing in a niche, did not the head, which is supported on a cushion, the deathlike stillness of the countenance, and the closed and sunken eyes, (reminding us that it was taken from a cast after death), suggest the idea of a recumbent figure. The taste of this arrangement seems to us very questionable.

The earliest works of Fra Angelico were miniature illuminations, of the beauty of which Vasari speaks in the highest terms. The principal fresco-paintings of Fra Giovanni were at Florence, where he painted the noble series of pictures in the Convent of St. Marco; and in Rome, where he executed in the Chapel of Nicholas V., a series of ten subjects from the lives of St. Lawrence and St. Stephen. The subsequent history of this chapel, as related by M. Bezzi (p. 25) on the authority of Schorn, is curious. It was at two different periods shut up and forgotten, and was at last restored to public attention by a German, Herr Wolferz Hirt. Six out of the ten pictures of the above series have been most carefully engraved for the Arundel Society, on a scale sufficiently large to show the exquisite and varied expression of the countenances. With the beautiful but almost microscopic lithographs in outline by Mr. G. Scharf, which accompany the "Life of Fra Angelico," we can find but one fault, namely,

their diminutive size. They will, however, bear the magnifying glass, and are well deserving of minute inspection.

During the interval between the painting of the Chapel of the Arena and that of Nicholas V., the fine arts had made considerable progress in Italy, and many artists of eminence had arisen. Among the painters may be mentioned Masolino da Panicale, whose reputed pupil, Masaccio, was the first who paid attention to the modelling of the figure, and to the expression of the form beneath the folds of the drapery; Fra Filippo Lippi, the Carmelite monk; and Paolo Uccello, the great improver of perspective. In sculpture and the plastic arts were already celebrated Lorenzo Ghiberti, whose *chef-d'œuvre*, the gates of the Baptistery at Florence, were pronounced by Michael Angelo worthy to be the gates of Paradise; Donatello, the sculptor; and Luca della Robbia, famous for his works in terra cotta. In architecture, Filippo Brunelleschi had immortalized himself by the erection of the wonderful dome of the Cathedral of Florence. From the magnificent works of these great men Fra Angelico had no doubt taken many a lesson: the fruits of these studies may be seen in his later productions, especially in the frescoes of S. Marco at Florence, and the Chapel of Nicholas V., at Rome. Fra Angelico's pupils were not numerous: the best known were Benozzo Gozzoli and Gentile da Fabriano. Gentile was the master of Gian Bellino, the founder of the school which produced Giorgione, Titian, and the great Venetian masters. From the Umbrian school, whose productions in depth of spiritual meaning approximated to those of Fra Angelico, proceeded in due time Raphael d'Urbino. In him art attained its culminating point; and even previous to his death in 1520 it had begun to decline. So near, in all earthly things, is perfection to decay.

It may be as well, before we conclude, to add a few words relative to the Arundel Society, and the objects which it proposes to accomplish.

The Society was established in the year 1849, and derived its name from Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, "the father of vertù in England." The prospectus of the Society, after remarking on the general and increasing interest of art in this country, adverts to the necessity of guiding and educating this newly-awakened feeling, and of providing the means of studying the higher principles of art. Although ample resources for improving the public taste were to be found in the works of the great artists on the continent, especially in Italy, yet these were not only difficult of access, but were

exposed to injury from decay or violence. They were, moreover, not sufficiently popular in character to induce any private publisher to risk the expense of engraving them. To supply this deficiency by means of engravings, as well as to contribute to the literary illustration of art by the publication of unedited or untranslated documents, the Arundel Society was instituted; and "it was hoped that such a society, while it tended to elevate the general standard of taste in this country, might not be without a beneficial interest on our own schools of painting and sculpture." The list of works proposed to be engraved comprises many of the finest examples of early Italian art. Besides those already executed are mentioned—

"The Cathedral of Orvieto, its Architecture, Sculptures, and Fresco-Paintings; the Statuary, Window-tracery, and Tabernacle of Or' San Michele, Florence; the Architecture and Sculpture of the Spina Chapel at Pisa; and the Pulpit by Niccola Pisano in S. Andrea, at Pistoja; the Church of S. Francesco, at Assisi, its Architecture, principal Frescoes, and other Decorations; the Frescoes of Agnolo Gaddi and Filippo Lippi, in the Chapel of the Sacra Cintola, in the Duomo at Prato; those of Domenico Ghirlandajo, in S. Maria Novella, at Florence; those of Francesco Francia, in S. Cecilia, at Bologna; those of Pinturicchio, in the Cathedral at Spello; the Marriage of the Virgin, by Pietro Perugino, in the Hôtel de Ville at Caen; the Works of Giovanni Bellini, in the Churches of S. Zaccaria, the Redentore, S. Giovanni Crisostomo, and the Frari, at Venice; those of Tintoretto, in the Scuola di San Rocco, Venice."

The names of the Honorary Secretary and Council are sufficient guarantee that the future publications will be of the same high character as those noticed in our pages. We earnestly hope that the Society may meet with the encouragement it so well deserves.

ART. V.—1. *The Eighth of December, MDCCCLIV: Some Account of the Definition of the Immaculate Conception, &c., with the Dogmatic Bull of His Holiness.* London: Jones & Co.

2. *The Abbé Laborde in Rome; his Protest and Persecution: being a Narrative of the Opponents of the Novel Dogma of the Immaculate Conception.* From the French; with Introductory Essay; By the Rev. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A., Clerical Secretary of the Islington Protestant Institute. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

3. *Rome—her New Dogma, and our Duties. A Sermon.* By SAMUEL, LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD. Oxford and London: J. H. Parker.

4. *The Immaculate Conception. No. XLIII of Occasional Sermons, preached in Westminster Abbey.* By CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D. London: Rivingtons.

5. *The New Romish Dogma of the Immaculate Conception.* By the REV. EDWARD MAGUIRE, M.A., Incumbent of Muckamore. Belfast: Agnew.

6. *A Polemical Dissertation on the Immaculate Conception.* By CARDINAL ALOYSIUS LAMBRUSCHINI. London: Richardson.

7. *The Catholic Layman.* Dublin: Curry.

8. *Rome à Paris. Lettre à M. L'Archevêque.* Par F. BUNGENER. Paris: Cherbuliez.

9. *Nulidad de la Definicion Dogmatica de su Santidad Pio IX. acerca de la Inmaculada Concepcion.* Madrid: 1855.

"THE Definition of the Immaculate Conception—the greatest event of the nineteenth century!" So speaks almost every Roman Catholic apologist in presenting to the public any treatise or commentary on the newly determined dogma of the Roman Church. And "an event" it really is; for within the space of a short six months it has already awakened Christendom to polemical strife—has summoned into the arena of controversy many men and many minds—and recalls to memory many a scene of historic lore, well nigh a thousand years gone by. There are great searchings of heart, and vigorous efforts are made, either accusing or else excusing the recent definition of Pope Pius IX. Cardinals abroad write elaborate treatises, and cardinals at home preach "Dogmatic Sermons" on this topic of the day. Bishops on both sides and clergy in all directions write, and many a

"Layman" contributes to the current controversy. Ultramontanes argue *pro*, and Gallicans answer *contra*—the Alpine barriers happily separating the combatants. The whole religious world awakes to inaugurate the birth of Rome's latest born; and it is no silent scene—the battle-field bristles with the array of antagonistic preparations. Friend and foe in turn dispute, defend, debate the appearance of the "little stranger" of December last: its antecedents, its ancestry, its legitimacy, are all questions in dispute. Some declare its birth to be posthumous by no less than eighteen hundred years, and thus unworthy of a Christian name and recognition. Others, on the contrary, declare that, though born on the 8th December, 1854, it is older than the oldest Fathers, and antecedent to the earliest Councils; in fact, that it has suddenly reached its prime—sprung into manhood—and in the twinkling of an eye attained the maturity of venerable age: in a word, that this "event of the nineteenth century" was a positive fact in the first; existing, though in seclusion; alive, though buried; clear as a sunbeam, but unhappily "in the clouds."*

"'*Semper eadem*'—'always the same'—is the oft-repeated and oft-refuted claim of the Church of Rome. She claims to be still the same in theory, the same in practice, the same in doctrine, the same in discipline; the same, in fact, in everything, as she once was in her tender infancy and earnestness of her first love; as she was when Paul dwelt there 'in his own hired house, and received all that came in unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the LORD JESUS CHRIST."†

"'To be perfect is to have *changed often*,' writes Dr. Newman,‡ when he would offer an apology on behalf of the 'unchangeable church.' The variations of Romanism are obvious, so obvious indeed, as to demand an explanation; and the explanation offered is, that Rome sought 'perfection,' and to accomplish this end, she has '*changed often*'—has tried experiments—has moulded, modelled, and remodelled her system—that at length, after the lapse of many ages, she emerges in her full 'development;' perfect, though altered; the same, '*semper eadem*,' though 'often changed!' Surely Dr. Newman's apology needs some explanation."

Thus writes the author of the Introductory Essay prefixed

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* Dr. MacHale's Pastoral. † Acts xxviii. 30, 31.

‡ Doctrine of Development, p. 39.

to the English translation of the Abbé Laborde's instructive narrative. And he writes truly. 'Tis true, worldly wisdom suggests change; but an Infallible Wisdom would surely scorn to change. A variable system *may* improve by alteration—may better itself by increased experience—may become wiser, and therefore better: all this we can perfectly well understand. But how the unchangeable can change, or how that which has been always infallible and always the same, can become "perfect by changing often," we must leave to the Church of Rome to explain. Change, even in the slightest jot or tittle is wholly incompatible with any just claim to infallibility. Dr. Newman's apology, indeed, *does* "need some explanation."

No better test, perhaps, can be applied to this claim to infallibility on the part of the Church of Rome, than this very dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Its history is no secret or unknown tale. For seven hundred years it has been allowed to continue as a vexed question in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. Popes have hesitated—Councils have equivocated—Dominicans and Franciscans have taken sides in the controversy—battles have been fought—nations disturbed—kings, in alarm for the safety of their subjects, have importuned successive pontiffs to decide the question; and yet no oracle uttered its definitive sentence, no voice spake with authority, until beneath the lofty dome of St. Peter's, on the 8th December, 1854, the Pontiff, Pius IX., issued his Dogmatic Bull, and in his own person bound under the ban of heresy all that should not receive his sentence, and thus decreed, and by an imprecation fortified his definition:—

"We declare, pronounce, and define, that the doctrine which holds that the Blessed Virgin Mary, at the first instant of her Conception, by a singular privilege and grace of the omnipotent God, in virtue of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind, was preserved Immaculate from all stain of Original Sin, has been revealed by God, and therefore should firmly and constantly be believed by all the Faithful. Wherefore, if any shall dare—which God avert—to think otherwise than as it has been defined by Us, let them know and understand that they are condemned by their own judgment; that they have suffered shipwreck of the faith, and have revolted from the unity of the Church; and besides, by their own act they subject themselves to the penalties justly established, if what they think they should dare to signify by word, writing, or any other outward means."

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"Let no man presume to infringe this our declaration, pronun-

ciation, and definition, or to oppose and contradict with presumptuous rashness. If any should presume to assail it, let him know that he will incur the indignation of the omnipotent God, and of His blessed apostles Peter and Paul."

The announcement of the ceremony and definition was with all speed forwarded to Sienna, and from thence, on 10th December, a telegraphic despatch conveyed the message to Paris; whereupon the *Univers* of 12th December published the following brief abstract:—

"Sienna, 10th Dec. 1854.

"The Pope, officiating at St. Peter's, has promulgated, after the Gospel at eleven o'clock, the expected decree. The Immaculate Conception is declared the faith of the Church, and whoever denies it is a heretic.

"Two hundred bishops were present. Never has such a multitude been seen. Rome is intoxicated with joy."

This is the *dénouement* of a question with which Christendom was wholly unacquainted until the 8th December, 1854, and which true Christianity even now ignores and repudiates. Against this dogma it is now, however, our duty to *protest:* we have reason, antiquity, and Scripture, all alike upon our side. We need not fear for the result.

We would accordingly review this novel dogma.

I. As to its *Historic* evidence; its history before and after its final definition; its antecedents and its consequences; and

II. Its *Theological* character.

I. The Historic evidence.

As a matter of pure history nothing can be more definite, nothing more conclusive, than the aspect of novelty which characterises Rome's recent dogma, when thus viewed in the light of its antecedents. We are quite disposed to give the Romanist the full latitude of the first twelve centuries to point out even a shadow of a shade of its advent, even as a disputed topic. Bishop Ullathorne traces back its Papal evidence—the testimony of popes,—and his laboured researches conduct him no further back than Pope Sixtus IV.; this *Ultima Thule* of his discoveries is located somewhere in the fifteenth century (A.D. 1476.) Pope Pius himself, in the formal definition and Bull of the 8th December, deals in generalities, and speaks of the dogma as "a doctrine, flourishing from the most ancient times;" but fails to denote any precise date in these "most ancient times," anterior to the time of St. Bernard's vigorous opposition to the Canons of Lyons.

In our Historic review, however, we shall begin at the beginning, and thence examine even to the present times. We need not lose ourselves amid ponderous tomes, or linger amid the days that are past, deriving our information from dark mediæval sources. This is not a question of centuries; it is a question as it were of yesterday. What our fathers saw not, we have seen. For who will be so bold as to say that the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception had any existence as an article of faith, earlier than the 8th December, 1854? On that day, which we all remember; on that day, just six months ago, was this dogma first declared. The 8th December, 1854, was its birthday; "yes, its birthday! For tell me not," says one of our authors, "that we cannot find out the hour of its first breath, its day, its date. We know all these; they are all duly registered, and can never be forgotten. The year—1854; the month—December; the day—the 8th; the hour—11 o'clock!"*

All then that we can be expected to do, will be to state at or about what period the "Immaculate Conception," so lately born, was itself *conceived*. What were its preliminaries? what its antecedents? Here the Cardinal Lambruschini will somewhat assist us. And without anticipating the Theological or Scriptural part of our review, we may, in passing, quote his testimony.—p. 23. "It is true," he observes, "that the Holy Scriptures do not explicitly declare that this extraordinary privilege was granted to Mary." Again, as to the historic antecedents of the dogma, Lambruschini admits a lack of traditional evidence, where above all we should have first looked for such, namely, in the first and second centuries—the purest ages of the church, and those coeval with the Apostles and nearest to the time of Christ. "Now we candidly admit," says the cardinal, "that the *two first ages* of the church are *completely silent* upon the subject of which we treat."—p. 45. True! the cardinal's conclusion from such a premiss is wholly different from ours; for he proceeds in the coolest manner possible to assert that "this silence, however, far from weakening our doctrine, proves on the contrary, according to good criticism, that in those days it was *universally professed and believed!*" Strange inference! Truly, a most "critical" conclusion!

What! Does the learned Lambruschini really mean to force upon our judgment the idea, as a *fact*, that a dogma which was "universally professed and believed" in the first

* Abbé Laborde in Rome. Introductory Essay.

and second centuries, was actually not defined or decided until the distant and remote nineteenth century? "Universally professed and believed"—and all the time never spoken of! "The two first ages of the church completely silent." An unbroken silence reigns, and for two long centuries continues, *because* the dogma penetrated every heart, and was in everybody's mouth! If so, then why the scene and definition of the 8th December last? To what end or purpose does Pius IX. "the lasting silence break?"

The first introduction of this modern dogma is recorded in "Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History" thus:—"The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, that is, of her being herself born free from original sin, was first advanced in the twelfth century, by Peter Lombard. Thomas Aquinas disputed the doctrine; but Scotus maintained it, and gave it general currency."* From this time forth we find this matter occupying the page of history, disturbing kingdoms, puzzling successive popes, and dividing celebrated councils; and yet not until the lapse of seven hundred years did it come to a conclusion or reach its consummation.

Down to the period of the twelfth century no Festival of the Conception had been introduced into the Church. The attempt, however, was then for the first time made by the Canons of Lyons. This is in itself, a striking proof that till then at least, the *Immaculate* Conception had never been asserted as a Christian doctrine. This innovation of the Lyonese monks is the real germ of the whole question. Before their gratuitous attempt, the topic had never been mooted; but the establishment in the Cathedral of Lyons of this Feast of the Conception served as a signal for evoking from a now canonized saint of Rome one of the most withering remonstrances that ever protested against unhallowed innovations. The protest was that of St. Bernard, himself an unhesitating advocate for Romish doctrine in other respects, and the most zealous and decided votary of Virgin worship to be found amid the whole catalogue of Rome's anointed. Yet the Immaculate Conception of Mary was a step in advance which even he could not brook, and he defended her, as well as the Church, against what he designates "a false honor."†

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* Mosh. Eccl. Hist. vol. iii. p. 64. Soames' Ed. 1845. Translator's note.

† "Virgo regia falso non eget honore." Epist. 174. Ad. Canon Lugdun. Opera Bernard.

His words are strong; his protest loud; his arguments are still unanswerable. He states his reasons, and states them with the boldness and vigour which ever accompany a good cause. His argument is threefold. "We greatly marvel," said St. Bernard, "we greatly marvel that you should have deemed it right to create a change, by introducing a novel celebration, which the *Church ritual* knows not, nor does *reason* approve of, nor does *ancient tradition* sanction, &c."* He hesitates not to call the new ceremony "a presumptuous novelty," "the mother of rashness," "the sister of superstition," "the daughter of levity!" Such is the parentage and pedigree of Rome's latest faith, when traced by the canonized St. Bernard. And yet, with wondrous inconsistency, Rome—the same Rome that has decreed this identical dogma against which St. Bernard protested—invokes this very person; and, as in the Roman Breviary (20th August,) prays that "we may deserve to have him as an intercessor in heaven, whom we have had as a *teacher* on earth."

The Church of Rome would claim St. Bernard as an advocate of the Immaculate Conception! indeed Cardinal Wiseman in a recent Dogmatic Discourse asserted: "We are therefore justified in concluding that had St. Bernard lived to see the Festival established by the Holy See, and the doctrine which it commemorates dogmatically defined, he would at once yield it his assent."† Which is but a very equivocal compliment to St. Bernard! We have, however, nothing to do with probabilities in this cause; we have to deal with *facts*. We have to consider, not what St. Bernard might have been, had his lot been cast in this our nineteenth century, but what he was, and what he wrote when he *did* live, in the twelfth century. Yea more, the Church of Rome prays in her Breviary that she may follow, not what St. Bernard *might* be teaching now *if* he we were alive, but what he *did* teach when he *was* on earth.

St. Bernard pledged himself to forego his protest, only on condition that he be "intelligently informed to the contrary."‡ In order then to reconcile St. Bernard's mind to

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* "Unde miramur satis quid visum fuerit hoc tempore quibusdam vestrum voluisse mutare colorem optimum, novam inducendo celebritatem, quam ritus Ecclesiæ nescit; non probat ratio; non commendat antiqua traditio."—Opera Bernard.

† "*Tablet*," April 28th, 1855.

‡ St. Bernard's words are, "ipsius si quid aliter *sapio*, paratus judicio emendare." He promises to change his sentiments, if the Church of Rome, by an appeal to his judgment, should cause him "*to know*" or to be "*intelligently informed*" of the contrary opinion. Dr. Faber, of the London Oratory,

Rome's present doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, Cardinals Wiseman and Lambruschini and others, must intelligently answer his threefold argument. They must (1.) accept his challenge on the score of the "Church's ritual," and prove that the Church ritual of the first twelve centuries did recognize what St. Bernard asserted it did *not* recognize. They must (2.) take up his argument from "reason," and prove, what he controverts, that reason *does* approve the Immaculate Conception. They must (3.) deal with his appeal to "ancient tradition," and prove, what he denies, that antiquity does sanction the dogma. All this they must do before they can with any justice claim St. Bernard as an advocate of this novel faith of Rome.

The advocates of Pope Pius' decree must plead more strongly, and with more potent argument than they have done, if they mean really to grapple with St. Bernard's protest. It will never do to write a book, or preach a dogmatic discourse, never once touching one single objection urged by St. Bernard, and then sing a pœan over his grave, and enact a triumph, because his tongue is silent, his hand dead—and reply from him impossible. No! they must bear as calmly as possible the inevitable consequences of the decree of the 8th December, and thus "take their option," according to the dilemma that has been proposed.—"Either S. Bernard taught heresy—why then invoke him? or else he taught orthodoxy—why then believe now what he then pronounced to be heterodox?"

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renders St. Bernard's expression under a very unfaithful translation. He translates this sentence thus: "I am ready to amend my opinions by her judgment, if in any thing I should be found not to be of one mind with her." (Explanation, p. 8.) This does not represent the true idea conveyed in St. Bernard's words, and Dr. Faber must know, as well as we do, that the Latin verb *sapio*, involves a much stronger meaning than that which he has given. We fear he has wittingly lowered the standard of appeal, of which St. Bernard spoke in his letter to the Canons of Lyons. Again, Dr. Manning, (ex-Archdeacon of Chichester) is still more unfaithful in his rendering of this passage than we have found his brother of the London Oratory to have been; for in an Introductory Preface to a "Life of St. Bernard" by the Abbé Ratisbonne, the ex-Archdeacon thus translates the same sentence:—"If I have advanced any thing contrary to *the decision which shall be made by it* (the Church of Rome) I am ready to correct my opinion." Whereas the fact is, St. Bernard does not in the slightest degree speak of any future decree of Rome on the subject. It is evident then that these two distinguished advocates of Rome have pushed St. Bernard's own words beyond their legitimate and grammatical interpretation. Dr. Faber goes beyond St. Bernard; and Dr. Manning beyond Dr. Faber; and the diversity between their loose and Romanistic renderings is, perhaps, the best comment on the unfaithfulness of their translations respectively. They represent their own peculiar views more or less strongly, but certainly not St. Bernard's real sentiments at all.

And if St. Bernard were thus to succumb to the recently enunciated *ipse dixit* of Pope Pius IX., we conceive he should thereby do no more than what every Roman Catholic does or has done, who receives or has received the Papal definition. He would, by such an act, hold and believe what is, on his own showing, contrary to the "Church Ritual" of twelve hundred years—opposed to the voice of "Reason," which is "the candle of the Lord" within us, and antagonistic to the whole tone and tenor of "antiquity." All this is merely what every believer in the Immaculate Conception has done.

In the writings of the Fathers antecedent to the time of St. Bernard, we must not expect to find the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin directly opposed as such. The doctrine did not then exist to be assailed; it was not even a question in the schools; it was simply *nil*. We shall, therefore, find the early writers of the Church either "completely silent" on a controversy then unknown, or we shall find them eloquent on the subject of man's *universal* fall; and again and again, in passing and incidentally, declaring that the Virgin herself was as deeply involved in Adam's sin as any other of the human family and of the offspring of Adam. It is true we shall occasionally, in mediæval times, meet with extravagant terms applied to the Blessed Virgin. Such exaggerations as result from overheated fervour or warm imagination; and such as are frequently used in fervent apostrophes and panegyrics. And even these are far from proving Rome's recent dogma; for if so, why did they not prove it then, and thus by many centuries anticipate the definition of the 8th December last? Such expressions as *inviolabilis* and *intacta* are at times adopted to denote her perfect virginity before the birth of Jesus Christ, and even the term *Immaculata* may have been employed to denote, what many may have supposed, a blameless life and conversation. But Immaculate *Conception*, or exemption from *original sin*—this we find nowhere alluded to by the writers of the first twelve centuries.

In fact, this characteristic of the writings of the Fathers cannot be more clearly illustrated than by an instructive passage from the Abbé Laborde. Speaking of the Patristic quotations which appear in the Bull of Pope Pius, he thus explains:—

"If the trouble is taken to search for, and verify these 'thousands of quotations,' it will be found that several of these passages do not exist in the books from which it is pretended they are taken; whilst

others are taken from the works of unknown and modern authors, and are falsely attributed to the ancient Fathers; it will be found too that even these, when taken in their context, are so obscure, vague, and indefinite, that it is impossible to catch the meaning of them. Some are curtailed, altered, and their precise meaning changed; whilst others refer to the life of the blessed Virgin, both as a virgin and a mother, in which the Fathers extol by panegyrics, oftentimes figurative and exaggerated (*hyperboliques*) as in rhetoric, the holiness, innocence, and unspeakable purity of the Conception by which she conceived and brought forth the Saviour; and not in any way the Conception by which *she herself* was conceived, as is fraudulently declared in this passage in the Bull. Such are, for example, those places in which the blessed Virgin is said to be 'untouched by the breath of the serpent, inviolate, immaculate,' and 'without blemish or stain of sin.' These passages are, however, to be found in the books of those Fathers who more especially held the doctrine that the blessed Virgin was conceived in sin: for example, St. Thomas, St. Bonaventure, St. Bernard, St. Ambrose, &c."—p. 78.

So much for the writers of the first twelve centuries and their testimony!

After that period—the times subsequent to St. Bernard, abundant testimonies may be quoted *for* and *against*. From the twelfth century history tells us something; and the Roman Catholic who, in traversing the wide waste of the previous ages has been somewhat like the dove sent forth from the ark of Noah, seeking some friendly branch or some still more friendly foliage wherein to nestle and rest its wearied wing, and finding none, may now alight upon one and another, here and there appearing interspersed throughout the past 700 years. But even this is a bewildering toil and a labour that satisfieth not. For what saith the history of that long interval?

It tells us of the long perpetuated contests between the Franciscans and Dominicans; the former asserting the Immaculate Conception and the latter denying it. It tells of the ambiguous and equivocal decree of Pope Sixtus IV., less explicit than (although, we imagine, *equally infallible* as,) that of his present successor, Pius IX. It tells of the continuance of the controversy in the Council of Trent, and how even a General Council postponed the final definition of the question. No phase, perhaps, of the history of the Roman Church exhibits her wavering character, her susceptibility of influence, her inconsistency, more than does the fifth session of the Tridentine Council. Here, after they had determined that "Adam transmitted to *all* mankind corporeal

death and punishment, and *sin* also;"* we find the most unworthy contests proceeding, and violence and discord, as described by their own Dupin, who testifies that "the dispute (between the Dominicans and Franciscans) grew so hot, that notwithstanding the Legate laboured all he could to appease it, he had very much difficulty to impose silence upon both."† And after all the Council declined to issue a definitive sentence, and still left the matter in dispute by appending to their canon on original sin, the negative statement that "it is not its design to include in this decree the blessed Virgin Mary."

Even the Dominicans contended against the Franciscans after a fashion quite unworthy of the better cause which they had espoused in this disputed question. Instead of standing on the strong and unassailable ground of Scripture and antiquity, they imitated the Franciscan pretences to revelations, and by a clumsy artifice they sought to establish their position against the Immaculate Conception. The imposition, which was performed at Berne, was in time detected, and received a well merited exposure. It has been chronicled by the pen of a Franciscan, as follows:—

"A Dominican monk, named Wigand Wirt, preaching at Frankfort, A.D. 1507, so violently assailed the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, that he was summoned to Rome, to answer for his conduct. His brethren of the Dominican order, in their Convention at Wimpfen, formed a plan to aid him, and to convince the world that the Franciscan doctrine of the Immaculate Conception was false. Berne was selected for the scene of their operations. The prior, sub-prior, preacher, and steward of the Dominican cloister at Berne, undertook to get up miracles and revelations for the occasion. A simple, honest rustic, by the name of John Jetzer, who had just entered upon his noviciate in the monastery, was selected as their tool. The sub-prior appeared to him one night, dressed in white, and pretending to be the ghost of a friar who had been a hundred and sixty years in purgatory. He wailed and entreated of Jetzer to afford aid. Jetzer promised to do so, and the next morning reported his vision to his superiors. They encouraged him to go on, and to confer freely with the ghost, if he appeared again. A few nights after, the ghost made his appearance, attended by two devils, his tormentors; and thanked Jetzer for the relaxation of his sufferings, in consequence of Jetzer's prayers. He also instructed Jetzer in the views entertained in the other world, concerning the Immaculate Conception; and promised Jetzer that St. Barbara should appear to him. Accord-

* Conc. Trid. Sess. V. Can. 2. *de pecc. orig.*
† Dupin, vol. iii. p. 425. Dub. 1724.

ingly, the sub-prior assumed a female garb on a succeeding night and appeared to Jetzer. Jetzer was completely duped. St Barbara promised that the Virgin Mary should appear to him. She, or the sub-prior personating her, did so; and assured him she was not conceived free from original sin, though she was delivered from it *three hours after her birth.* She promised to impress on him the five wounds of Christ. Hitherto the sub-prior had been the principal actor; but now the preacher undertook to personate St. Mary, and Jetzer knew his voice; and from this time began to suspect the whole to be an imposition. The four conspirators were apprehended and burnt at the stake in 1509."*

Such is a specimen of the zeal, though not according to knowledge, with which the opposition to the dogma was conducted in the sixteenth century. And somewhat like to this is the pretence of the revelation to St. Bridget, quoted by the adherents of the Immaculate Conception in defence of the dogma.†

Advancing into the seventeenth century, we still meet with this long continued dispute. Popes Paul V., Gregory XV., and Alexander VII., were sorely tried by reason of the disturbances that arose in Spain by the collision of rival factions or orders. Philip III. and Philip IV. of Spain appealed successively to the reigning Pontiff, urging him to decide the question by a public decree. The Popes, however, followed *prudence;* discretion was the best part of their infallibility! They, therefore, steered midway between the Charybdis of the Franciscans and the Dominican Scylla, and so framed their decisions as to send both parties on their way rejoicing, and singing triumphs in turn the one over the other!

The circumstances which led to the final definition of the question by Pope Pius IX. are already fresh in our memories; and there is no necessity to repeat them here. Suffice it to say, that on the 8th of December, 1854, infallibility was itself again, and spake in tones of might and in accents of authority, determining for Christendom a new article of faith, to be believed on pain of heresy and its penalties.

And here we would review somewhat of the opposition which has been evoked against the dogma on the part of Roman Catholics. The narrative of the Abbé Laborde is replete with the most telling facts, and fraught with the most instructive lessons; detailing as it does the scenes of persecution, which are the inevitable reward of the man that lifts his voice

* Hottinger, Hist. Eccl. Helvet. quoted in Mosh. Eccl. Hist. vol. iii. p. 86.
† Faber's Explanation.—p. 14.

in protest against Rome's doings. Luther's incipient steps and first stages towards light and liberty were not more noble or persevering than was the bold protest of the Abbé Laborde in the city of Rome in November and December of 1854. The facts are these:—

The Abbé Laborde, of Lectoure in France, was deputed to Rome by a large proportion of the French priests and laity, to present his and their protest against the then expected definition. He arrived in Rome on the 16th of November, and lost no time in preparing his formal declaration against the dogma. Accordingly, on the 22nd of November, he completed, signed, and despatched to the Pope the following petition:—

"To our Holy Father the Pope, Pius IX., and Bishops assembled.

"PETITION.

"M. the Abbé Laborde (of Lectoure), in his own name, and that of many priests and faithful Catholics of Paris, requests to be admitted in order to unfold and prove the following *theses*, in opposition to the proposed definition of a new dogma of Faith, of the Immaculate Conception of the holy Virgin:—

"1. 'The Doctrine of the Church is that which having been taught by Jesus Christ, or given by inspiration of the Holy Spirit to the Apostles, has been preached by the same Apostles, and has come from them to us in succession,'—*Council of Trent.*

"2. In the Church Catholic, the Rule of Faith is,—that which is contained in the Scriptures, and transmitted, as of faith by tradition, which passing by the Fathers, returns again to the Apostles.

"3. The Church does not create new dogmas of Faith.

"4. It is a sin to decree new dogmas of Faith in the Church; it is a sin to receive them.

"5. The Church is infallible in her decisions on matters of Faith; but, whether she decides in a council, or without a council, there are certain essential rules, in the absence of which the decree has neither the force of law, nor any effect upon the conscience.

"6. The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception is in the Church but a novel opinion, which is not contained in the Scriptures, and has not come from the Apostles by the course of tradition.

"7. In all that has been hitherto done in order to arrive at the adoption of the Immaculate Conception as a dogma of faith, the ecclesiastical regulations have not been observed.

"8. In the Bull which requested the advice of the bishops, taken each in detail, the question has been proposed in an equivocal form.

"9. A great number of the bishops answered without any examination of the matter, and it is not proved canonically that the question has been examined, as was necessary, by any of them.

"10. The bishops did not give their sentence, as judges of the Faith, but their mere opinion, as individuals.

"11. The mere opinion of the bishops has not been unanimous.

"12. Four or five, at least, answered in the negative.

"13. A certain number gave an uncertain and evasive answer; and the circumstances require that these should be counted as opposed to the decree.

"14. A certain number of the bishops made answer to the Pope, *that the clergy and faithful of their dioceses united with them* to request of the holy Father a definition; while, in fact, neither the clergy nor the faithful had been consulted; while also there were in their dioceses some of the well-informed people, and of respectable priests who did not admit the Immaculate Conception, even as an opinion, and that threats and violence were employed towards these latter, to prevent them from making known their minds.

"15. There was also a moral pressure on the bishops themselves, at least in France, by the intrigues and secret practices of a strong party, assisted by a violent newspaper, against which they feared to compromise themselves, and were not free to speak.

"16. There is reason to believe that if the matter had been freely examined and discussed in a council, according to the practice of the Church, the reasons of those who were opposed to the definition would have been made known to the others, and that they would have acquiesced in their opinion.

"17. The College of Cardinals had not been consulted on the matter, and the decree had been made and prepared without their acquiescence.

"18. The undersigned priest, as much in his own name, as in name of the priests and faithful who sent him to Rome, requests of his Holiness, Pius IX., and the assembled bishops, to be admitted at a convenient time to develop the above articles, and to present the proofs.

"19. The same undersigned priest declares, as much in his own name, as in the name of his constituents, that, if it is refused him to be heard at a convenient time, he will believe and they will believe it right to add this to the other reasons for the nullity of the future decree, that they were not permitted to be heard.

"Completed and double signed in Rome, in the Hôtel Minerva, the 22nd November, 1854.

"L'ABBE LABORDE (*of Lectoure*), *Priest of the Diocese of Auch, resident at Paris.*"

In answer to this petition the Abbé received a secret order from the Pope to leave Rome as soon as possible. He, however, declined to fulfil such a peremptory and unconstitutional, not to say unchristian, command; and accordingly, on the morning of the 29th November, he was visited in his apartments by the Police of Conscience, who, by order of the Cardinal Vicar, had come to make a seizure of his effects.

They laid hold on all his papers, and rifled his furniture, his portfolio, his clothes, the very bed, in search of documents and books.

On the 30th November he received a written notice to present himself immediately before the Criminal Tribunal of the *Inquisition*. He obeyed the summons, but, on his way, took the precaution of calling on the French authorities in Rome, who promised to secure him from imprisonment. At the Criminal Tribunal he encountered a surly officer of the Inquisition, who not knowing French, and the Abbé not knowing Italian, suited his action to his word, and "displaying three fingers, said in Italian, they give you three days; on the 3rd December you will begone" or "you will go."

The Abbé, however, still continued in Rome, prosecuting his protest against the new dogma. During these days of his sojourn he was exposed to successive arrests and alarms; and ultimately he was, upon the 7th December, the day immediately preceding the announcement of the definition, forcibly removed from his apartments, and conducted by soldiers disguised as civilians to the Police Court. Thence he was, under an escort, conveyed to Civita Vecchia, and placed on board a pontificial brig lying in harbour. In this he was detained as a prisoner for four days, "less favoured than was St. Paul when a captive in Pagan Rome." On the fourth day he was transferred to a Neapolitan vessel, which conveyed him to Marseilles, and thence he made his way to Paris.

Some interesting and instructive details relative to the Bull of the 8th December are supplied by the Abbé Laborde. For example, referring to the official account of the proceedings of the 8th December, as published by the Abbé Gaume, he denies *in toto* the existence of any "unparalleled enthusiasm," or any "intoxication of joy," in which it was said "Rome was plunged."

"It must have been," writes Laborde, "that this enthusiasm and intoxication were a very sudden outburst, or that they had no other existence than in the heated imagination of the apostolic notary. Up to the 7th, at two o'clock in the afternoon, when I departed from Rome, I can affirm that no symptom of this enthusiasm and intoxication had as yet presented itself. For five days, at least, the Cardinal Vicar had caused to be advertised a lengthy instruction, to prepare the people for this unparalleled event in the Church, and to animate their devotion. I have read it throughout on the walls of Rome: it enjoined prayers, sermons, and exhibitions of the Holy Sacrament in the churches. The solemn day approaching, a

bishops assent *ex animo?* Were their replies faithful exponents of the mind of their "clergy and faithful people?" And how are we to know, or be ascertained of the amount of satisfaction, or the kind of assent conveyed in the letters of the bishops? The Abbé Laborde lays the charge of *equivocation* and wilful ambiguity at the door of the Pope in the mere wording of his question to the bishops. He asserts in his Protest, and offered to prove his assertion, that the bishops answered for their clergy and people without asking their opinion. He further observes, that, "we are forced to believe what we are *told* to be the answers of the bishops, without having the answers communicated to us, and this it is that makes us justly to suspect them. We suspect that there are even in the affirmative answers a great many things disadvantageous to the new dogma." He, moreover, makes a very just demand that "these answers should have been published *verbatim* throughout the world. There is not a single one of the faithful, still less a single priest, who has not the right to see what each bishop answered for himself, and for the clergy and faithful people of his diocese."

But Father Gagarin has asserted that the five hundred answers of the bishops have been *printed*, and in nine large volumes too. And our own English Cardinal, also, has asserted the same in his recent "Dogmatic Discourse" in Moorfields. Dr. Wiseman stated that—"the replies to the Pope's Encyclical had been printed in nine volumes, and, amongst the hundreds of prelates who communicated their sentiments to the Holy See, not one expressed any opinion opposed to the doctrine in question."* To this assertion of "unanimity" we oppose the unanswered statements of the Abbé Laborde quoted above. And as to the "printing of the answers," we further oppose the simple statement of the French Abbé:—

"Father Gagarin, it is true, has published that the five hundred answers have been printed [and so does Dr. Wiseman.] But this, again, is *an equivocation*. From what he says, one would imagine that they had been published, and that they bear public witness to his statement. But it is not so. These letters were in fact printed at the Propaganda, but they have been printed only for friends. So small a number of copies have been issued, that even at Rome, all the bishops who wished for them could not obtain them. As for myself, not only was it impossible to procure one, but even to see a single copy.

"See, then, how the priests have written—'The Pope has consulted the Church; the Church has answered through the voice of

* *Tablet*, April 28th, 1855.

her bishops; their letters have been compiled and printed; this immense collection constitutes nine volumes (there are, however, only six, and these not very large.) Doubtless, *there* is to be found the opinion of the whole Catholic world.'

"On the contrary, nothing is less true; and the fact is, that all this is a trick of the Jesuits, and merely to throw dust in one's eyes. Thus all these equivocations, so far from establishing the new dogma of faith, cause it, on the contrary, to vanish in smoke. '*Parturiunt montes; nascetur ridiculus mus!*'"—p. 88.

Such is somewhat of the history of this remarkable "event of the nineteenth century." Such its antecedents and accompaniments. Its consequences, too, are already worthy of notice, and worthy of such a career as that which we have just reviewed. The French nation refused to accept the decree until it was approved by the Council of State; whereat the Papal organs raved and murmured forth the expression of their anger. One of these, for example, thus delivered itself:—

"All men do not receive the same impressions from the same facts; some rejoice, others weep, some resign themselves, others rage and writhe like a serpent beneath the heel of its destroyer. . . . . The French legists have girt their loins for the combat. . . . . The general belief of the faithful—the concurrence of bishops and priests, and the infallible decree of the Sovereign Pontiff are, as yet, all worthless, until these wise men shall have given the final stamp of their approbation. If ever impudence was exhibited on a grand scale in the world, we have it here—this Gallican spirit is essentially seditious. The most uninstructed layman will only laugh at the extravagance of these *unconfined lunatics!*"*

Since then the decree has been received in France, but under such reservations and qualifications as must render it quite nugatory to the mind of any Roman Catholic who may still choose to disbelieve the dogma. The French nation admits the decrees of the 8th of December, 1854, "without approbation of clauses, formulas, or expressions that they include, and which are, or may be, contrary to the constitution, to the laws of the Empire, to the franchises, liberties, and maxims of the Gallican Church." Now, one of the four Gallican liberties is, that the Pope cannot of himself decree an article of Faith—he must act in conjunction with the General Council as the representative of the Church Universal. But the Immaculate Conception has been decreed by the Pope in his individual capacity; no Council has been either convened or consulted. For a Frenchman, therefore, to receive the dogma would be to be-

* *Tablet*, December 23rd, 1854.

lie one of his own national and ecclesiastical liberties. Thus the reception of the decree by the French Council of State, protected as it is by so many safeguards, must be taken just for what it is worth under the peculiar circumstances of the case.

Further consequences of the Papal definition are from time to time revealed. For example, Austria has refused to acknowledge the Bull and has prohibited its circulation in the States of Lombardy.* The Dominicans have resumed their former spirited opposition to the dogma; and in Tuscany, it is said, the principal of the order has been imprisoned for uttering his protest against it.† In Spain the official publication of the Bull in the *Gazette* did not appear until the 11th of May‡—Five months thus before the official recognition of the Papal Bull was made known elapsed in the "Most Catholic" kingdom! And in Madrid there has been issued, under initials, a very powerful pamphlet against the dogma, somewhat similar to that of the Abbé Laborde published in the French capital. While in France, the consequences seem to threaten persecution against all those who reject the dogma —persecution at the hands of the ecclesiastical authorities. Laborde, writing the experience of himself and fellows, observes in this respect:—

"Although the definition which has been made is a nullity in all its parts, yet we ought not to hide from ourselves that it is time to prepare ourselves for persecution, and to arm ourselves with patience. Already in Paris, the *curés*, because they do not believe in the new dogma, are marked as heretics from the height of the chair of truth,—of which, however, men are making a chair of pestilence, insult, and division. Already the *curés* are refused by the priests permission to say mass. Already the faithful have found themselves refused absolution. In the provinces the agitation has been wholly aroused, and the spirit of the newspaper press breathes with fanaticism. Sorrowful days are perhaps drawing nigh; but let us remember the words of Jesus Christ,—'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' (Matthew xvi. 26.) 'For he that shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when He shall come in His majesty, and that of His Father, and of the holy angels.' (Luke ix. 26.)"—p. 93.

So much for the Historic evidence—the antecedents and the consequences of Rome's novel faith. And now,

II. We shall briefly review the question in its Theological bearings.

* *Times*, January 4th, 1855. † *Christian Times*, January 12th, 1854.
‡ *Times*, May, 17th, 1855.

A doctrine which was wholly unknown to the first ages of the Church—which was itself first conceived in the twelfth century—which remained in abeyance for seven hundred years—is now in our own day for the first time definitively determined;—such a doctrine can have but little pretence to any *theological* character. Hence we find the celebrated Dr. Milner in his "End of Controversy" acknowledging that "the Church does not decide the controversy concerning the Conception of the Blessed Virgin, and several other disputed points, because she sees nothing absolutely clear and certain concerning them, either in the *written* or the *unwritten* word."* He also quotes, as does the Abbé Laborde also, the very damaging clause from St. Vincent of Lerins. "It never was, or is, or will be lawful for Catholic Christians to teach any doctrine, except that which they have once received; and it ever was, and is, and will be their duty to condemn those who do so."† How the Church of Rome has already outgrown the dimensions prescribed by St. Vincent, and by the still more recent Dr. Milner! How dark and beclouded must Milner's mind have been not to see as do more modern men the things both "clear and certain concerning this dogma in the written and unwritten word!"

Bearing, however, these passing notices in mind, let us proceed to our Theological survey—

We have already found Cardinal Lambruschini abandoning at discretion the ground of Holy Scripture, and of the first two centuries, and Dr. Milner and others coincide. But notwithstanding this, we still find Roman Catholic advocates, and even Lambruschini himself, trying experiments with texts of Holy writ—twisting, torturing, turning them, so as to carry some seeming resemblance to, or authority for, the novel dogma. The wonder to us, however, (and it ought to strike the mind of Romanists also,) is, that any Scriptural evidence should exist, and have so long existed, and that it should only now-a-days be acted on! Surely preceding Popes have known and read these texts as well as Pope Pius IX.; but strange to say, they, in all their infallibility, could not evolve the same dogma from them! Truth is truth—it is eternal in its nature, and God has not given it to us by measure, but has revealed to us "all the counsel of God." Whence then comes this "new light" at this distance from its pretended source? Light, they say, travels fast; but this light has occupied eighteen hundred years and

* Milner's End. Controv. Letter xii. † Ibid. Letter x.

more in its transit to this lower world! Revelations move more slowly now than they were wont to do in olden time.

To appeal to Holy Scripture in support of a dogma of the nineteenth century is simply preposterous. The Bible says nothing in its defence; yea, rather, is eloquent *against* it. What saith the Virgin's own experience?—and one word of her own heartfelt experience is worth volumes of conflicting theologians. Her own language was that of praise and thankfulness—"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God *my Saviour*."—Luke i. 46, 47. An acknowledgment of a Saviour is an acknowledgment of antecedent *sin*. A hand outstretched to *save* implies the existence of antecedent *danger;* and this is necessarily involved in the Virgin's thankful recognition of her Saviour in the person of her Son. St. Paul, too, proclaims the *universal* extent of sin, and does not except the blessed Virgin. He writes—"As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon *all* men, for that ALL have sinned."—Rom. v. 12. To except the Virgin now must be to except her then; but St. Paul knew nothing of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of Mary, else would he have distinctly excepted her from the universal category of original and actual guilt and its consequences. And how incompatible is this universal law of our being with the recently enunciated faith of Rome, is evidenced by the fact that Roman Catholics are obliged to add, and have actually appended to this expression of the apostle, the distinct exception of the mother of our Lord. For example, the Roman Catholic bishop of "Northampton" thus quotes this passage of St. Paul in his recent pastoral—"It (the Council of Trent) thus universally interprets the saying of St. Paul—'By one man sin entered into this world . . . . in whom *all* have sinned.' And this the council teaches of *every* child of Adam, *save only Mary*!"* This is cool indeed. St. Paul teaches that "*all* (without exception) have sinned;" but Rome most coolly *adds* to the apostle's words—"save only Mary!"

The Bishop of Oxford indites a telling paragraph on this branch of our subject. In his sermon before the University, his lordship thus argues:—

"When tested by this rule (the word of God) the unlawfulness of this attempt will be most clearly proved. For not only is there no passage which can be alleged as even tending to prove it, but

* *Tablet*, December 30th, 1854.

against it stand arrayed the clearest sentences of Holy Writ. 'For,' says St. Paul, after examining the case alike of those without the law, as the heathen, or under the law, as the mother of Christ. 'For there is no difference, for ALL have sinned,'—and therefore Mary—'and come short of the glory of God; being justified,' not by immaculate conception, but 'freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.'* And again, 'There is none righteous, no, not one.'† 'But the Scripture hath concluded all,' and therefore Mary, 'under sin, that the promise by faith of Jesus Christ might be given to them that believe.'‡ And but once more, not to multiply quotations: 'As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.'§ And 'He tasted death for every man.'‖ Here then, again, by the plain decision of the supreme authority, we are brought to the same conclusion. The promulgation of this dogma has been an utterly unlawful attempt to coin a new article of faith; to add to the old deposit; to preach another Gospel. It needs no anathema of ours to brand so foul a treason against the sole prerogative of the God of truth. For it standeth written in His Holy word: 'But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other Gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed. As we said before, so say I now again, If any man preach any other Gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed.'"¶

But notwithstanding the difficulty, yea, the impossibility of adducing *any* Scriptural warrant for the dogma in question, we yet find that appeals *are* made to Holy Writ, and that by some of the most distinguished of Papal advocates. We need hardly assure our readers that such illustrations from the Bible cannot stand on the principles of true criticism or interpretation. They may be reduced to three distinct quotations. 1. The words of the promise to our first parents in Eden after the fall, quoted from the Douay Bible, Gen. iii. 15; 2. Some few verses from the Book of Canticles; and, 3. The angelical salutation of the blessed Virgin; Luke i. 28

Now it does seem strange that if these texts prove the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, they should never have carried such convincing proof until the last month of last year. The fact is, these texts have been quoted and claimed, and actually worn quite threadbare by Roman Catholics long ago to prove Virgin-*worship;* and now they are reproduced in another connexion, to prove her *Immaculate Conception;* while, in truth, they prove neither the one

* Rom. iii. 23, 24. † Rom. iii. 10. ‡ Gal. iii. 22. § Rom. v. 12.
‖ Heb. ii. 9. Compare Job. xiv. 4; Ps. li: Ephes. ii. 13. ¶ Gal. i. 8, 9.

nor justify the other. Indeed, to argue upon these passages at all in connexion with the Papal theory, is to reproduce the hackneyed controversy, which has so often and so decisively been brought to bear against the Invocation of the Virgin. We might, therefore, readily enough refer our readers in this respect, to any well executed work on the Romish controversy, and there these matters will appear according to their true and original and only intention. We however submit a few passing comments.

1. Gen. iii. 15, which in the Douay version is thus rendered:—"I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed: *She* shall crush thy head, and thou shall lie in wait for *her* heel." This passage meets the eye first and last in all Roman pastorals, sermons, and treatises on the subject of the new dogma. It occurs in the very Bull of the 8th December; and is in fact on their side the Alpha and Omega of the whole question.

But it is a mistranslation as it occurs in the Douay Bible, and as it is quoted by Roman Catholics. On a mistranslation of the mind of the Spirit, then, does this novelty rest. The rendering of the authorised version, "*It* (the seed) shall bruise" the serpent's head, is sustained by the Septuagint Greek, the Chaldee Paraphrase, and the Syriac Version. While the Douay note admits that some of the Fathers interpret the passage as in the authorised version. How utterly untenable is the position of the Church of Rome in this her false rendering cannot be better illustrated than by the following concise note on this text appended to Dr. Wordsworth's sermon:—

"St. Paul applies this prophecy to Him, Rom. xvi. 20; Cp. Ps. xci. 13. Pope Leo the Great, Serm. de Nativ. ii., 'Ipsum (*i.e.* semen mulieris, *i.e.* Christus) conteret caput tuum,' and so Arias Montanus and Pagninus render the passage. The LXX. has αὐτός. And St. Jerome (from whom the Church of Rome professes to have derived her Vulgate) has 'IPSE (*i.e.* Christus) conteret caput tuum.' See his Quæstiones Heb. in Genes. Tom. ii. p. 110, and the Benedictine note on his version, Gen. iii. 15, and 'Ipse' was received by Sixtus V. and Clement VIII."—p. 17.

With such an array of criticism against the Roman mistranslation, we may well challenge the verdict at all events of the learned and intelligent. These criticisms are supplied by popes and canonized saints of Rome herself; by the version of the old Scriptures which was usually quoted by our blessed Lord; and are consistent with the application of the

promise by St. Paul; while the Roman Catholic rendering is opposed to all these testimonies, and contradicts the whole tenor of Holy Scripture. Upon such a foundation-stone does the Immaculate Conception rest!

2. *The Book of Canticles.* We find, for example, Cardinal Wiseman selecting as the text of one of his Dogmatic Discourses in Moorfields, "I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. As the lily among the thorns, so is my beloved one among the daughters" (Cant. ii. 1, 2.)* From this text Dr. Wiseman proceeded thus:—

"There can be no doubt as to the person by whom these words are spoken; but to whom did he allude as his 'Beloved one among the daughters?' There could be *as little doubt* on this point; for what Christian would hesitate to assign to *his blessed Mother* a place in his affections superior to that occupied by any other creature, saint, or angel? And, indeed, from the very beginning of Christianity, no doubt has been entertained as to the prerogative of the blessed Virgin in this respect."

This "undoubted" application of the text involves the Cardinal in a direct collision with other authorities of the same church. We presume the Cardinal is acquainted with the notes appended to his own Douay Bible. If, then, we look to the note of explanation attached to the Cardinal's text, we shall discover the "unanimous consent" of Roman Catholic authorities. The note is this:—

"Ver. 1. *I am the flower of the field.* Christ professes himself the flower of mankind, yea, the Lord of all creatures: and, ver. 2, declares the excellence of his spouse, *the true church*, above all other societies, which are to be considered as thorns."

Dr. Wiseman applies the text, "undoubtedly," to the blessed Virgin; while the note in his own Douay Bible applies it as certainly to "the church." Which are we to believe, the Preacher, or the Douay Fathers?

Nor is this all. Menochius, too, in his Commentary, a text-book in Maynooth College, controverts the Cardinal. He expounds the expression "the lily among the thorns" thus: "This lily is the Catholic Church."† And in the Prologomena to this book he further states distinctly, "The scope of this book is to exhibit the love of God to *the church*."

* *Tablet*, April 28th, 1855. It will be observed that this text, as reported in the *Tablet*, is a mixture of the Douay and Authorized Versions; the principal element being from the Authorized Version. It may be that Cardinal Wiseman deems the latter version the more correct, and thus prefers it in his own pulpit! See an excellent article on this Discourse of Cardinal Wiseman in *The Rock* newspaper, May 19th, 1855.

† "Tale lilium est *Ecclesia* Catholica."—Menoch. in Cantic. ii. 2.

"Its subject-matter is the marriage of Christ and *the church*." "The husband is Christ, the wife is *the church*."* He even takes care to state, that the Virgin is no more included in the sayings of this book than any other just person.† Truly, when Rome "dogmatizes" she displays her inconsistency and disunion!

3. *The Angelical Salutation.* Here Cardinal Lambruschini may be taken as the exponent of Roman teaching. Having, as we have already observed, "candidly admitted (p. 45) that the two first ages of the church are completely silent upon this subject," he proceeds (p. 47) "to the third century," and quotes the testimony of Origen thus:—

"In this age Origen, not in the form of a defence, because no one had then any doubt on this point (!), but incidentally and without any discussion, expresses himself in such a manner with regard to Mary, that we can clearly *infer* from his words, that his opinion of this privilege of hers was the same as ours. He thus speaks of it in his sixth Homily on St. Luke.‡ 'As the angel (Gabriel) addressed to Mary a salutation of a new kind, which I have not been able to find in all Scripture, a few words must be said about it. He said, "Hail! full of grace;" which in Greek is Κεχαριτωμένη, a word which *I do not remember to have read in any other place in the Scriptures;* besides, the words, "Hail! full of grace!" are not to be addressed to man. For Mary alone this salutation was reserved. If Mary had known that a similar speech had been addressed to any one else, it would never have affrighted her as unusual.'"

Now, however we might be disposed to disagree with Cardinal Lambruschini as to matter of fact, we confess we are very loth to deal too cavalierly with Origen; but as the Church of Rome accounts Origen a heretic in some points, we may all the more freely question his statement, as reported by the Roman Cardinal! Is it true, then, that the word Κεχαριτωμένη is not to be "read in any other place in the Scriptures?" Origen was no doubt well acquainted with the Holy Scriptures; but perhaps Cardinal Lambruschini will turn with us to St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians (i. 6), and he will there read, "ἐν ᾗ ἐχαρίτωσεν ἡμᾶς ἐν τῷ ἠγαπημένῳ,"—"Wherein He hath made us accepted in the beloved;" or, as

* "Scopus et finis hujus scriptionis est, Dei amorem in *Ecclesiam* proponere. Operis materia est epithalmium, quo Christi et *Ecclesiæ* nuptiæ celebrantur. Sponsus est Christus, sponsa *Ecclesia*."—Menoch. in Cantic. Prolegom.

† "Porro quæ hoc Cantico habentur non ita debent de Ecclesia intelligi, ut vel Beata Virgo, vel *quælibet justi anima* excludatur; nec sic rursus *de Beata Virgine*, vel *quavis anima justi*, ut non id *præcipuè* de Ecclesia universa dictum putemus."—Menoch. in Cantic. Prolegom.

‡ "Parisii, MDLXXII." Tom. 2.

in the Rhemish version, "In which He hath *graced* us in his beloved Son."

Here, then, notwithstanding Origen's statement and Cardinal Lambruschini's endorsement of the same, and his argument founded thereon, we discover the selfsame expression as in the angelical salutation, predicted of *every* true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. And if any further testimony is needed, we can refer again to the commentary of Menochius, who states *in loc.*—"*In which he hath graced us.* In the Greek it is, ἐχαρίτωσεν ἡμᾶς, which can be rendered, *hath filled us with grace*, for it is *the same word* as is rendered 'full of grace,' in St. Luke i. 28."*

The argument, then, which from this little piece of Biblicalcriticism we would suggest to the learned Lambruschini, and also to Origen, if he could hear or understand us, would be something like to this—If the Virgin Mary was dignified, as she undoubtedly was, by the application of this word to her spiritual state; then equally so are *all* true Christians dignified, and made partakers of her joy, by the application of the same word to *their* spiritual condition. So, likewise, we might argue,—If the Virgin Mary was Immaculate in her Conception, *because* the Angel Gabriel thus addressed her; equally so must *all* true Christians be immaculately conceived, inasmuch as the apostle thus addresses them also! If Cardinal Lambruschini rejects our conclusion, he must therewith reject his own premises also. Either alternative would be more consistent than his present position.

So much for the three leading appeals to Holy Writ! We have sifted them; we have weighed them in the balances,—their own balances—and with their own standard weights—and have found them wanting. Indeed, we have throughout the course of this controversy been disposed to charge on the Church of Rome even a graver accusation, namely, that of dealing unfaithfully with the doctrine and fact of the Incarnation of our blessed Lord. The Word of God illustrates Christ's wondrous humility by the fact of His being "born of a woman"—thus He was made like unto us, sin only excepted; and was "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh." That He was thus born like unto us involves His blessed Mother in the common lot of our fallen humanity—else was He *not* born as we are and of a like earthly source. To say

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* "*In quo gratificavit nos.* In Græco est, ἐχαρίτωσεν ἡμᾶς, quod verti potest, *gratia nos implevit*, est enim idem verbum, quod Luc. i. 28, redditur *gratia plena*." Menoch. in Eph. i. 6.

then that the Virgin was Immaculate in her own Conception, is to assert that Christ's Incarnation was infinitely diverse from our humanity, just in proportion as Mary would be by such exemption infinitely diverse from all other human beings; or, as the Bishop of Oxford remarks, "Then was that quarry, whence was dug that flesh which He united to His Godhead, not of our fallen, but of a new and different, nature; and then is His perfect brotherhood with us destroyed."—p. 21.

But before leaving this part of our subject, we would further illustrate the general character of Scripture evidence, as quoted by the Church of Rome in defence of her recent definition. What saith the Bull of the 8th of December? The very definition itself sets out with a direct perversion of some of those passages of Scripture, which are most powerfully descriptive and most pointedly typical of the Lord Jesus Christ. It proceeds thus:—

"Her freedom from all stain of sin, and ineffable abundance of all heavenly graces, virtues, and privileges, the same Fathers beheld in that *ark of Noah* which, divinely appointed, escaped safe and sound, from the common shipwreck of the whole world; also in that *ladder* which *Jacob* beheld reaching from earth to heaven, by whose steps the angels of God ascended and descended, on whose top leaned God Himself; also in that *bush* which, in the holy place, *Moses* beheld blaze on every side, and amidst the crackling flames, neither consumed nor suffering the least injury; also in that *tower* unassailable in the face of an enemy, from which depend a thousand bucklers and all the armour of the brave; also in that *garden* fenced round about, which cannot be violated nor corrupted by any schemes of fraud; also in that brilliant *city of God*, whose foundations are in the holy mounts; also in that most august *temple* of God, which shining with divine splendour, is filled with the glory of God. . . . . The same Fathers, using the eloquence of the *prophets*, celebrate the august Virgin as *the spotless dove*, the *holy Jerusalem*, the *exalted throne* of God, the ark and house of sanctification."

Thus spake Pope Pius, as an oracle speaks, beneath the awful dome of his gigantic cathedral, in the presence of assembled thousands, who with high acclaim and "as the voice of many waters," are reported to have murmured forth the assent of heart and lip, in unison with him that spake. It is this that moves us to jealousy—yes, to a righteous jealousy, on *His* account, whose kingly rights, whose foreshadowing types, whose spotless innocence, whose immaculate nature, whose mediatorial dignity, are thus wantonly wrested from the rightful owner, and whose inalienable prerogatives are

thus, against the express decree of the Omnipotent God, estranged and alienated from His Person and given to another. "I am the Lord; that is my Name: and my glory will I not give to another."* And remember! "The Scripture cannot be broken;" not with impunity. Let him that heareth, understand!

And with this we conclude. If we are thus to read the types, the promises, the prophecies of Holy Scripture, in the light of Mary and the "Immaculate Conception," we shall fail to find CHRIST there—and all its light is gone, its beauty faded, its promises deceptive, its prophecies fallacious; and we ourselves still left "without God and without Hope in the world." But no! It is in Him all types are fulfilled; all prophecies are verified; all the promises are, "yea, and, in Him, amen;" and every pledge of ancient times made good; in Him concentred all that Moses wrote, all that prophets spake. The sweet strains that swept across the harp of David had Christ for their key note, and in Him obtained their sweetest harmony. The concert of the prophets was greatest when they sung of Christ; for "to Him gave all the prophets witness."

We, therefore, protest against this, another unhallowed addition to the ancient faith. We protest against it, because it is one more awful parody on the attributes and nature of Christ; one more aggravated dishonour to the spotless Lamb; one more contradiction to the words of Revelation. We protest against it, because, thereby, the glory of Jesus is given to another; because it is another attempt to exalt the creature to the level of, if not beyond, the Creator; to set Mary and not Jesus before the eye of sinners; to make her our Hope and Refuge, our Strength, and our Deliverer, our "ALL in ALL."

* Isaiah xlii. 8.

ART. VI.—1. *Byron; Salathiel, or the Martyrs, and other Poems.* By ÆMILIA JULIA. London: Routledge. 1855.
2. *Chants d'une Etrangère.* Par EMILIE. Paris: 1853.

ÆMILIA JULIA is a young lady, who while yet in her teens achieved a celebrity in a country where such a feat is, if possible, harder than in her own. Her "*Chants d'une Etrangère,*" published two years since in Paris, received the imprimatur of Lamartine and the praises of Madame de Girardin (Delphine Gay): and thus threw open to the youthful authoress, the *entrée* to those brilliant and exclusive circles to which genius and successful achievement are the only passport.

The volume entitled "Byron; Salathiel, and other Poems" has been but a short period before the public. It is every way worthy of the previous success of Emilie. This work is in more senses than one a remarkable production, it is not less remarkable for what it is not than for what it is. It is not obscure, either in thought or diction; and this is a marvel in modern poetry. The authoress has obviously formed her style on our purest models. It it is easy to see that Dryden, Pope, Byron, are the poets in whom she delights. There is nothing of the Barrett-Browning school visible here. She writes as one to whom Sydney Yendys is unknown, and Festus an abomination.

The first and most striking poem in the English volume is called "Byron." It is in the Spenserian stanza, and often rises to a dignity of expression worthy of "Childe Harold." The plan of this poem is singular, and the idea strikingly original; it presents a sort of mental, or rather psychological or spiritual history of the unhappy bard. The pitying authoress pleads for the memory of her beloved poet, that he be not judged as should those who have had kind and thoughtful friends around them in early youth, and who have not had their young affections crushed, checked, and distorted from their natural growth. She accordingly traces the sorrows of the poet from that early childhood when his young heart shrank into itself from the vile temper of his mother, down to the period when—without a home—without a country—without a friend—with a body stricken by mortal malady, and a mind closed against every feeling of hope or joy—he sought a grave among the patriot warriors of Hellas. The whole work is a protest against the self-complacency of those decorous and prudish people, who

knowing neither the temptation of a fiery genius, nor the sorrows of a blighted childhood, condemn the name of Byron to an eternity of infamy, and his soul to an eternity of suffering. Here, however, we must guard our readers from supposing that our authoress holds those pernicious views of the French School, which give to vehement passion a "*carte blanche*" exemption from the laws of morality and religion. Equally remote is she from the principles affected by Carlyle, Emerson, and their small fry imitators—that energy of action is the great primary object of life, whether the work done be in the cause of God or of the devil.

The sentiment of the poetess will be best expressed in her own words:

"Then let none judge thee; trembling let us weigh
Thy faults and virtues, nor pronounce a doom;
Thou wert a bright and erring child of clay;
Of thy afflictions none may know the sum;
And he who sent thee pure from thy first home,
Will not despise thy scarr'd and broken heart;
Surely his voice will say unto thee 'come,
And of Redemption take thy destined part
My son! I smite to save, with my soul-searching dart.'"

Apostrophising the spirit of Byron, she pours forth a strain of poetry worthy of his own muse:

"Oh! bear me upward on thy wings of flame,
Teach me thy every thought, thy every tear
To explain; so may thy memory appear
Unscath'd as great, immortal, without stain;
And so may late posterity revere
Him, who could nobly die, but not complain;
Who wrestled hand to hand with soul-subduing pain.

Hear me, for I have suffer'd; though on earth
My days of pilgrimage have yet been few,
And I have dreamed myself of heavenly birth,
And long'd for that bright home I never knew;
Thy songs revived my soul like morning dew,
When thoughts too mighty crush'd my childhood's gladness;
And oft I've call'd upon thee to subdue
Feelings more deep, which stung my youth to madness,
And calm my burning grief to never-changing sadness."

It will easily be seen, that Æmilia Julia is guilty of no presumption in claiming to judge of Byron, as none but a kindred spirit can judge. In fact, to our mind nothing can be lovelier than to see a pure-minded Christian maiden acknowledging the erring poet as a brother,—sympathising in his sorrows, while she deplores his crimes—tracing to its

origin that recklessness which wrought his woe, and which has sullied his fame,—and holding forth to the self-righteous the words "who made thee to differ?" There is something that calls to mind the deepest utterance of Byron's own spirit in the words which conclude the 7th and commence the 8th stanzas.

"I know to feel for all who fall away,
But most for thee, whose lot it was to mourn
Thy best affections wronged, and led astray,
To seek men's barren praise, despising such as they,
And win it but to feel its worthlessness,—
And prove too well, in life's young bloom, that fame
Can never make a fond heart bleed the less,
That worlds may change, but love is aye the same."

Wordsworth tells how "our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;" and to all true poets the "heaven" which "lies about us in our infancy" is a frequent subject of their most earnest and rapt contemplation. The mystery of childhood, suggesting as it does a pre-existing state, must ever be a topic of awe and wonder to those in whom purity of mind is combined with power of imagination. Hence it is that Wordsworth, above all other poets, has penetrated deepest through the "clouds of glory" which the infant brings with him from his celestial home. We doubt whether our authoress has ever read Wordsworth. Ardent admirers of Byron seldom do so. Yet it is the spirit of the bard of Rydal, rather than in that of the poet of despair, that she tells how "childhood's hour is one of needful rest." But to Byron the "needful rest" of a happy childhood was denied;

"For man is born to suffer and to die;
And *thy* first days were strife and bitterness,
A mother watching o'er thine infancy
Would clasp thee fondly in her dear caress,
Then spurn thee from her for thy waywardness,
'Till thou coulds't meet her love with cold disdain,
And those parental lips, which once could bless,
To win thee back might supplicate in vain;
And thou, her joy and pride, wert turned to be her pain!"

Here, then, was the first blighting influence; and if Byron himself is to be believed, his disappointed affection for Mary Chaworth was the second. Our authoress obviously gives him credit for sincerity in all he said and wrote on that subject. Not so we. There was a touch of wounded vanity; but Byron, we strongly suspect, had lost the capacity for

pure love before Miss Chaworth married. Even in his boyhood he had been guilty of that illicit "rove" which

> "Hardens all within,
> And petrifies the feeling."

Whether, however, it were disappointed love or injured vanity that embittered his feelings towards women, certain it is that he early began to express a contempt for that sex, to which he was, even to the last, a slave. Admirable are the stanzas in which Æmilia concentrates the cynical expressions of the poet on this subject, and still more admirable is her own protest against those wretched principles which make of woman a mere plaything for men's passions.

> "There is a language in her gentle sighs,
> Which manhood's noble breast should never spurn;
> There is a solace in her sympathies
> For cares that waste away, for hopes that burn;
> Ah! what is precious here, like love and love's return."

Every reader of Byron is acquainted with five minor lyrical poems addressed "to Thyrza." In most of these Thyrza is spoken of as dead, and the poet pours forth sweet and mournful strains of the purest and warmest affection. Moore deems Thyrza to have been a mere creation of the poet's brain. Æmilia assumes a contrary hypothesis. She supposes the deep remorse which Byron carried with him to the tomb, and which bursts out in an agony of horror at times in his letters to confidential friends, to have been connected with the memory of Thyrza. On this assumption, she has wrought into her poem an exquisite episode. She supposes Thyrza to have been a young Greek maiden, whom Byron met with during his first journey to Greece. She depicts the meeting of the poet and the guileless damsel; and relates the fatal sequel of their love. Thyrza is, in fact, according to Æmilia, the prototype of Haidee. Byron leaves her, intending to return. He is stricken with fever, and on his recovery learns that the still beloved victim of his passion is no more. Now, were we inclined to treat the question of Thyrza's identity as one for deliberate criticism, we should certainly rather incline to Moore's hypothesis than to that of our authoress. At any rate, granting that Thyrza were a really existing being, we deem it quite clear that she was not a Greek. Æmilia Julia has evidently taken as the basis of her episode two stanzas of Byron's exquisite lyric. "One struggle more * * * "

"And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,
When sailing o'er th' Ægean wave,
'Now Thyrza gazes on that moon'—
Alas! it gleamed upon her grave!

"When stretch'd on fever's sleepless bed,
And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,
'Tis comfort still,' I faintly said,
'That Thyrza cannot know my pains.'

"Like freedom to the time-worn slave,
A boon 'tis idle then to give,
Relenting nature vainly gave
My life, when Thyrza ceased to live."

It is clear from these lines that if Thyrza were something more than a creation of the poet's brain, he was in love with her at the time of his first journey to Greece; but it nowhere appears probable that she was an inhabitant of the Ægean coasts or islands. In fact, the lines in which Byron imagines Thyrza gazing on the same moon which enlightened the course of his bark, gains much greater force from the supposition that Thyrza was in England while her lover was in the Levant. It is when a beloved object is separated from us by oceans and continents that we find pleasure in thinking that the same moon which enlightens us is also shedding its calm rays around the dear one. But there is a passage in the earliest of the poems to Thyrza (the one dated October 11th, 1811) which seems to us decisive:—

"Shall they not flow? when many a day
In these, to me, deserted bowers,
Ere call'd, but for a time, away,
Affection's mingling tears were ours:
Ours too the glance, none saw beside;
The smile none else could understand;
The whisper'd thoughts of hearts allied,
The pressure of the thrilling hand."

Byron was residing at Newstead when he wrote these lines. The "deserted towers" were those of the abbey, which seemed to him deserted because Thyrza was no longer near. Then, too, much as we distrust the sincerity of Byron, we can scarcely conceive that he could have written the lines which follow had an illicit attachment existed between him and the subject of his verses:—

"The kiss, so guiltless and refined,
That love each warmer wish forbore;
Those eyes proclaimed so pure a mind,
Ev'n passion blushed to plead for more."

We think, then, that we are pretty safe in concluding that Thyrza was not the prototype of Haidee. However, we are not disposed to quarrel with our authoress for entertaining a mistaken idea on this subject, since to this mistake we are indebted for a most touching episode. The poetess proceeds to tell how the bard, his heart seared against all true love for the remainder of his life, endeavoured to find solace in the voice of praise; but it is not in such emptiness that the soul can find its resting place:—

> "Vain man! that wouldst so lightly spurn the chain
> Of thy best thoughts, it may not thus be done;
> Nor thus; *existence being a sense of pain,*
> *A callous heart, the coward's boon be won.*"

In Byron himself are few lines which contain more, in few words, than the one last quoted. But such passages abound in Æmilia's poetry; and, in fact, it is rather for insulated passages of striking power than for sustained excellence that her works are remarkable. But must not the same be said of most, if not all, young poets who rise above mediocrity. Composition in poetry is as much an art as drawing or sculpture; although, therefore, no amount of art or practice can compensate for the want of poetic genius—"poeta nascitur non fit"—yet it is no less true that genius, without long and careful study, can never produce an enduring work,—a work that shall stand the test of the judgment of posterity. Byron was an exception to our dictum, concerning young poets, but not to our rule. His earliest works were mere elegant mediocrity. Yet it was just because in these he laboured hard at the artificial part of poetry that they were so, and that he acquired that wonderful power over the mechanism of verse, which enabled him afterwards to throw off his burning thoughts in lines which hold the reader breathless in wonder, at their exact appropriateness in sound and expression to the ideas which they are intended to convey. It is to the laboured common-place of the "Hours of Idleness" that we owe the perfect flow of "Mazeppa," and "Don Juan." We can afford little more space to the poem on Byron. Here, however, is a passage which must strike every one, as something they "have felt," but have not so well expressed:—

> "The brain o'erwrought, all other thoughts forsaking
> On the one thought of grief unceasing dwells."

We will quote a few more, almost at random:—

> "Some die of broken hearts—ah happy they
> Their eyes behold not long the hateful sun;

Far more unblest, the heart that breaking lives
Through griefs long-past, yet every hour begun."

Again:—

"The deadlier ill—the sharper stroke of fate
Is, not to know love's trust, but feel his cares."

Our authoress has a much fairer estimate of the true cause of Lady Byron's alienation from her husband, than is often found among the ardent admirers of the noble bard.

"Match thee in coldness to a haughty bride,"

she has in one stanza, the next proceeds thus:—

"To chill her being with thy cold embrace,
Till moved by jealousy which galleth sore,
She turn from thee with loathing, and the face
Of thy fair child thou shalt behold no more!
Though, in the name of the loved babe she bore,
Thou may'st woo back the mother to thy hearth,
She shall be unrelenting—*to the core*
Her deed hath pierced thy heart; with hideous mirth
It glads thee to defame those nuptials, and that birth."

Admirably do the last lines describe the wretched spirit which induced Byron to obtrude his family quarrels on the public in those passages of Don Juan which, more than any others, prove how abject as well as "how august" the mind of a great poet may be. The next phase of Byron's life here depicted is the abandonment of his country. His sensitive spirit could not brook the thought of living in a country where every one who knew him would either blame or pity him. Fatal to his peace and his happiness was the resolution to leave England. Had he remained and lived down calumny, how easily would his early sins have been forgiven by a people who so admire genius, and who, moreover, so "dearly love a lord," as the English. But he wanted the self-control necessary for carrying out such a resolution. He hastened abroad, reckless, and savage in his recklessness, and then began that foul Venetian period of his life, over which, even the most friendly of his biographers are obliged to draw a veil. Our authoress alludes to this period in the following lines:—

"In foreign lands, in cynic revelry
Forget, aye, if thou canst—forget the past!
Such self-abasement is too low for thee;
Those maddening orgies, which destroy so fast
Man's rooted cares, and life with them at last,
Will smite thee with abhorrence! thou wert made

For worship and heroic deeds, then cast
Pleasure, the serpent, from thee, that betray'd;
Thy soul's immortal thirst, may not be thus allay'd.
* * * * *
Alas! alas! no rapture from above
May fill thy way-worn breast, and thou must turn
To that despised thing, a woman's love."

And so, in effect, the poet had so utterly lost the capacity for a nobler and purer life, that he could only escape from the indiscriminate profligacy of his Venetian life by an illicit connexion with a married woman. And even then he could not observe those rules of external decorum, which would have rendered the "*liaison*" inoffensive to Italian ideas of propriety. The Guiccioli period is, as may be supposed, not one on which Æmilia dwells with pleasure; yet she does justice to the better qualities of the poet's last love.

"Yet faithful to the death was that young heart,
If false to others, all too true to thee!
Content in solitude to dwell apart,
Content to live in shame and poverty
So she might sometimes win thy company
But for an hour—for love is patient! Long
She could not keep thee in her Italy,
For thou would'st raise again from crime and wrong
Greece—Freedom's natal land of learning and of song!"

We must hurry over the rest of the poem of "Byron." The lady authoress seems no admirer of the Greeks of the present day, but she has well hit the feeling which justified the Philhellenic tendencies of Byron's time—

"Though all were perished save her deathless name,
Yet were Greece worthy of the pains and toil."

No one knew better than Byron how contemptible were the Greeks whom he went to aid; yet the name of Greece was enough. The sympathy was noble, though the objects of sympathy were unworthy. Even so loyalty to the monarchy was as noble a feeling under the last George as under Victoria. Byron could not see this latter truth, and the detractors of Byron's character could not see anything but cant in his enthusiasm for Greece. Thus do political adversaries never see more than the worst half of their opponent's character. Æmilia is indignant at the refusal of a tomb in Westminster Abbey to Byron—and very justly so. But we have given so much space to this remarkable poem, that we shall be able but briefly to notice the others. On the whole,

we think, that if our fair authoress wished to show her hero,

"Unscathed as great, immortal, *without stain*,"

she has signally failed. But as a subtle analysis of his character,—as a psychological history,—as a generous vindication of his fame from the unrelenting bitterness with which it was pursued for years after his death,—this work deserves the highest commendation for its spirit, as well as the warmest admiration for its poetry.

The other poem, "Salathiel," is in four cantos. It is written in that English heroic verse which was brought to perfection by Dryden and Pope. It is, however, remarkable that no one before Dryden, and no one since Pope, has succeeded well in the attempt to employ this sort of verse for narrative poetry. While it is beyond comparison the best of all for satiric or didactic poetry, it is apt to prove stiff and unmanageable when applied to impassioned and romantic narrative. Byron's attempts in this measure we look upon as failures. We could never read his "Corsair, or Island" with any pleasure. The stumbling, hobbling, cumbrous versification, the capricious uncertainty of the pauses, the frequent absence of rythm of those two poems, completely neutralizes the satisfaction which we might feel at the occasional beauty of the idea. Moore's "Veiled Prophet of Khorassan" is even far worse in these respects.

After saying thus much, it is hardly necessary to add, that we think our authoress rather unfortunate in the choice of the English heroic verse for a poem, of which the subject delineates love and hate, human ambition and godlike resignation. The scene of the story is laid at Rome, and opens at that period when the imperial city saw its last triumph, and when Diocletian was about to lay down the sceptre, and to retire to a herb garden in Dalmatia. The character who gives his name to the poem is a Hebrew Christian. We think it necessary, however, to state, that the Salathiel of this tale is not the wandering Jew; for ever since the publication of Croly's wondrous romance, the name Salathiel has pertained, of right, to him who reviled his Saviour; even as the genius of Shakespear has affixed, for all time, the name of Shylock to the Jew of Venice. Salathiel has married a Gallic slave and settled in Gaul. He has there attained the name of Ælianus. Readers of Gibbon will remember how an insurrection broke out among the Gauls in the early part of Diocletian's reign, and how the

rebels proclaimed one Ælianus emperor. History does not record that Ælianus was a Jew; yet, it is worthy of remark, as an instance of the accurate learning of our authoress, that Ælianus is precisely the name which a Jew might have been likely to assume, if naturalized in a Roman province; since the city of Jerusalem had been known as Ælia throughout the Roman empire, from the time of the Emperor Hadrian. Accordingly, in identifying the Ælianus of history with the Salathiel of her poem, our authoress does no outrage to probability. On the suppression of the rebellion, Ælianus with his wife and two infant daughters are exposed to lions in the amphitheatre. The wife is torn to pieces; Ælianus is left for dead among heaps of his compatriots, who had been compelled to fight with the wild beasts for the amusement of the Roman populace. His little black haired infant is spared by the sated lions; and the elder, a fair haired child, attracts the notice of Maxentius, the son of Maximian, and is saved by his interposition. The fair haired child grows up to womanhood and becomes the mistress of her preserver. The other infant is saved, with Ælianus, by the sympathy of some Roman Christians. For the sake of his child's safety, as well as his own, the captive resumes his old name. The infant, as she approaches maturity, takes those vows of celibacy which had become common among Christians in the third century. The Christians who have rescued Salathiel from among the dead, represent him to the city authorities as a poor Gaulish captive, who had been overlooked on the day of carnage when the rebels had been exposed in the amphitheatre. On the day of the great triumph, however, he, with many others, is dragged forth to swell the train of the conqueror, and it is here that the poem opens.

The plot is skilfully contrived, so that the events which we have indicated, evolve themselves in the course of the narrative. The subsequent events we leave our readers to gather from the poem, and they will follow the intricacies of the plot, we trust, with none the less pleasure for thus holding the clue with which we have furnished them. The events extend over the whole period that elapsed between the resignation of Diocletian and the victory of Constantine over Maxentius. The ambitious, sensual, cruel character of Maxentius, *the parricide*, is delineated with great power. He is, in fact, the most prominent figure in the picture. The faithfulness of Theodora, in spite of his neglect, his coldness, his ultimate hatred towards her, is worked out most touchingly. And when Maxentius has perished in the Tiber, after his

defeat by Constantine, and when his body has been found, and the conqueror, anxious to satisfy himself that his rival is no more,

> "Has reached the silent chamber of the dead,
> No parasite watch'd there,—the slaves had fled;
> But one fair woman, care-worn, feeble, wan,
> Who would not yet believe that life was gone;
> On her soft breast the stiffening corse she warms,
> To raise that head, she strains her eager arms,
> 'He yet may live!' she cries,—but no, 'tis vain;
> Low on the gory couch he sinks again."

Nothing can be more beautiful than this all-enduring love, and no fitter topic for poetry can be found than the force of female affection, surviving ill-treatment, indifference, scorn,—bearing with the infidelities of the beloved one, and reproving him with a look of tender anguish, but never uttering a word of reproach. It is a very favourite topic with female writers, and it takes amazingly with the other sex; for who would not wish his own wife to be such an one? The only question which naturally occurs to such as know something of life is, do such women really exist? It is observable that it is generally the unmarried ladies, who make such "Griseldas" of their heroines. Miss Edgworth, for instance, gives us a touching picture of a suffering, but uncomplaining, wife in her story of "Procrastination." Perhaps she deemed such the beau ideal of a wife. Probably she thought that she herself would have been such, had she been married. Æmilia, too, from many passages in Salathiel and from some in the minor poems, seems to hold, in all good faith, the opinion that a truly loving woman never complains, never frowns, never rebels; but when she has once yielded her heart, gives up also the liberty of speech, and the privilege of pouting. We fear that Æmilia's husband, in future, may discover the difference between the imaginary and the real. We can well imagine the indignant flash of her dark eyes at seeing the faithless wretch flirting with some silly, flaxen haired, empty-headed Miss; or the torrent of sarcastic eloquence which would assail him, should he come home, some night, "*vino gravatus*," and insist on going to bed in his boots. We have often wondered, whether there might not be something of unconscious art in this tone, so commonly adopted by female writers. Many a woman, who by no means intends insincerity, manages, nevertheless, to present only the amiable side of her character to her lover; and it is not until after she has become his wife, that her faults begin

to show themselves. So without intending deception, or misrepresentation, lady-poets and novelists may perhaps feel a sort of instinctive impulse prompting them to set forth, as pertaining to their sex in general, all those qualities which men would most desire in a wife. Young Spooney, who has just reached the susceptible age of twenty-two, sheds tears over the description of Lucy's patient endurance in Miss Edgworth's tale, or Theodora's persevering love in Æmilia Julia's poem; and full of the sweet idea of attaching to himself such an angel of devotion, lays his lanky person and slender purse at the feet of the first tolerably good looking damsel with whom he happens to be blessed with half an hour's *tête-à-tête*. He never doubts but that her love will endure alike in weal or woe, unabated though poverty and disgrace should be his lot; that she would accompany him to a cheap lodging without a murmur, or minister to him in Botany Bay without a reproach. How far Spooney realises his ideal of a wife, we leave to the initiated to decide; but though he may ruefully confess his error, the fair authoresses of his delusion, who pourtray their sex in such alluring colours, have, not the less, gained another triumph, and chained another captive to their car. To do Æmilia justice in this matter, we acknowledge that she has not made her heroine altogether perfect. Theodora poisons her rival, it is true; but then she sticks to her lover, long after she has found him to be a despicable, cowardly, sensual tyrant.

One curious little revelation of the female heart we find in the last of the minor poems in this volume:—

> "I never thought I could survive despair,
> *But none can guess, how much the heart can bear.*"

Thus confirming on the very best authority, the aphorism of Sam Slick, that "a woman's heart is made of India rubber," and will bear any amount of stretching before it breaks.

We have stated that the French poems of Æmilia Julia were published under the auspices of Lamartine. They even comprise a few lines by him, which he permitted our youthful poetess to publish in her little volume as a sort of encouragement to her, when venturing for the first time on the doubts and dangers of authorship. Lamartine's lines are addressed to his friend the Comte d'Orsay, who, it appears, had made a bronze statuette of the poet; and by the description, implied rather than directly contained in these verses, it would seem that the figure represents him in an oratorical attitude. He supposes future generations wondering at the

life-like vigour of the image, and inquiring among themselves whose could be that thoughtful brow, and those wrinkled temples—

"Comme un lit dévasté du torrent des idées."

Could it be a soldier; a poet; a pontiff interceding for his country; an orator addressing seditious multitudes, and presenting his breast to their wrath,

"Car dans ce pied qui lutte, et dans ce front qui vibre
Dans ces levres de feu qu'entr' ouvre un souffle libre,
Dans ce cœur qui bondit, dans ce geste serein,
Dans cette arche du flanc qui l'extase soulève,
Dans ce bras qui commande, et dans cet œil qui rêve,
Phidias a pétri sept âmes dans l'airain."

And then the poet bursts out into a strain of sorrow, mingled with no little bitterness against that ungrateful people in whose service he has worn out life, fortune, and energies, and by whom he has been cast aside like a broken idol;—

"Sept âmes Phidias! (*he exclaims*) et je n'en ai plus une!
De tout ce qui vecut je subis la fortune;"

So he bids his friend break the image. He desires nothing from the present, nothing from posterity,

"Au pillori du temps n'expose pas mon ombre!
Je suis las du soliel, laisse mon urne à l'ombre,
Le bonheur de la mort, c'est d'être enseveli."

and he finishes with the following stanza:—

"Que la feuille d'hiver, au vents des nuits semée,
Que du coteau natal l'argile encore aimée
Couvre vite mon front moulé sous son linceul!
Je ne veux de vos bruits qu'un souffle dans la brise,
Un nom inachevé dans un cœur qui se brise
J'ai vecu pour la foule, et je veux dormir seul."

Poor Lamartine! He has less need than most public men to dread an appeal to posterity. Future generations will not fail to do justice to the brave man, who, though certainly not born to "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm," yet stood alone, undaunted, against an infuriated mob, and that a French mob, when the fate of society, property, order, law, were all trembling in the balance, and in a few more minutes the hoisting of the red flag would have been the signal for the organization of rapine and bloodshed. But it is neither his life nor his writings which claim our present attention; and we should not have quoted even a line from his stanzas,

but that our Emilie has made them the subject of a touching appeal to the poet himself.

" Oh ! ne me dis jamais que dans la froide argile
Tu chercheras bientôt une couche tranquille ;
Que d'un linceul d'oublis tu couvriras ton front ;
Et que, pour dérober ta memoire à l'outrage,
Tu veux anéantir jusque à ton image,
De peur que la virtu ne subisse un affront.

" Ton nom au faction maintenant est en butte ;
Mais le Dieu qui soutient ton cœur pendant la lutte,
Conservera ton nom par devant l'avenir :
Les fils des temps futurs couronneront ton buste
Et l'on dira de toi dans un siècle plus juste,
'Il aima la patrie, aimons son souvenir.' "

Now we must say, that these sweet and touching lines strike us as superior, at any rate in polish and melody, to those of Lamartine, of which they are in some sort the echo ; at any rate they are quite worthy of the high companionship in which we find them. Our youthful authoress delights in descriptions drawn from the life of ancient Rome. In her " Salathiel" there are numerous descriptive passages, in the most gorgeous style of word-painting. In the " Chants d'une Etrangère" we meet with a short poem in which the trial and condemnation of a guilty vestal is described. The fall of a vestal was held as a public calamity by the Romans, and the cruel punishment which followed it was deemed scarcely adequate to the offence. The poem is but a short one ; it merely describes the terror of the people ; the pathetic pleading of the lost vestal, and her removal for execution. It thus opens :—

" Quel dieu menace Rome ? en proie à la terreur,
Livrée a ses remords, comme sont les parricides,
La cité des Cesars deplore un grand malhéur ;
Son forum est sans voix, et ses chemins sont vides,
Les armes des guerriers, que frappe ce grand deuil,
Ne retentissent plus dans sa place déserte ;
D'un voile solennel son enceinte est couverte,
Et son calme est pareil au calme du cercuil.
Rome crains tu tes fils, ou tes dieux en colère ?
Que pourrait contre toi tout l'univers soumis ?
L'Italie en repose goûte un destiné prospère,
L'état victorieux ne craint plus d'ennemis.
Des superbes Gaulois les essaims innombrables
Menacent-ils ces toits rachetés a prix d'or ?

Les cruels Phéneciens, ces brigands redoutables
Ivres de sang Romain, renaissent-ils encore?
Est-ce donc qu'Annibale abandonne la tombe?
Et faut-il sous ses coups que Rome enfin succombe?
L'Empire tremble-t-il aux cries des factions?
Son sein est-il troublé par les seditions?
Non, le mal est plus grand! Une vierge parjure
S'est donnée a l'amour qui charme pour fletrir;
Rome courbe la tête et pleure cette injure,
Vestale, il faut mourir!"

This is a noble passage, and marks out the authoress as a true poet. It is worthy to be placed side by side with the opening of Schiller's "Kampf mit den Drachen," "Was nennt das volk," &c. The versification halts a little at times, to be sure, but that is very excusable in one so young, writing in a foreign tongue, and that one the most untractable in Europe for poetical composition. The next of the minor poems, from which we shall present our readers with a few lines, is called ΑΛΗΘΕΙΑ. Αληθεια is a Byzantine maiden, abandoned by her lover; and here we may observe, that both in the English and French poems, Emilie demonstrates that the delineation of the sorrows of love-lorn damsels is with her a somewhat favourite topic. We suppose she draws entirely from imagination. Αληθεια, *non* Emilie, *loquitur*—

"Mon heure va sonner; ma débile paupière
Sa soulève en mourant vers la douce lumière;
Les rayons sur mon cœur vont perdre leur pouvoir,
J'expire! De la mort la sourde voix m'appelle:
'Viens dormir avec moi sous les ombres,' dit-elle,
Et je sens la fraicheur du soir.

"L'homme au pas chancelant, au front chargée d'années,
Peut voir sans murmurer finir ses destinées,
Mais je meurs à seize ans, contente de mourir!
De même que la fleur sur la tige séchée
Meurt du mal qui rongeait sa racine cachée,
Et rien ne me peut secourir."

Thus this poem opens; we quote one more passage—

"Les temps fuit, et la paix est rendu à Byzance,
J'accours sur la rivage où, pleine d'éspérance,
J'interroge des yeux chaque lointain esquif;
Jusque à la nuit touchant je demeure immobile,
Je n'entends qui la brise, et de l'onde tranquille
La murmure vague et plaintif."

It is a curious psychological problem, that the same idea often presents itself to minds of the most opposite character.

Nothing can be less homogeneous than the cast of mind of Emilie, and of our comic friend, Bon Gualtier; assuming that gentleman to be a single individual, and not, like Cerberus,

" Three single gentlemen rolled into one,"

Yet we find in the latter, also, the following passage,

" And no answer came to greet me
No sweet voice to mine replied;
But I heard the waters rippling,
And the moaning of the tide."

From a poem in the heroic or hexameter verse, called " La Mort d'Ossian," we subjoin one passage—

" Oh! s'il est un esprit au palais des nuages,
Au-dessus de nos cieux, au-dessus des orages,
Un esprit dont la voix commande aux éléméns,
Et qui roule à son gré, le tonnere et les vents;
Comme il doit mepriser, dans son palais tranquille,
De ces foibles humains l'existence fragile!
Lorsque d'un long frimas les vallons sont couverts
La jeune fleur se fane au souffle des hivers;
Mais au printemps naissant elle revit encore;
Même au sein de la niege une fleur peut éclore,
L'homme seul est moissonné par la faux du trépas,
La nature renait, et lui ne renait pas."

This passage suffices to show how admirably our youthful poetess has caught the majestic flow of this most difficult metre; but we shall have other opportunities of noticing the same as we proceed, since the two longest poems in the volume before us are both in the same verse. But we must first notice one other of the Minor Poems. It is called " La Novice," and for sustained dignity of idea and expression, is perhaps the most perfect of any in the book. It thus opens:—

" Ils m'ont dis que j'etais trahie,
Et qu'enfin tu ne m'aimais plus,
Toi que, sur mon cœur et ma vie,
Avait seul les droits absolus!
Depuis cet heure trop funeste,
J'ai fui le jour que je déteste,
Au fond d'un cloitre ténébreux
Helas! une image fatale,
Me montre l'heureuse rivale
Qui te donnait des nœuds affreux!"

This tells the tale. The poem is a love-elegy addressed by a maiden, who has taken the vows of a novice, to the

memory of a youth whom she loves, but by whom she believes herself to have been deceived. His supposed fickleness led her to take the rash step which she now bitterly deplores; for she learns that he has died broken-hearted in consequence of it.

" Helas! j'apprend qu'ils m'ont trompée!
Qui, fidèle à mon souvenir,
Ton âme de la mort frappée,
Fut mienne à ton dernier soupir!
Ils ont abusé ma faiblesse;
Encloitrant ici ma jeunesse,
Mais, dans cette tombe captive,
Je ne trouve que douleur vive,
Que portes ne s'ouvrant jamais!"

She feels herself dying, and entreats that one consolation may be given her on her death-bed—the hope of reunion with the beloved one hereafter.

" Seigneur, que ton courroux s'appaise,
Envers l'être que tu choisis;
On me dit que ta main ne pèse
Que sur la tête de tes fils:
Mais, à la faible créature,
Epargne une épreuve trop dure,
Je meurs, livrée a tant de maux!
Seigneur, que ta bonté me plaigne;
Donne un jour à mon cœur qui saigne,
Avant le sommeil des tombeaux.
Puissant Créateur, notre père,
Sur tes enfants jette les yeux;
Tu les séparas sur la terre,
Qu'ils soient réunis dans les cieux!"

From the longer pieces we shall extract less copiously. Of the two principal poems in the volume, the subject of the first is taken from the history of Israel; that of the latter, from the history of the French Revolution. The former is called "Saul;" it is in three cantos. The first canto is entitled "l'Elu;" the second, "le Roi;" the third, "le Rebelle." These names of the cantos afford a key to the plan of the poem. It is in the heroic, or so-called, hexameter verse; and if we abstain from quoting from it, it is rather from an "embarras de richesse," than from a difficulty of finding passages worthy of being extracted. Emilie is clearly a Hebrew scholar, and has studied sacred history in the original. Without this it is hardly possible to gain that close acquaintance with the stern uncompromising spirit of the Hebrew people, which

she obviously possesses. One may be a tolerable theologian without Hebrew; but he will never catch the ηθος of the race of Israel, that intimate knowledge of the spirit of the nation, which is so essential to successful poetical delineation, save from the perusal of their history in the "*lashôn hakkódesh*," that "holy tongue," in which it was written.

The other of these longer poems is on a subject of greater popular interest, at all events for the purposes of poetry. It is entitled "Charlotte Corday." Æmilia has admirably chosen as the motto the words of Orestes:—

Ὦ τας φρένας μὲν ἄρσενας κεκτημένη,
Τὸ σῶμα δ' ἐν γυναιξὶ θηλείαις πρέπον,
Ὡς αξία ζῆν μαλλον ἢ θανεῖν ἔφυς.
Eurip. Ores. l. 1204.

The poem thus opens—

"Toi qui vis un demon expirer sous ta main,
Toi qui mourus victime et qui mourus en vain :
Vierge! entends-tu ma lyre, éprise de ta gloire,
Dans ses jeunes accords, consacrer ta mémoire?
Longtemps dans mon chagrin j'ai gemé comme toi,
Charlotte! sœur chérie, as-tu pitié de moi?
Quand le peuple de France, abreuvé de carnage,
De son sang le plus pur assouvissait sa rage;
Quand un mot, un soupir, était l'arrêt du sort,
Quand les cœurs ne trouvaient la paix que dans la mort,
Quand, tout du sang royal, un échafaud funeste,
De ce sang chaque jour redemandait le reste . . .
Une femme, un enfant, voulut, en expirant,
Par un effort sublime, arrêter le torrent;
Vain espoir! * * * *

To render intelligible the couplet beginning "Longtemps," &c., it must be observed, that this poem was written in Paris just about the period of the *coup-d'état*. Our very youthful authoress, as a friend and admirer of Lamartine, felt bound to regard the chief actor in that scene as little better than a second Marat, and we can easily conceive her sisterly sympathy with Charlotte Corday. Happily for France—we will venture to add, for Europe—the Emperor wears a charmed life; but who can say what might have happened had a female hand attempted what Pianori has just failed to accomplish? The poetess ably depicts the workings of Charlotte's mind, as she passes in review the misfortunes of her country. She who had been a Republican before the Revolution, naturally felt all her sympathies enlisted in behalf of the "Girondins," who, speculative and unpractical as they were, were, at all

events, the only true Republicans in France. Besides which, they were young, eloquent, and some of them handsome. It is not to be wondered at, that when flying from the denunciation of the Jacobin faction, they hastened down to scatter their burning words among the spirited Normans, and to arouse in the provinces a resistance to the tyranny of Paris, they should have found an admiring disciple in the retired, studious, and gifted daughter of a poor country gentleman.

" Faut-il que leur sang coule ? (*she exclaims*)
O Dieu ! pour les sauver,
Quel danger, quelle mort ne pourrai-je braver !
Sur nos têtes la hache est toujours suspendue
Il faut qu'un homme expire . . . ou la France est perdue !
Jeunes heros ! hier je vous ai vu partir.
A la voix du pays, vous courez maintenir
Les lois, qu'en sa fureur veut saper l'anarchie ;
Non, vous ne mourez point ; il suffit de ma vie !
Et toi qui m'aimes, toi, qui je ne puis aimer,
Vis ! sois heureux sans moi ! Si j'ai pu le charmer,
Moi qui donnait mon cœur, et ma vie à la France !"

These lines are apparently addressed to Barbaroux, the admired of Madame Roland, the admired of Charlotte Corday—and the admired of the ladies in general. Of him more anon. Meanwhile, we go on with the subject of the poem. It is no easy matter to resign life while youth is yet in its first bloom, and health in its pristine vigour. The heroine of the tale gives expression to some natural regrets at leaving the world in the morning of life.

" Je ne t'accuse pas, ciel ! qui m'a condamné
A quitter au matin la terre où je suis né ;
Mais la nature, crie a l'aspect du tombeau . . . .
' N'est-il point de bonheur dans un monde si beau ?'
Ah ! faut-il m'arracher à ces douces prairies
Où je livrais souvent mon âme aux réveries,
A ces songes brillants qui soulevaient mon sein,
De gloire trop épris, d'illusions trop plein ?
Et ne verrai je plus cet ocean sublime,
La vague avec orgueil dressant sa blanche cime ?
* * * * * *

Charlotte had early lost a mother's care ; but her affection for her father was strong, and the thought of his sorrow at her loss was, perhaps, the hardest trial that she had to endure in making up her mind to her desperate undertaking. Our authoress is always happy in her delineations of filial emotions. It is well known that Charlotte pretended that she was setting out for England, to accept the protection of

some emigrant friends who had invited her thither. She obtained her father's permission, entreated his blessing, and hastened away, never more to return to him. The bitterness of death was well nigh past when this interview was over; for her heart was full of calm resolution, mingled with something approaching to joy, at the thought of dying in the cause for which Cato, Brutus, Aristogeiton, perished. But, to a sensitive and modest mind there was a thought which would intrude, and which would dwell there, an anxious apprehension to the last;

" Seule, je vais braver et le monde et l'outrage,
Nuls tourmens ne sauraient étonner mon courage;
Mais je tremble sur moi d'attirer la fureur
De ceux dont le regard insulte la pudeur.
J'attendrais sans pâlir la mort, de leur vengeance;
Mais laisser dans leur mains mon honneur sans defense!
Il faut tout affronter. Le sort en est jetté
Et je ma fie au ciel. Je soumets ma fierté
A la dernière epreuve offerte à mon constance;
Dieu ne saura-t-il defendre l'innocence?
C'en est fait: par nul frein mon bras n'est arrêté;
Je pars, je cour, je vole à l'immortalité!"

After this the poem is narrative. It was the fortune of Charlotte to be beloved by two men, neither of whom had ever spoken a word to her. The one is mentioned by Lamartine alone, as far as we can recollect—a youth who used to play the piano in the opposite house to hers, in order to draw her to the window, and gain a sight of her whom he worshipped at a distance. The other is mentioned by most of the historians of the period—the Norwegian, Adam Lux, who fell in love with her as she was on her way to the scaffold, and proclaimed so loudly his admiration of her, and his wish to perish with her, that the Committee of Public Safety resolved to gratify him. Both these circumstances, so full of romance, are well wrought out by our authoress. The following are the words of Lux:—

" Je l'aime! de ma mort que sa mort soit suivie!
(Puis tourné vers le peuple) ' Adorez ses vertus!
' Sur son marble inscrivez, Plus grand que Brutus!
' Abattez sous vos pieds ma tête criminelle,
' Et, pour comble d'honneur, outragez moi comme elle!'"

And then follows the conclusion—

" Tous deux dorment en paix. Ils ont subi leur sort,
Et Dieu seul peut juger et leur vie, et leur mort:

Nulle railleuse voix ne trouble leur oreille,
Que ton âme etait grande, ô fille de Corneille!
Corneille, ce Français au cœur vraiment Romain,
T'avait transmis le sang qui bouillait dans son sein.
Lui qui peignit Camille et sa mortelle peine,
La superbe Emilie et la tendre Chimène,
Lui chantre des héros, au fond de son cercueil
T'inspira ton courage et tressaillit d'orgueil!"

Thus ends the poem with a line worthy of Boileau, and with this the volume also ends. The brilliant grand-daughter of Corneille, self-devoted on the altar of humanity, could scarcely fail to be an object of admiration and sympathy to the ardent mind of "Emilie" the poetess and hero worshipper; and yet it is only by a great stretch of charity, and by an enormous extent of allowance for the manners and ideas of this time, that we can admit Charlotte Corday into our list of heroines. She seems to us very much such another as that most odious of female pedants—Madame Roland. Both of these ladies were political fanatics; both vain, egotistical creatures; both converts from Christianity to Philosophism, and neither of them very pure-minded. Madame Roland's memoirs are infamous from their filthy details; and Charlotte's letter to Barbaroux, to say the least, is a very singular performance to have been addressed from an unmarried woman to a man *aux bonnes fortunes*—a man notorious for his unscrupulous gallantries.

We must now take a reluctant leave of Æmilia Julia, and we think that our readers can hardly fail to agree with us in our deliberate opinion that this young lady is a true poet, and one indeed *comme il-y-en a peu.* Indeed since the lamented decease of Mrs. Hemans no poetess of the same calibre has appeared in this or any other country of Europe. Her French poetry is something quite wonderful; we have seen nothing like it since the "Poesie Liriche Toscane" of Mathias. To write poetry in a foreign tongue, one needs not merely to be able freely to translate from our native language into that tongue, but to think in it; and the thoughts must flow spontaneously and naturally in that channel, as those of Emilie evidently do, as every reader of our rather copious extracts from her admirable "Chants" must perceive. Of her English poetry we have afforded our readers ample means of judging; and we say to this talented and accomplished lady, persevere in your ennobling pursuit of poetic fame,

* * * * "ne forte pudori
Sit tibi Musa lyræ sollers, et cantor Apollo."

ART. VII.—1. *Perversion and Conversion: or, Cause and Effect.* By the Rev. Robert Maguire, B.A., Clerical Secretary of the Islington Protestant Institute. London: Shaw.

2. *Preface to the 'Essay on Development.'* By John Henry Newman. Second Edition. London: Toovey.

3. *Personal Reminiscences of the "Oxford Movement."* A Lecture. By the Rev. Frederick Oakeley. London: Burns and Lambert.

THE "Oxford Movement," as it has been popularly designated, has for some years past, occupied much of public attention. It has been felt that an under current has been making its way beneath the very bed of the Isis, and has already broken forth here and there, giving manifest indications of its existence, disclosing its secret channels, and anon, by a kind of sympathetic influence, commingling its waters with the Tiber; into which, notwithstanding distance and intervening seas, it flows by an easy confluence, without collision and without spray, and thence holds on its joint current, bearing onward to a boundless ocean of futurity many a hapless bark destined to no certain end, save one of ruin and of wreck, even the "shipwreck of *faith*."

We speak of the under current of Popish tendencies and semi-Popish tenets which have more or less characterized certain features of Oxford life and education during a quarter of a century past; tenets and tendencies which have had but one master object, one aim, one ultimate design, namely, the infusion of a decided Papal element into the very nursery of our Church, and the planting of Romish sympathies in one of the most productive seed plots of our National Ecclesiastical Institution. Of these tendencies our venerable Primate, when Bishop of Chester, gave a timely warning:—"It is daily assuming," said his lordship, "a more serious and alarming aspect, and threatens a revival of the worst evils of the Romish system. Under the specious pretence of deference to antiquity, and respect for the primitive models, the foundations of our Church are undermined by men who dwell within her walls; and those who sit in the Reformers' seat are traducing the Reformation."

The forewarning was not premature—the augury was strictly true. Results have proved how set was the final end, and how determinate was the wily counsel of those who fostered and encouraged the movement; and who, under the

academic garb and invested with university authority, led on to the brink of the precipice many for whose souls they must absolutely render an account at the bar of God, the Judge of all. Secrets there were in that design; cunning devices in the working out of the same; facts and principles were strangely distorted and twisted Romeward, and the most carefully guarded portions of our Protestant formularies were, by a most dishonourable process, perverted to a Romish use and tortured into a Romish sense.

Who then were the guiding stars of this erratic course? Whose were the minds that directed the "movement?" Who pulled the strings of this strangely diversified and intricate machinery? And who were the agents in conducting the deep laid scheme to its ultimate issue?

At first we laboured under manifest disadvantages. Suspicions, vague and unsatisfactory, alighted on certain heads; but, then, mere suspicions are not palatable to any and are very irksome to all. There are but few among us who would desire to cultivate a suspicious temper or a suspecting mind. Hence matters proceeded to their final and fatal consummation—no justice being rendered on the promoters and chief leaders of the plot. By and bye, however, one and another of these crossed the "Rubicon." Some of these were led to take this step of separation by reason of pressure from within—some to save appearances—some because their work was done, and they and their principles had become so transparent that none would henceforth trust them at *this* side of the stream. But all these when embosomed in Rome, were to us a happy riddance. They proved by a large induction, the real tendencies of the movement;—perversions acted as a warning and a timely notice to many who were already *en route*, and recalled them from their wanderings. While the *prestige* and influence of the respective positions of the perverts instantly and suddenly ceased.

Nor was this all. Still greater advantages accrued from the secessions; for from the other side and from the ground of their destination men, long time dishonest, have looked back and wondered at the still continued dishonesty of their former comrades; and those who themselves have been highly reprehensible, have ventured to chide the continued inconsistency of the men who first prompted *them* to the adoption of principles which naturally and inevitably led them to plunge into the deep dark gulf beneath. And in most cases, there have been "Confessions" made, and "Personal Reminiscences" vouchsafed, which open up many curious revelations and disclose many secret springs—all more or less descrip-

tive of the *modus operandi*—all highly instructive and very deeply suggestive. From these and such as these we have learned more since their perversion than we could have possibly gathered from the secret plans and undercurrent of their antecedent conduct. In fact, when they had accomplished their design, as far as they could accomplish it, and had escaped from the jurisdiction of law and justice, they then reveal their dishonest deeds, and disclose their secret mines and hidden works of darkness. Too late for the victims of the past; but just in time to save many from a similar course of action, and from a like destruction.

For example, Dr. Newman has made some startling disclosures relative to his own conduct in this respect, while holding and exercising his office in the University. Dr. Newman is inseparably associated with the series of publications called "*The Tracts for the Times*," which periodically issued from the press, and continued for some considerable time, and far longer than they ought, to imbue the minds of the students of our Universities and the public generally with Popish sentiments and sympathies. These works were written, to a great degree, in a novel and attractive style, with a faint semblance of Protestantism, but with a thoroughly Popish tendency. Their great object was to modify and palliate the worst errors of Rome, by glossing over their worst features and concealing their deleterious character; in fact fact an effort was made, by the infusion of such infinitesimal doses of diluted Popery, to administer the deadly draught to its very dregs—to poison the very heart of our Protestantism, the very seats of learning;—and in an evil hour, and by the strategy of one or more within the camp, to open the gates of our city and remove our bulwarks, and thus admit the stalking horse of seeming Protestantism, but in reality a ponderous engine pregnant and teeming with Popish agencies, within the sacred walls of our Sion. These measures were all the more successful, when practised on a people which had well nigh forgotten what Popery really is, both in spirit and in practice. England had dwelt securely, too much so. Our people were "at ease in Sion." They anticipated no aggression, no invasion of their dearest birthright; still less did they expect or prepare for a side attack, conducted as it was, and faithlessly perpetrated within our own camp, by those who wore our livery, were in our pay, and *professed* our doctrines.

Of some of the most insidious and therefore dangerous of these "Tracts for the Times," Dr. Newman has avowed him-

self the author. In these there occurred incidentally certain strong epithets *against* the Church of Rome; but in this consisted the chief danger. For, while intended to accomplish, and in reality accomplishing, the work of Rome, these pamphlets were so cautiously and disingenuously interspersed with anti-Popish expressions, as to disarm suspicion, and render the poison all the more palatable by reason of a slender Protestant element slightly introduced. This was the then latent and now obvious design; and this design, to a great extent, has been achieved.

In this Dr. Newman shall be his own witness; he will speak for himself and tell his own tale. In his Preface to his *Essay on Developement*, written in 1845, he unveils the "Tractarian" mystery, and at the same time reveals the dishonesty which secretly lurked behind this fair seeming movement. In that Preface Dr. Newman thus wrote:—"In 1834 I also used of certain doctrines of the Church of Rome the epithets, 'unscriptural,' 'profane,' 'impious,' 'bold,' 'unwarranted,' 'blasphemous,' 'gross,' 'monstrous,' 'cruel,' 'administering deceitful comfort,' and 'unauthorised,' in Tract 38."

All these epithets Dr. Newman *retracts;* and proceeds further to say:—"Perhaps I have made other statements in a similar tone, and that, again, when the statements themselves were unexceptionable and true."

Now, when we come to inquire into Dr. Newman's motives for thus expressing himself with reference to the Church of Rome—when we examine why and wherefore he did thus write *against* that very system which at that very time he cherished, we discover the answer in the following paragraph, quoted in continuation of the above:—

"If you ask me," writes Dr. Newman, "how an individual could venture, not simply to hold, but to publish, such views of a communion so ancient, so wide spreading, so fruitful in saints; I answer, that *I said to myself* 'I am not speaking *my own* words, I am but following almost a *consensus* of the divines of my Church. *They* have even used the strongest language against Rome, even the most able and learned of them. I wish to throw myself into *their* system. While I say what *they* say, *I am safe.* Such views, too, are *necessary for our position.*' Yet I have reason to fear still, that such language is to be ascribed, in no small measure, to an impetuous temper, a hope of *approving myself* to persons I respect, and a wish *to repel the charge of Romanism!*"

Ah! Dr. Newman! *Habemus confitentem reum.* The culprit stands self-accused. You now avow that for so many

years you thus trifled with your own conscience; and in order to impose upon the too confiding youth that were entrusted to your care, and to gain the too credulous and unsuspecting public that lent an ear to your wiles, you seasoned the dishonest writings of modern Tractarians with a sprinkling of the salt of the Church—the honest, heartfelt, and outspoken declarations of our ancient divines! "You said *to yourself!*" But why did you not say to others what you whispered to yourself in the privacy of your own bosom? What could the public know of your silent musings for so many years? You expected they would give the credit of your Protestantism, such as it was, to Tillotson and Tenison, Whitby and Stillingfleet, in hope that they would, *pari passu*, imbibe all the Popery of the Tracts, as though from the same sound Protestant authorities. You thought to adapt your teaching to the taste of the unsuspecting, by gilding its nauseous and offensive qualities. The gilding was borrowed, the drug was your own. And while you thus wore the mask and appeared in public in a garb, (not your own, but) assumed for a purpose, you say, "you were safe!" Yes! for while you would be read and followed as Dr. Newman, you would, occasionally, and at proper intervals, be mistaken for a Jewell or a Chillingworth. And this disingenuous conduct you allege as even "necessary to your position;" and all with the main object of having yourself "approved" by friends, and in order "to repel the charge of Romanism!"

This is a species of honesty which even the morality of this wicked world would abhor. Mammon itself would scorn to countenance such a mode of conducting business. Such principles would in a trice be scouted from the Exchange and the banking house by the mercantile world and by business men. But in Rome it is all consistent, quite correct, indigenous. Hence in the "bosom" of the Church of Rome this man finds a welcome; he enters, and there he finds himself quite "at home." "The end sanctifies the means;" and if the end be vile, what matter what kind of road conducts thereto.

This *résumé* of Dr. Newman's career, though perhaps by this time an old story and oft told, we introduce as a fitting prelude to more recent revelations, and as an illustration of a movement the sum total of whose secrets we have never, and very probably shall never, be fully informed of. "Confessions" are still from time to time delivered, containing fresh evidence of the duration, the depth. and the inveteracy of the "Oxford Movement" towards Rome.

The Rev. F. Oakeley has just issued to the public some "Personal Reminiscences"* of his Oxford life and some disclosures as to the Tractarian doings in that University. He, in fact, turns king's evidence, and as such exhibits himself, if possible, in a more dishonourable light than even his most devoted fellow-labourers; and invests himself with a most unenviable notoriety in connexion with the unworthy history of this movement. And, curious enough, he disclaims by anticipation the charge of "*egotism!*" If this be "egotism," we may hope that ere long that gentle weakness shall be quite eradicated from the human breast. But such an introductory disclaimer is not altogether without a parallel.

"Confessions" and "autobiographies" are just now very popular. The autobiography of a celebrated American has gained a thousandfold circulation, simply by reason of the enormity of the antecedents and the cool self-possession—the *nonchalance* of the narrator. Some men glory in their shame, and quail not before the public indignation that must naturally arise in hearing of past deeds of cunning and mischief. Such confessions may tend to amuse by the mere enterprise and adventure which characterise them: how cunning outwitted honesty, and deep laid schemes suddenly surprised the unsuspecting. There is also much romance of real life to be anticipated from one who has been "behind the scenes." He can tell how phantoms have been put forward and have impressed the byestanders with the idea of actual reality—how disguises have been admirably adapted, and have positively beguiled one's better judgment—how the eye has been deceived by art, the ear by sound, all the senses by artifice and fraud. And, worse than all, one must be prepared to hear from the chief actor in the scene the chuckle of conscious triumph, which ere long greets the ear of the dupe, who has been victimised by the imposition.

The "Confessions" of Mr. Oakeley partake somewhat of these features. Having for about twenty years transacted his part in the "Oxford Movement," he now steps forward as the "retired manager" to reveal what he has been doing all the time, and *how* he succeeded in his attempt. He gathers together those who confess to him, and in turn makes *his* confession to them. Rather the public is his priest, to the public he confesses, though not in the spirit of penitence, but with the bravado of one rejoicing in his offence. Will

* "Personal Reminiscences of the 'Oxford Movement;' &c., addressed to the Islington (Rom.) Catholic Popular Club."

the public absolve him? And after all, Mr. Oakeley might well adopt the prefatory observation of the American autobiography—"though a portion of my 'confessions' may by some be considered *injudicious*, I prefer frankly to 'acknowledge the corn,' wherever I have had a hand in plucking it."

Too long and too confidingly, indeed, did the Church of England entrust a portion of her precious "cornfield" to the hands of one who faithlessly discharged the sacred duty and betrayed the sacred trust confided to his care. But *we* shall not bear witness: he shall bear witness to himself. Mr. Oakeley proceeds to trace his "earliest personal reminiscences," which, be it remembered, are coeval with the first beginning of the Movement:—

"My earliest 'personal reminiscences' of an inroad upon the old fashioned religionism of Oxford, date from the Regius Professorship of Dr. Charles Lloyd, the tutor of the late Sir Robert Peel, who received from that minister, about the year 1827, the appointment to the Bishoprick of Oxford. Dr. Lloyd was a clergyman of great attainments and unusual ability. . . . . By early education and academical connexion, Dr. Lloyd was of course a staunch Protestant; but on succeeding to the responsible office of Divinity Professor, and finding himself possessed of the influence which his learning and ability, joined to a remarkable facility of gaining upon the affections of his pupils, gave him over the young men of his class, he contrived to extricate himself more or less from the trammels of his position, and to run out, in what Oxford men would call, a 'new line.' He accordingly selected as the subject of a course of divinity lectures, the History and Structure of the Anglican Prayer-book,—a subject which led him, and with him his pupils, to the examination of the Missal and Breviary, as the source from which the principal contents of the Prayer-book had been taken."

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" Who could ever have dreamt that such allusions to the constitution of the Prayer-book should have produced such a "Movement?" It is probable the Divinity Professor was just as right in his premises, as it is certain some of his pupils were wrong in their conclusions. That the Roman Missal and the English Prayer-book contain *some* prayers in common is quite true; and to our mind unobjectionable, provided those prayers be such as are addressed to God only through the intercession of the Son, as all those held in common *are* addressed. But that "the *principal contents* of the Prayer-book" have been taken from the Roman Missal and Breviary we wholly deny. Of the Breviary we retain little or nothing —if we except the Psalms of David, of which we hope our Romish friends do not claim to be the donors. From the

Missal we have preserved some ancient and orthodox prayers, in fact, all that was found in it in the shape of wheat, as contradistinguished to the chaff. Nor are even these the peculiar and inalienable property of Rome; she, too, has receved them from others, and from many sources accumulated her body of Prayer. The epistles and gospels we, of course, derive from the Bible, not from the Missal. And such passages as we have derived therefrom, our Church rendered into the English form, so that they are "understanded of the people;" unlike to the Church of Rome, which conveys them in the (to the public) unintelligible channel of the Latin tongue.

In this the Reformers exercised a wise discretion. Their duty was not to pull down this or that because it was *Christian*, but because it was *Popish*. Hence they conserved the parts unsullied by error, and cast the bad away. They found in the Missal and as the staple constitution of the Breviary, much that was false, legendary, superstitious, and directly unscriptural; these portions were of modern date, and had from time to time been introduced in order to countenance and encourage the growing superstitions and errors of the Roman Catholic Church; as, for example, the invocation of Saints, worship of the Host and of the Cross, and such like. All these were expunged; and the portions which agreed with Holy Writ (these were the most ancient too,) were duly set apart, "taken out," as an old writer says, "as gold from dross, as the precious from the vile."

So much for the Missal and the Breviary. But how could the Regius Professor's prelections have tended thus to originate such a Movement as that which Mr. Oakeley now reviews? It appears that this intelligence thus conveyed by Dr. Lloyd was quite a new idea to Oxford and Oxford men, and in a moment the whole class became prepossessed in favour of the Ritual books of Rome. A sudden demand was made on the stock of a Roman Catholic bookseller; and the Missals and Breviaries lying in store in the warehouses in New Bond Street were speedily under commission to Oxford; and like the dragon teeth which Cadmus sowed, were quickly to become the seed of a new generation—of Churchmen, who were with Missal and Breviary to proceed *en route* to Rome. Mr. Oakeley proceeds to observe:—"On a sudden, and without any explained cause, Mr. Booker's repository in New Bond Street, was taxed even to the full extent of its ample resources, to furnish liturgies and office-books, for the Oxford students."

But here there occurred an obstacle. "Mr. Booker," continues Mr. Oakeley, "was too good a (Roman) Catholic to treat such a demand as a mere matter of business, and, as he dared not hope for a miracle, shrewdly suspected a plot." So that, it appears, Mr. Booker was not quite sure how to act, and had his own misgivings, and needed some mutual acquaintance to instruct and reassure him.

This mutual acquaintance was at once forthcoming. That friend of Missals and Breviaries, *anterior to* 1827, was Mr. Oakeley himself! He thus narrates the circumstances:— "By a singular coincidence it happened that the only Protestant in Oxford whom Mr. Booker knew was myself, and that the only (Roman) Catholic in the world whom I knew was Mr. Booker; and I believe *I* was the means of allaying his apprehensions, *and securing a free importation of Missals and Breviaries into Oxford!!*"

This is much like the language of contrabandists and savours much of illicit and dishonourable traffic with Babylon. All this was prior to the year 1827, since which date a whole generation has grown to manhood, and even then, at so remote a period, was Mr. Oakeley found befriending Rome, and doing the part of the traitor before he finally issued forth as a deserter. Truly his experience has been of long standing, his hand early tried in Rome's service, and his final *exit* from among us too long delayed for one so very precocious in his Popish attainments as an undergraduate. Had he even then gone up "for honours" to *Rome*, we fancy he would have merited investment as a Knight of the Roman Missal and Breviary!

One cannot imagine why an occasional orthodox prayer from the Roman Missal should have created such a *furore* in Oxford and such a demand on poor Mr. Booker: as well should the Roman Catholic people make a sudden demand for the Koran of Mahomet, because it contains some allusion to their new dogma of the Immaculate Conception—as well might they buy up large stores of Buddist Rituals, and Hindoo idols, because the Roman Ritual strongly resembles the one, and the images of Rome are characteristically like to those of heathen countries! We may, perhaps, by parity of reason, shortly expect an unparalleled demand for Protestant Bibles, inasmuch as the Romish translations have gradually been approximating to our version as a standard of accurate rendering; or, very probably, a large demand for Greek Rituals from our friends in St. Petersburg, because we have presumed to select some ancient and orthodox prayers from the old Greek Liturgies also!

How it came to pass then that such fruits have resulted, ostensibly at least, from Dr. Lloyd's Divinity Lectures, will appear plainly and palpably from Mr. Oakeley's notice of certain names that gathered to these lectures—names, some of which we recognize as no unknown ones in this Movement. "To the lectures of Dr. Lloyd," writes Mr. Oakeley, "resorted John Henry Newman, and Edward Pusey, (though of older standing than the majority of the class); and among those somewhat junior, Mr. (late Archdeacon) Wilberforce, Mr. Froude, the late Bishop of Salisbury, and many others, including myself."

Whence came these older heads, as out of due time, mingling with junior classes? What evil was there premeditated; what "Movement" inaugurated? With such names as those of Newman, and Pusey, and (unhappily) Wilberforce, and others, we can expect—(we are not now reasoning *a priori*, results render that quite superfluous)—we can expect nothing good, nothing conducive to the good of the Church of England. Most of these have since transferred their allegiance from England to Rome—were then "*almost*," but now are "*altogether*" Romanists. And we must still deplore and protest against the continuance among us, in our colleges, our pulpits, and our schools, of many persons whose hearts are, we fear, wholly given to Rome, while they still retain the outward garb and guise of Protestantism. Some of these have grown old in the service, and their grey hairs must oft remind them how long they have lived but to promote a system, in all its parts antagonistic to that which they *profess* to follow. The pupils have passed over, while some of the masters still remain among us. In fact, the Romanizing party have led more to Romanism in this country than has Rome herself.

Bishop Lloyd's death caused a temporary cessation and disuse of Missals and Breviaries in Oxford. Mr Oakeley says that the bishop died a victim to the cause of "Catholic Emancipation." "He talked himself in the House of Lords into a fever, of which in three weeks he died." Not so sudden or inglorious a death, however, as that of Pope Clement VII., who, when he was requested to resign the Pontificate to the rival anti-Pope, Boniface IX, "conceived so great grief that he fell sick, and died of apoplexy on the 16th September, in the year 1394."* Nor yet in so unchristian a manner as that same Boniface IX., who when he

* Dupin, vol. ii. 511. Ed. 1723. Dub.

entered on "Billingsgate" with his rival, Benedict XIII., and was by him called a Simonist, &c., "was enraged to that degree, that he fell sick and died in three days after!"* Nor yet so basely as Pope Alexander VI., who, according to the Roman Catholic historian of the Sorbonne, "died on the 18th August, in the year 1503, having taken by a mistake that *poison* which *he* had prepared for poisoning the cardinals whom he had invited!"†

The lull was but temporary. How could the Movement sleep while such men directed its progress. The ball once set in motion, and receiving fresh impulse from time to time, must, if not checked by a speedy and powerful hand, increase in its velocity, and still continue to move until it reaches its destination. The charger, eager for the race, and reined in by a rider determined *per fas ac nefas* to finish his course, will not stop short of the goal. In this race Romeward, a Newman, a Pusey, a Wilberforce, a Froude, and such like, entered the lists—themselves to run the race, and to train others for the same course in time to come, (Mr. Oakeley "securing a free importation" of materials!)

Mr. Froude gained considerably a-head at first. "In him," says Mr. Oakeley, "Dr. Lloyd's teaching on the subject of liturgies found a mind ripe at the age of one and twenty, for receiving impressions favourable even to the *Roman Church, and strongly adverse to the Reformation.*"

The next act in this Movement was the publication of the Oxford "*Tracts for the Times.*" And here Mr. Oakeley commits himself to a most unfortunate illustration, but *so* true and *so* telling that it really does one's heart good to hear him thus describe it. He observes:—"But the lesson was but slowly and reluctantly learned by the great body of the University, that the *wooden horse* which stalked so heavily and so majestically along, was full of warriors, armed *cap-à-piè*, for an encounter. At length came forth the celebrated Tract XC. &c."

Can it be that Mr. Oakeley, in his zeal for the Oxford Movement, or perhaps in the overcrowded state of his memory with the sudden flow of "Personal Reminiscences," has forgotten the true story of Virgil's "wooden horse?" To refresh his reminiscences in this respect, we would remind him, and at all events inform his "Popular Club," that there was once a siege of a celebrated city, Troy, (of which, by the way, Dr. Morris, of Southwark, is the present Roman

* Dupin, vol. ii. p. 514. † Ibid. vol. iii. p. 44.

Catholic bishop!) The Greeks were baffled in their attempts to take this stronghold; and like the allied armies "before Sebastopol" they desired to enter the city. After many obstinate encounters and alternating successes and defeats, they were still outside the walls of Troy. At length a crafty Greek, by name Sinon, contrived a "Movement," which would be likely to tell upon the strong old bulwarks that had held out a ten years' siege. A "wooden horse" was constructed, and soon its womb was filled with "warriors, armed *cap-à-piè*, for an encounter." But the difficulty was how to get it into the city. The crafty Sinon undertook this service, and accordingly obtained admission to the beleaguered city. Sinon was, in fact, "the only Greek in the world that was known" within its precincts. He professed himself a friend, and asked protection, and received it, and was trusted. He reported that the Greeks had fled, had raised the seige, and had left this huge horse as a trophy of their failure. The Trojans accordingly sallied out with unsuspecting zeal, danced around the monstrous horse, admired its grand proportions, and sung their songs of peace before it; and ultimately "the wooden horse stalked heavily and majestically along," passed the gates, and rested in the quadrangle of the city. The simple Trojans, a match for any Greeks in open warfare, were now duped; and then silently, and by stealth, at dead of night, the perjured Sinon approached the horse, opened its bars, unlocked its huge sides, and the "warriors, armed *cap-à-piè*" emerged from its dark inclosure and made short work of the city;—the ten years' seige was ended, and the sturdy battlements of Troy destroyed by the perfidy of *one man!*

This is the story of the "wooden horse"—that wooden horse is the "Oxford Movement," Mr. Oakeley himself being judge. It is pregnant with Rome's secret warriors, who lurk in its deep recesses—this is "necessary to their position;" and while they are there "they are safe!" And where and who is Sinon? There are many such; their name is Legion. But if there be one pre-eminently so, and *par excellence* entitled to the equivocal honour, it must be that man who, at the earliest outset, held conclave with the enemy, and who, according to his own confession, "was the means of securing *a free importation* of Missals and Breviaries into Oxford!" This is the modern Sinon—this the story of the modern "wooden horse," so unfortunately applied by Mr. Oakeley himself as an illustration of the "Oxford Movement."

But Mr. Oakeley proceeds, in continuation of the last quoted extract:—

"At length came forth the celebrated Tract XC., which effectually sounded the alarm, by propounding an interpretation of the Thirty-nine Articles, which would allow of the conscientious subscription of persons far gone in the road of Catholicism. . . The obnoxious tract had a mark set upon it by the 'Hebdomadal Board,' which served rather as an 'imprimatur' than a stigma; and the enormous produce of its sale enabled its author to lay up materials of fresh *mischief* in the form of an excellent theological library. Meanwhile the argument of the tract was defended, and its theory of subscription, it must be confessed, improved upon. *All 'Roman doctrine' was let in* (and I am sure with the greatest *honesty* of purpose,) by the door which had been opened to admit merely the highest Anglicanism, &c."

Here lies the grand secret of the whole conspiracy. It was felt all along that the Thirty-nine Articles were too essentially Protestant to admit of any Popish tendencies in the Church of England. The Articles of the Church of England are distinctly defined, are purely scriptural, are wholly *anti*-Romish,—charged to the full with explicit Protestantism. As such the Thirty-nine Articles are and can be in no respect consistent with the Romeward tendencies of the Romanizers, Dr. Newman and his *confreres* felt this. Hence their evident difficulty. To *subscribe* these Articles was necessary to their tenure of office, benefice, or dignity; but to *believe* these Articles was inconsistent with their avowed principles. To solve this problem, which they found so difficult of solution, was the great *desideratum* of the "Oxford Movement." Hence the appearance of Tract No. XC., was hailed with acclamation. It elicited an unprincipled principle, "which," to use Mr. Oakeley's definition, "would allow of the *conscientious* subscription of persons *far gone* in the road of Catholicism."* In fact, it recommended a mode of subscription secretly qualified by mental reservation; and these men, accordingly, have avowed that they subscribed the Articles,

* A recent pervert to the Church of Rome, Rev. W. H. Anderdon, Leicester, has lately revealed to an audience in the North of England, the steps of his progress to Rome. He began "with a notice of the causes which first tended to lead him away to Roman Catholicism, and prominent among these were the influences of his college life at Oxford, and an earnest study of the 'Tracts for the Times.' . . . *For many years* after he was *ordained* to the charge of a parish, he made a practice of regularly going *to confession*, but he did not deem it necessary to state the name of the clergyman to whom he confessed—suffice it to say, he was now an eminent priest in the [Roman] Catholic Church!"—*Sunderland Times*, quoted in *Tablet*, June 9th, 1855.

not in an honest, explicit, and unequivocal sense, but in a *non-natural* sense. What this crooked, *unnatural*, and equivocal mode may be, it would be difficult for any honest mind to understand. The invention of this very questionable theory is of itself sufficient to prove that the Church of England is essentially Protestant in her constitution and doctrine. And this very unmistakeable character of her Articles it is that attaches to her the large, and we trust increasing, body of her faithful children, who desire to maintain inviolate her original integrity, and to protect her old-fashioned realities from the innovations of these latter days. So long as the Church of England continues to hold her apostolic doctrine and rightful discipline, and retains the spirit which once reformed her after centuries of error, so long shall she ensure and command the willing respect and dutiful service of her people, and unite in a sure bond of peace and love the children whom God has given her.

There is perhaps no document, no embodiment of Christian doctrine, that has been so diversely handled, or so dishonourably dealt with, as the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England. In 1837 Dr. Newman designated the Articles as "a test *against Romanism;*"* and yet, soon after published the theory of Tract XC, whereby subscription might very consistently "let in all Roman doctrine."† At one time they are spoken of as "allowing of the conscientious subscription of persons far gone in the road of [Roman] Catholicism;"‡ and when these parties find the staunch Protestantism of the Articles to resist the elastic pressure of such "conscientious" minds, they resort to abuse, and say, "The Thirty-nine Articles are *vile*."§ And within the past few weeks further evidences have appeared of this uncandid characteristic of the Oxford Movement. In a brief memoir of the Rev. W. Palmer's recent secession to Rome, from the *Univers*,‖ we are informed that that gentleman had, on one occasion, actually foresworn all the Articles, in order to bring them into perfect unison with the Russo-Greek Church! He travelled into Russia, with a view to bringing about a union of the Church of England with the Greek Church! "He carried his request before the Synod of St. Petersburgh," says the memoir, "and assured them that, by the interpreta-

* Lect. on the Proph. Office, p. 287. † Mr. Oakeley's Lect. p. 8.
‡ Mr. Oakeley's Lect. p. 4. § *Rambler*, April, 1855, p. 261.
‖ *Tablet*, May 26th, 1855.

tion of the Thirty-nine Articles, given in *No. XC. of the 'Tracts for the Times,'* those Articles were *capable* of explanation in a sense that relieved them from the imputation of heresy." The memoir accordingly proceeds:—

"The Russian Synod, not a little embarrassed by this novel claim on its functions, then deputed a theologian to examine the 'Thirty-nine Articles,' which compose the Anglican confession of faith. The result of this examination was, that the said Articles were discovered to contain no less than *forty-two heretical propositions;* and Mr. Palmer was required solemnly to anathematize these before he could be admitted to Holy Communion in the 'Orthodox Russian Church.' The member of Oxford University went before the Synod, and *boldly pronounced the anathema against those of the propositions submitted to him,* which were propositions equally opposed to the doctrines of the [Roman] Catholic as of the Greek Russian Church, one of those doctrines being that of Transubstantiation."

Even in St. Petersburgh, with all their failings, they had not proceeded as far in Jesuitism and casuistry as the members of the "Oxford Movement." We only wonder these men never attempted to bring the Thirty-nine Articles into correspondence with the tenets of Mohammet or the Book of Mormon. One would be just as reasonable as the other, and all equally consistent with the "*non-natural* sense," which, after all, means *non-sense.* The Thirty-nine Articles are distinct to a tittle; nice, even to a point; Catholic, in the possession and defence of all Christian truth; Protestant, in unmistakeable opposition to all Anti-Christian error. Such is the real character of the Thirty-nine Articles.

By such evasions and perversions of the radical characteristic of our Church, however, was "all Roman doctrine let in." Nothing more true; and even though the sale of Tract XC. tended to replenish Dr. Newman's book-shelves, by reason of the condemnation affixed by the university; yet we rejoice that the Tract is condemned. Strange, indeed, if it were otherwise. Its theory has no place amongst us; "we have no such custom, neither the churches of God." Mr. Oakeley does well to occupy the breach on behalf of his friend of "thirty years' acquaintance," and to claim for him the character of honesty. Even Mr. Oakeley can see how natural such a charge of "insidiousness" must be. But before we receive Mr. Oakeley's testimony to Dr. Newman's probity, we ought to be assured of Mr. Oakeley's own position in this respect.

And here we may very fairly and opportunely quote the circumstances connected with Mr. Oakeley's secession from

the Church of England. He continued his ostensible connexion with us—while holding all Romish doctrine—until the lay-ecclesiastical judge decided against him, and in the following words reproved his insincerity:—

"His (Mr. Oakeley's) own statement," remarked Sir Herbert Jenner Fust, "as to the conduct which he pursues when he is consulted upon the propriety of a person leaving the Church of England for the Church of Rome is, in fact, *an evasion*. His conduct, in outwardly professing to be a member of one church, whilst he is inwardly attached to the doctrines of another; and his declaration that he signs the Thirty-nine Articles, in a sense different from their grammatical construction, in which he knows they ought to be signed,—can hardly be reconciled with *integrity*."

And again, the learned judge remarked:—

"I have already stated, that where the Articles are plain, distinct and definite, affording no room for doubt as to their real meaning, no attempt can be sanctioned which goes to distort their language, and so to extort by unfair means, if fair means will not do, a sense consistent with that ultra Catholic or Roman doctrine which Mr. Oakeley professes."*

This is a summary of Mr. Oakeley's own conduct for many a long year within the pale of our Church. And this leads us in the sequence of his Lecture, to other scenes and other phases of the Oxford Movement.

The scene is now shifted from the precincts of Oxford, and we are transferred to another locality. Mr. Oakeley proceeds thus:—"While Oxford was carrying on its work in its own way, a collateral and yet independent effort in the same direction was being made in a little chapel, 'not a hundred miles' from Cavendish Square." He means Margaret Chapel, of which he himself was sometime incumbent, and from which we may accordingly anticipate some additional revelations. Margaret Chapel is described by its former incumbent in no very flattering terms. Its name and its origin, its old clerk and his "brown wig," its huge pulpit and reading-desk; all were offensive to the eye of the man who, years before, had been the means of "securing a free importation of Missals and Breviaries into Oxford!" Mr. Oakeley states that, under its old *regime*, it passed into a fashionable chapel. It then fell into a kind of "modified Tractarianism." Its alternating changes and subsequent fate are thus briefly told:—"Under the last of these administrations (modified Tractarianism), it

* Case of Hodgson *v.* Rev. F. Oakeley, by Dr. Bayford, pp. 134, 156.

was almost deserted; and as the bishop found it hopeless to fill the place of the outgoing minister, he accepted, not I believe without some misgivings, an offer from Oxford to undertake it."

The "Oxford Movement" henceforth enjoys the possession of a town house, and in the West End too. To this town residence were moved up certain indispensable materials for making this West End experiment successful, and worthy of its promoters; that is to say, among the rest, a clergyman was appointed to the charge, schooled after the Tractarian model, and possessed of a "firm resolution to stand or fall by the religious principles he had learned." Accordingly, more attention was devoted to the shape and position of the pulpit, than to the orthodoxy of the preacher. The pulpit was "moved from its former position." "*Cœlum non animum mutant:*" they change their position, not their *dis*position, in Margaret Chapel. "The communion-table, now dignified with the name of an altar, exhibited its crimson frontal, its cross, and its candlesticks, whose unlighted candles were standing memorials of episcopal inflexibility, and emblems of patient hope. Not indeed that they were *always* unlighted; for there came periodically the succession of night to day, and at times the elements favoured us with *a propitious fog!*"

See how the "Oxford Movement" delights in darkness, and comes from the land of fogs! The sunbeam is too bright for their doings; the greater light that rules the day sheds too great a lustre on their deeds; they must have candles also, to hide its brilliancy; and would evidently prefer darkness, with dim candle-light, to noonday and the sunshine without candles. *Chacun à son gôut.* But such were the tendencies and predilections in Margaret Chapel under Mr. Oakeley's ministry.

And he has had his reward. "Margaret Chapel," continues Mr. Oakeley, "has yielded some scores of converts to the [Roman] Catholic Church, including *four* of its successive ministers; and this, although it never aimed at anything but to promote the cause of the Church of England. It continued to do its work long after I quitted it, and has now merged into one of the most magnificent churches in England, which I have no doubt *will do its work also!*"

There is a contradiction somewhere here. Margaret Chapel "never aimed at anything but to promote the cause of the Church of England;" and yet it was all the time "doing *its work*," and "will do *its work!*" "Its work," in one line, is to "promote the cause of the Church of England;"

and yet, in the next line, "its work" is to contribute "scores of converts to the Church of Rome!" Yes! to "promote the cause of the Church of England" was the pretence—to supply "scores to Rome" was the reality. Mr. Oakeley would doubtless have us to believe, that when he "outwardly professed to be a member of one church, while he was inwardly attached to the doctrines of another," he was "promoting the cause of the Church of England!" We could expect no other or more natural result from the course of conduct pursued in Margaret Chapel. Mr. Oakeley admits, that he and his colleagues voted the Church of England sufficiently broad, and latitudinarian enough to admit all Romish doctrine. Hence they continued their deadly work, and are now bold to say, what we hope will reach the ears of the bishops of the Church. "The bishops," he says, "will not move until they are compelled; and will find in the maturity of the work they have to overthrow, the penalty of their own procrastination!" And, true enough, had this disease been dealt with in time, or even now, with a powerful, prayerful hand, nerved by a sense of conscious duty and bounden right, the issue would be neither doubtful nor long deferred. Let the disease be tolerated, not to say fostered and encouraged, and these men will live on the procrastination and smile at the procrastinators, and then turn round to-morrow and reproach the weakness that bore with their un-Protestant, unscrupulous proceedings. We cannot but feel jealous that any one of these men should have it in his power thus to chide those in authority, who certainly have the means made ready to their hand, if they had but the will or the courage to use them to the furtherance of God's truth.

One more fact connected with the "Oxford Movement," to which our attention is directed by Mr. Oakley's lecture, is perhaps the most instructive, albeit of all the most eminently absurd. "I must let you into a secret," says Mr. Oakeley. "You must understand, then, that the idea of conversion to the [Roman] Catholic Church, which many persons at that time encouraged, was that, not of submission, one by one, to her authority, but of a *union* between the [Roman] Catholic Church and the Establishment;—or what were then called, the 'Churches of England and Rome.'" Could any scheme be more eminently preposterous? that these few men should thus at this time of day dictate to the Church of England to unite with her most virulent enemy;—that we should thus retrace our steps, and find ourselves at the same point from which we were in God's mercy delivered at the time of the

Reformation;—that we should thus vote the blood of the martyrs to have been vainly shed, and the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century to have been an idle and capricious change. Who were these men thus to assume, gratuitously, the office of spokesmen for the Church of England? "We, the British Nation," the well known preface to the lucubrations of the three tailors of Tooley Street, was not more presumptuous than this assumption on the part of the promoters of the Oxford Movement; thus providing for us the terms of capitulation before they themselves deserted to the enemy.

Yet such a Utopian scheme, such visionary speculations were seriously entertained, and even by Roman Catholics. "England was pictured to the fancy, as a willing and a flourishing dependency of the Church." Our cathedrals were instantly voted "natural homes" of Popish worship; and but for the limits to priestly power, would have been at once transubstantiated into Popish mass-houses. "Ruined abbeys" were in the twinkling of an eye themselves again. Papal imagination floated even over Lambeth, unscared by the deep shades of the dark Lollards' Tower and its "reminiscences," and seemed to ponder "what might not be the moral effect of a legantine commission, even on the Archbishop of Canterbury himself!"

These illusive dreams were interrupted by one grand obstacle. If the clergy of England were by fusion with Rome to become Popish priests, what was to be done with their *wives!* "If the natural good feeling of these ladies" writes the celibate, "did not lead them to desire a separate maintenance, the obstacle might be overcome by a temporary suspension of the law of clerical celibacy:"—he might have added, *convents* could be provided for "these ladies" where any and every Romish priest would be allowed freer access to them than their own husbands! This is what they have done with the wife of the Rev. Pierce Connolly, and what they still persist in doing. But why should wives, lawful wives, stand in the way of the clergy of the Church of England, when though very many and all *un*lawful they stood not in the way of Pope Alexander VI. and other pontiffs; besides instances of cardinals and priests in abundance? And why should not each clergyman be now, as in the apostles' days, "the husband of one wife, ruling well his own house, having his children in subjection?"—1 Tim. iii. 2, 4.

But these are all so many striking evidences of the deep-laid conspiracy against our Church; and, surely, men who

thus deeply planned our ruin, would long since have accomplished their set purpose, were it not that a higher Power and a mightier hand is over us, preserving us in all our ways. So absurd was the proposal, so impossible the scheme, that even Mr. Oakeley is now obliged to acknowledge that "it was castle building on a gigantic scale." And so indeed it was!

We need not follow Mr. Oakeley through the concluding portion of his lecture. It is made up of loose extracts from an anonymous work, of which Dr. Newman *now* admits the authorship, entitled, "Loss and Gain." We are the less careful to occupy these pages with matters of the kind, more especially as, according to Mr. Oakeley, Dr. Newman tells us, and truly, "that his tale is not founded on fact."

We have been so far dealing with actual facts; and are, therefore, not inclined to occupy time and space by dealing with acknowledged *fictions*. Fictitious tales can be brought to the defence of any system, and are not always the best mode of conveying instruction. Besides, in a matter of theological import, and in questions involving the vast and momentous differences between the Church of England and the Church of Rome, we cannot stay to listen to the morbid sentimentalities of imaginary young ladies of whom Dr. Newman has but little to say, and even admits that they "did not know themselves." Nor have we time in this serious controversy to hear out to the end the street gossip of an Oxford life, at least such specimens as are given in the lecture on the "Oxford Movement;" nor yet can we stay in our course to ponder the *dénouement* of a courtship—how Mr. W. and Miss B., instead of becoming, the one a monk and the other a nun, reappear in the far more pleasing relationship of husband and wife, and both still Protestants. Nor can we be expected to be possessed of patience to see how matters will turn up,—how another Mr. W. becomes a Roman Catholic, and Miss C. B. "makes her exit from the scene, without even a hint as to her future history." Mr. Oakeley and Dr. Newman may have time to devote to such topics, but we have not. We have far more serious matters to suggest to these men, and before we have done we may perhaps recall them from their visionary wanderings in the regions of romance to subjects of deeper moment to themselves and others.

The majority of the leaders and followers of the so-called "Oxford Movement" stand now in a very different position. They have changed sides, and are now responsible for all

Romish doctrine. And now we are the more free to call them to account for their past deeds and excesses. It is no longer a few prayers from the Roman Missal that occupy attention, nor yet such orthodox passages as remain of the ancient forms, anterior to the apostacy or falling away of the Church of Rome. But now they are chargeable with *all* that the Missal contains—*all* that the Breviary enjoins—*all* that Popery teaches. It is one thing to talk in Oxford of a pious prayer in the Roman Missal, but it is quite another thing to be bound hand and foot in Rome, by each and every word it contains. It is one thing to import a stock of Breviaries into the University, but these men have ere this discovered that it is quite another thing to be held responsible for the legends, the marvels, the absurdities of the book itself. And herein is their weakness manifested. Having no option but to embrace the whole creed of Rome, they find themselves shut up, by their own consent, in a fortress which is capable of at best but a weak defence. Defend it they cannot, and therefore they shut up their harbours and fold themselves within their own mantles, and are satisfied so long as no immediate desolation comes nigh their home, even though the final issue is secured to *us* by the promise of Him, who when He promises forgets not to make it good. It is almost pitiable (but that they deserve it) to see men, who have by their former conduct, as made known to us by their "Personal Reminiscences," been foremost in every device and design of their own hearts, now brought down to a state of comparative inactivity;—men, who have planned amongst us deep counsels for aggression, now unequal to conduct even a weak defence;—men, who "secured free importations of Missals and Breviaries into Oxford," unable to defend either the one book or the other;—minds, that once ran after grand schemes, and gave no end of trouble, now met and kept at bay by the very weakest of instruments;—men, who while as Tractarians they continued in our ranks, dared even bishops upon their thrones, now, as Romish priests, cannot command a handful of Irish Romanists without a formidable curse and imprecation.* Is there not a cause?

Yes! This is the season of their weakness, because they are now no longer secret, but open, foes. They have now declared themselves, have cast off disguise, and appear in their real character. Once they made, in the moment of our

* Curse pronounced by Rev. F. Oakeley, as by himself admitted.—*Guardian*, March 8th and 15th, 1854.

remissness, a secret assault upon our lines—in studied speech they spake the *patois* of their school—half English, half Roman—and for a time deceived our sentinels, leaped into our trenches, wrought a degree of havoc among our people, penetrated to our inmost parallels, yea, even into our council chambers. These men "freely imported" the already burning fuses of the enemy into our camp, and laid them beneath the very pillow of those who cherished them; and waited to see the fatal issue. They systematically sowed dissension among our forces, and imbued the minds of many with principles of disloyalty and disaffection; and their labour "yielded several hundreds" of deserters to the enemy. And at length, having done their work, or apprehensive of detection should they continue in the camp, they deliberately passed over to the opposite lines, and already have we seen them assemble their people to tell the tale of their own baseness, and to render a statement of their "Personal Reminiscences" of the camp in which they had for a season sojourned.

To each individual member of the "Oxford Movement" we would say—"Nomine mutato, de te (*non* fabula) narratur:" Thou art the man! But now these men are not half so dangerous; and when brought into close encounter, are weakness itself. And it is only a matter of experience, the deepest cunning is ever accompanied by the greatest cowardice;—the most formidable secret foe is always the least formidable as an open enemy. Moreover, the strife and conflict between truth and error in these lands for the past few years have not been without their fruit and due result. The religion of Rome is better known to-day in England than it has ever been known since the days of her rule and goverance in these lands. The trumpet has given no uncertain sound—our people therefore have girt their loins for the battle. Sympathy with Rome there should be none. Rome that burned our martyrs—Rome that sought the desolation of our land—Rome that cursed our Queen of former days—Rome, that Sardinia disendows—Rome, that Spain deems a yoke too heavy—Rome, that Tuscany upholds by the incarceration of the children of God—Rome, that as it were on yesterday, added her latest article, and none can tell when she shall add the last, to her developed and still developing creed. This Rome, what sympathy should she have? what sympathy does she deserve?

Protest or sympathy? One or other may be selected—but both cannot co-exist in the same breast. Romanists we

would love; we would labour and pray for them if, peradventure, we could rescue them from error. Romanism, positive Romanism we can understand, and deal with it as such. But those who in name protest against, and yet in heart sympathize with, the Roman system, these we cannot understand—they merit the respect of neither—the rights of neutrals we cannot for a moment entertain. "He that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad."

ART. VIII.—1. *The Life and Reign of Napoleon III., Emperor of the French.* By the Rev. Henry Christmas, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S. London: Shaw. 1855.
2. *Life of Napoleon III.* By Fred. Greenwood. London: Partridge, Oakey, and Co. 1855.
3. *Louis Napoleon; The Patriot or the Conspirator.* By Truman Slater. London: Partridge, Oakey, and Co. 1852.
4. *Napoleon the Little.* By Victor Hugo. London: Vizetelly and Co. 1852.
5. *The Political and Historical Works of Louis Napoleon, with a Memoir.* 2 vols. 1852.

"I HAVE no dread of the attempts of assassins. There are existences which are the instruments of the decrees of Providence. As long as I shall not have accomplished my mission, I incur no danger." Such were the memorable words uttered by the Emperor Napoleon III. to the President of the French Senate, in answer to the address of that body to him, on the occasion of his preservation from attempt to assassinate him by the Italian Pianori.

This answer has been animadverted upon in a leading English journal as a proof that the Emperor has adopted among other "*Idées Napoleoniennes*" the fatalist doctrines of his illustrious uncle. We feel impelled to regard it from a very different point of view. Where is the difference between this firm reliance upon God's providence, and that of the elect of God, the chosen King of Israel, so reiteratedly expressed in the Book of Psalms?*

England has not less reason than France to rejoice that "the protecting hand of God has frustrated the intention of the fanatical foreigner." Never, perhaps, has the pen of history recorded a period at which the welfare, we may say the

* See Ps. iii. v. 4, 6, 7, and the Psalm *passim*.

destiny, of the foremost nations of the world were so entirely linked to the fate of one great man. Our hand trembles as we picture to ourselves the calamities with which, not only France, but the whole of Europe was menaced, when that life was threatened; and the horrible confusion, and the triumph of every evil work, of democracy and despotism, that would have culminated by turns, had that master-spirit been quenched by the pistol of the reckless vagabond. The villain has received the just reward of his crime; whether the improbable account which he gave of his motive be the true one, none may ever know. We cannot help suspecting a very different incitement, not Roman but Russian.

That the policy of Russia repudiates no means, however unworthy, by which it can forward its iniquitous schemes of universal empire, cannot be doubted or denied by any one who has marked the steady progress, *per fas et nefas*, of that relentless despotism, and the giant strides which it has taken within the last century. That it should seek by the basest means to remove from its path the man who has dared to arrest its onward march, is a trifle, a mere drop in an ocean, to a despotism so steeped in conspiracy and crime. And here we cannot forbear recording our thankful satisfaction, that this base attempt did not cloud over the brilliancy of the Emperor's cordial reception on our own shores; and that the enthusiastic welcome of the people of England was such as to form an impenetrable barrier against such cowardly assailants.

Who then is this man whose life has become so essential to the welfare of France and of Europe? If we turn to the authorities cited at the head of this article, we shall there find him judged according to the various political bias of the authors, who range from the learned and enlightened Church of England Minister, down to the philosophical Deist and Red Republican; but our motto has always been "*audi alteram partem*;" and it is our intention in this article to take a candid glance at the past life and present position of the much maligned and long misunderstood great man, who now wields the sceptre of the mighty empire, established by his famous uncle, and reinaugrated in his own person by the universal suffrages of the French people. In following out this our intention, we shall chiefly be guided by the Emperor's own words and actions, taken in accordance with each other; as upon the unvarying consistency or inconsistency of such premises, the sincerity or worthlessness of any man's character, public or private, may fairly be decided.

Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, now Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, third and only surviving son of Louis Bonaparte, Ex-King of Holland, and Hortense de Beauharnois, daughter of the Empress Josephine, was born at the Tuilleries on the 20th of April, 1808. We shall not here discuss the doubts which, among other calumnies, the enemies of this elected Emperor have cast upon his legitimacy; those of our readers who wish to be informed on the subject we must refer to the very ably written and impartial little volume of Mr. Greenwood. We are not writing the life of the Emperor, but merely vindicating the character of one whom we conscientiously believe, with that *rara avis*, a truly virtuous republican, Walter Savage Landor, to be a good as well as a great man, from the slanderous venom of Victor Hugo, and the discomfited howlings of his red republican coadjutors. In undertaking our present task, we can confidently say, with Professor Christmas, in the introduction to the excellent little *resumé* of the Emperor's life and political career, which appears at the head of this article, that *we* too "have no *palinodes* to sing; we have always held the same views; nor have we ever seen any reason to alter them."

At the early age of seven, the nobility of his nature began to display itself. M. Briffault relates, that on the eve of the Emperor Napoleon I. quitting Paris for his final struggle at Waterloo, he was closeted with one of his marshal's, when little Louis burst into the room, sobbing violently, and knelt at his uncle's feet, exclaiming, "Oh! Sire, dear uncle, do not go! do not go to the war, those wicked Allies will kill you. Oh! do not go! or let me go with you." The Emperor, though annoyed, replied, "I shall soon return child;" and turning to the marshal, said, "Embrace Louis, he will have a good heart, and a noble mind; he is, perhaps, the hope of my race." This was a remarkable prediction. We shall not accompany the prince in his wanderings during the tottering *regime* of the restored Bourbons; those who wish to do so, we refer to the first book of Professor Christmas's work, "The Disinherited Prince." We find him, however, in 1831, arrayed, with his elder brother, on the side of Italian independence; where "he was conspicuous," says Mr. Greenwood, "in camp and council, and, in concert with General Sercognani, repulsed the forces of the Pope on several occasions." Under the fatigues of this campaign, his brother sunk and died at Faenza, in March, 1831. After this, being refused by Louis Philippe an asylum in France, though he begged

permission to enter her army as a private soldier, he retired with his mother to England. Here, however, they did not long remain, but early in the autumn of the same year, retired to Switzerland, and took up their residence at Arenenberg. In the April following Louis Napoleon was elected a citizen by the Canton of Thurgovia. This compliment the prince acknowledged in a letter to the authorities, in which he says, "In all the changes of my future career, as a Frenchman and as a Bonaparte, I shall be proud of being the citizen of a free nation;" and as a further acknowledgement of the honour, he presented the government with two six-pounder guns, with carriages, caissons, &c.; and founded a free school in the village of Sallenstein. Nor did he spend the time of his exile here in idleness. He diligently pursued the study of history, politics, and military science; and annually joined the camp at Thun, as a volunteer, and bore his full share in all the labours of the private soldier. It was at this time, too, that he wrote his Essay on Artillery, which was so favourably judged by competent authorities, that the Bernese government immediately presented him with a captain's commission in their regiment of artillery. Here, too, he gave many proofs of generous and undaunted courage worthy of the great name which he inherited, and the high destiny to which he already aspired; winning the hearts of the Swiss by his bravery, his generosity, and the simplicity of his habits. "On one occasion," writes Mr. Christmas, "as he was taking his usual ride, his attention was attracted by cries of alarm. Two horses, harnessed to a carriage, had taken fright, and were galloping furiously towards a precipice. The coachman was already thrown down, a lady and two children were in the vehicle shrieking with terror. No sooner did Louis Napoleon perceive their dangerous situation, than he dashed his horse across the fields in order to arrive at the precipice before the carriage. He reached it at the very edge, seized one of the horses by the bit, and turned him so vigorously that the animal fell down, and the carriage was stopped, amidst the delighted plaudits of a crowd of frightened villagers, who, in the brave and skilful horseman, recognised the prince."

It was during his residence in the castle of Arenenburg that his name became coupled with that of the young Queen of Portugal. On this occasion he published a truly patriotic letter in which are these memorable words:—

"The noble conduct of my father, who, in 1810, abdicated because he could not reconcile the interests of France with those of

Holland, I have not forgotten. By his great example my father has proved to me how the claims of one's native land should be preferred to a foreign throne. Assured that my countrymen will not always regard the great name I bear as a ground of exclusion, since that name recalls fifteen years of glory, I calmly await, in a hospitable and free country, the arrival of the time when France shall restore to her bosom those who, in 1815, were exiled by two hundred thousand foreigners. This hope of one day serving France, both as citizen and soldier, animates my mind, and in my eyes is worth all the thrones in the world."

His active and intrepid spirit could not, however, long "calmly await" the occasion which the selfish and ignoble policy of the citizen king was preparing for him. In little more than six months he quitted Arenenberg for Baden, on his much burlesqued Strasbourg expedition. For an account of this youthful escapade, which after all presents no such very burlesque features, we must refer our readers to Mr. Greenwood, who has epitomised the Prince's own account of the affair, written to his mother while on his passage to New York, whither he was deported in a French frigate for this premature movement. Throughout the whole affair, the Prince conducted himself with the courage of a Bayard, "*sans peur et sans reproche.*" His only anxiety was for the fate of the friends whom his rashness had compromised. "I," writes the Prince, "who for a long time past had been meditating revolution, came suddenly among these men, took them from an honourable position, and involved them in the risks of a popular movement." At the same time he furnished M. Barrot, their advocate, with the speech by which he persuaded the conspirators to their sudden resolution.

Before embarking for America Louis Napoleon also wrote in the same spirit to his mother,—

"My Dear Mother,—I perceive in the step you have taken all the affection you feel for me;* but you did not reflect that honour obliged me to share the fate of my companions in misfortune. It has caused me poignant grief to forsake those men whom I had led on to their ruin, when my presence and my depositions might have influenced the jury in their favour. I wrote to the king to beg of him to regard them with lenity; it is the only favour which can touch my heart. I beg of you, dear mother, to watch over the wants of the prisoners of Strasbourg; take care of the two sons of Colonel Vaudrey, who are at Paris with their mother. I could easily reconcile myself to my fate, if I knew that my companions in misfortune would not be deprived of their lives;

* It was his mother, who had by her intercession with the king procured his pardon and banishment to America.

but to have on one's conscience the death of some brave soldier is a bitter grief which can never be effaced.

"Adieu, my dear mother, receive my thanks for all the proofs of affection which you give me; return to Arenenberg, but do not come and join me in America, it would make me too unhappy. Adieu, receive my affectionate embraces; I love you always, with all my heart.

"Your affectionate and respectful son,
"NAPOLEON LOUIS B."*

But while the Prince on his voyage to America was thus distressing himself concerning the fate of his friends, whom he had left in prison, they were acquitted. When arrived in the United States, "he had," writes Professor Christmas:—

"An opportunity of examining a new constitution; of advancing another step in that course of education which was to fit him for sovereignty. He had regarded his illustrious uncle as the offspring of democracy; and considering democracy in its true aspect, he well knew that it did not consist in the number of those in whom the government was vested, but in the true representation of the people in that government. He knew that his uncle had been raised to the throne of France by the votes of Frenchmen. Thus elected, he was the choice of the nation, and as such the representative of the French people. Consequently, if there ever was any one man who did represent the democracy,—if there ever was a man who had a right to say, 'I have been, and am, the man of the people,'—this man could have been none other than the Emperor Napoleon I. It now fell to the lot of his nephew to examine a constitution of a wholly different character, also democratic, and where the people themselves were the rulers, in fact as well as in name, but where the most oppressive slavery existed in combination with an actual Republic. Here then he found that, in spite of theoretic freedom, a whole race were condemned to bondage, because found

'Guilty of a skin
Not coloured like our own.'

In fact, 'personal freedom he found to be far more mythical in the United States of America, than it had ever been in France under the Empire.'"

* It was the expressed wish of the Emperor Napoleon that the name of the representative of the Bonaparte family should always bear the prefix "Napoleon." In accordance with this desire the present Emperor changed his signature to "Napoleon Louis Bonaparte" at the death of his elder brother in 1831. At the elections subsequent to the Revolution of 1848, this change occasioned some confusion, as there were two Napoleons, himself and his cousin, the son of Prince Jerome; and the Prince consequently decided to resume the style which was more properly his own—viz., "Louis Napoleon Bonaparte." With the restoration of the Empire came another change; and in accordance with the will of Napoléon I. decrees, &c., are signed "Napoleon."

The Prince arrived at New York early in the spring of 1837, and devoted himself with energy and zeal to the study of American politics and investigation into the actual state of the arts, sciences, and inventions. He had even prepared for a tour of exploration into Central America, but within three months of his arrival on that continent, a letter from his mother, dated April 3rd, apprizing him of the precarious condition of her health, and that she was about to undergo an operation which might probably terminate fatally, recalled him at once to her side; and he arrived in Switzerland to soothe her dying moments by his presence.

Louis Napoleon did not return to America, and when, early in 1838, Lieutenant Laity, of the Strasbourg expedition, published a pamphlet reviewing that attempt and justifying its leader, the French Government either affected to be or really were alarmed. Laity was arrested, brought to trial before the Court of Peers, and condemned to five years imprisonment. Mr. Greenwood attributes the extreme severity of this sentence to a letter addressed to him by the Prince shortly before his trial. One clause of it we must quote :—

"You will be asked, as certain journals already ask, Where is the Napoleonic party? The party is nowhere, but the cause everywhere. The party is nowhere, because my friends are nowhere organized; but the cause everywhere has partisans, from the workshop of the artisan to the council-chamber of the king—from the barrack of the soldier to the palace of the Marshal of France. Republicans, *juste milieu*, Legitimists—all who wish for a strong government, real liberty, and dignity in the executive power—all these, I say, are Napoleonists, whether they avow it or not; for the imperial system is not a bastard imitation of the English or the American constitution, but a formula of government founded on the principles of the Revolution; it is a hierarchy in democracy, it is equality in law, the recompense of merit; it is, in fine, a colossal pyramid, with broad base and lofty head."

"In the former part of this sentence," remarks Mr. Greenwood, "there is an astonishing amount of truth, as it is now proved; and it shows that Louis Napoleon really did know, and perhaps alone knew, the *want* of France at that period." What better defence of the Emperor's political acts can we desire than such an admission as this from an able and impartial chronicler of his career, who seems thus continually constrained to admire and applaud where he has evidently made up his mind to play the part of the severe censor.

The government of the citizen king did not rest content with the severe sentence passed on Laity. The expulsion of Louis Napoleon was formally demanded of the

Helvetic Government; and when that Government, true to its honourable traditions, steadily refused to yield its right of asylum, a French army was marched to the Swiss frontier to enforce the unjust demand. Even then the Cantons, to their eternal honor, prepared to resist. The Prince, however, in an equally honourable spirit, and in a gracefully-written letter, made known to the presiding Landamman his intention of removing the embarrassment of the Diet, by immediately quitting Switzerland; which resolution he carried out in September, 1838.

Again the "Desdichado" took refuge in England, which he designates "*cette grande et généreuse terre d'asile de l'Europe.*" Soon after this a somewhat serious *émeûte* or *pronunciamento* took place at Barkes, and it was asserted by the enemies of Louis Napoleon in France, and repeated in the English journals, that he had been the instigator of this insurrection, which was not put down without some bloodshed. The Prince, however, denied the imputation in a letter to the *Times*, in which he says, "The sanguinary scenes which have just taken place have equally surprised and affected me; and," he adds, "if I were the soul of a conspiracy I should also be the leader of it in the day of danger. I would not have the play of Hamlet with the character of Hamlet omitted; and I should not deny it after a defeat."

It was not long after this that he made good his needless assertion that he never shrank from personal peril, by his second attempt at Boulogne to awaken the reminiscences of the French people to the glories of the Empire. It was in August, 1840, that having hired the Edinburgh steamer, he embarked with General Count Montholon, General Voisin, and less than sixty followers, with a military chest of 500,000 francs, to re-establish the Empire. The result is well known. Much ridicule was lavished on the Prince at the time for this mad enterprise, especially for the adjunct of a tame eagle which he carried with him. There was, nevertheless, deep knowledge of the French character displayed in this device, which has been so eagerly seized upon to enhance the ridicule cast upon this expedition. It is well known that an escaped eagle will invariably make for the highest and most isolated pinnacle at hand. In the present case, this was the Napoleon column on the heights of Boulogne. Now had the bird but performed his *role* with as much spirit as the Prince, and flapped its wings on the top of the column, what would not have been the effect of such an omen on the soldiers of the 42nd regiment, by whom the in-

vasion was crushed, and the Prince and his followers made prisoners. The eagle, *par malheur, was* a *tame* one.*

In September Louis Napoleon and his accomplices were tried by the peers. On the 28th of that month the Prince defended himself in a bold and candid speech, which is a thorough transcript of the mind and motives of this truly great and remarkable man, throughout all the various phases of his extraordinary career.

"For the first time in my life I am permitted to raise my voice in France, and to speak freely to Frenchmen. . . . . An opportunity however is afforded me of explaining to my fellow-countrymen my past conduct, my intention, my projects—all that I think, all that I desire. . . . . Since, when fifty years ago, the principles of the sovereignty of the people was consecrated in France by the mightiest revolution in the history of the world, never was the national will so solemnly proclaimed, never was it asserted by suffrages so numerous and so free, as on the adoption of the constitution of the empire. The nation has never revoked that grand act of its sovereignty; and the Emperor declared, 'Whatever has been done without that authority is illegal.' . . . . The unmerited and cruel act of proscription, which for twenty years has dogged my existence, from the steps of the throne where I was born, to the dungeon whence I have just emerged, has been powerless alike to irritate or to fatigue my heart; it has not been able for a single day to estrange me from the glory, the rights, and the interests of France. My conduct and my convictions illustrate this fact. . . . . I considered, then, that the votes of 4,000,000 citizens which exalted my family, imposed upon us at least the duty of making an appeal to the nation to seek its will. I thought also that if, in the midst of that national congress which I intended to convene, certain pretentions should have made themselves heard, I should have had a right to re-awaken the glorious *souvenirs* of the Empire; to speak of the elder brother of the emperor, of that virtuous man who, before me, is deservedly his heir, and to contrast, face to face, France as she now is, enfeebled and passed over in silence in the congress of kings, and that France of a past time, so strong at home, so powerful and respected abroad. The nation would then have replied to the question—Republic or monarchy.

"It will be seen from the above," justly remarks Professor Christmas, in quoting a part of this remarkable defence, "that the prince acted only from his life-long convictions, and was influenced only by what he believed to be the true interests of France."

On the 6th of October the judgment of the Court was pronounced. All the prisoners were found guilty and con-

* We have just received a letter from one of the Prince's companions on the occasion in question, (M. Hubart), who states that the eagle was purchased by some of the attendants of a sailor, and that the Prince did not even know of its existance. [*Ed. C.E.Q.R.*]

demned to various terms of imprisonment. Louis Napoleon, to the gloomy fortress of Ham, for life. "At any rate," exclaimed the imperial captive, "I shall have the happiness of dying in France."

And now let us take a view of this restless and ardent spirit in the lowest depth of his adversity, in his gloomy and solitary dungeon, the chained eagle in his cage; let us see whether he is still "*compos animi*"—still equal to his circumstances. Never did man afford a nobler illustration of the "cavalier" poet—

> "Stone walls do not a prison make
> Nor iron bars a cage;
> A philosophic mind can take
> These for a hermitage."

It was during this imprisonment that he published his "Essay on the Extinction of Pauperism," which he prefaces with the words, "It is natural in misfortune to think of those who suffer." This work gained him golden opinions among the working classes, which were manifested by a letter addressed to him in his prison.

Here was indeed a noble use of the hours of captivity; his great and generous mind busied with the substantial welfare of the people for whom he felt, even in this apparently hopeless incarceration. The same idea is elicited from his "Analysis of the Sugar Question," published in 1842. In the preface to this, he says, "I thank heaven if it has allowed me, even in captivity, to be useful to my country, as I ever thank it for permitting me to remain on the soil of France—object of all my love,—and which I would not quit at any price, not even for liberty." The singular admixture of calm resignation, with a noble ambition, to carry out the "*Idées Napoleoniennes*," if he might one day be the chosen ruler of the French people, is forcibly expressed in a letter written to the Countess of Blessington; in the conclusion of which he says—

> "I often think of the spot you inhabit, and I recal with pleasure the moments passed in your amiable society, which the Count D'Orsay rendered still more delightful by his wit. However, I have no wish to leave my present abode, for here I am in my place. With the name I bear, I must either have the obscurity of a dungeon or the light of power."

The object of the "Analysis of the Sugar Question" was to ameliorate the condition of the agricultural labourer; and we agree with the Emperor's biographer, Mr. Christmas,

that "there is much truth and good sense in the following passage"—

"Agriculture," writes the Prince, "is the first element of the prosperity of a country, because it rests on immutable interests, and forms the healthy, vigorous and moral population of the country. Manufacturing industry rests so often on ephemeral bases; and although in certain respects it developes the mind more, it has the inconvenience of creating a sickly, puny population, which has every defect that can proceed from unhealthy occupation in places deprived of fresh air, and those immoral defects which result from poverty and the crowding of a number of human beings in a small space."

He also, during this period, published the "Historical Fragments;" "Reflections on the Recruiting of the Army," a work much praised by military writers; sent several contributions to the "Progrès du Pas de Calais;" and kept up an active correspondence with his friends, male and female. He assiduously cultivated his little plot of garden-ground, as is evidenced by the following extract from one of his letters, which also lets in another ray of light on the character of the man whom his maligners misrepresent as invariably stern and morose.

"I am, however," writes the Prince, "happier than the hero of 'Picciola.' They respect my flowers very carefully; I might, indeed, already gather a bouquet worthy of Lady ——'s garden. Perhaps I boast a little in saying this; but it is that I look upon my bulbs with paternal eyes!"

In 1843 there were rumours of an amnesty. Some months later the delusion of the amnesty being still rife among the political quidnuncs, the *Journal du Loiret* seized upon the occasion to enquire by what title, and with what pretensions the Prince was prepared to re-enter "the great French family." We subjoin his answer:—

"Fortress of Ham, October 21st, 1843.

"Sir,—I reply without hesitation to the friendly question which you address to me in your number of the 18th instant. I have never believed, and I never can believe, that France is the appanage of any man or of any family. I have never pretended to any rights but those of a French citizen, and never shall have any other desire than to see the whole people, legally convened, choosing freely that form of government which they deem best. A member of a family which owes its elevation to the suffrages of the nation, I should belie my origin, my nature, and, what is more, should violate common sense, if I did not admit the sovereignty of the people as the foundation of all political organization. My past actions and declarations accord with this opinion. If I have been misunderstood, it is

because the world does not explain defeats—it only condemns them. I claimed, it is true, a foremost place—that is, to stand in the breach. I had a high ambition, but one which might boldly be avowed; an ambition to gather round my plebeian name all the friends of national sovereignty, all those who longed for glory and liberty. If I have been mistaken is it for those of democratic opinions to blame me—is it for France to punish me? Believe, sir, that whatever the fate which the future may have in store for me, it shall never be said that, in exile or in captivity, I have 'learned nothing and forgotten nothing.'

"Receive the assurance, &c.

"NAPOLEON-LOUIS BONAPARTE."

Nor was the democratic editor of the *Journal du Loiret* the only man who could render homage to the pure and exalted patriotism of the captive Prince. The consistent royalist Chateaubriand, than whom there existed no better judge of character, thus renders homage to true nobility of mind in a letter addressed to the captive:—

"Your love for public liberty, your courage, and your troubles, would in my eyes put all right on your side, if to deserve your esteem I did not feel it my duty to remain faithful to Henry V., as I am faithful to the glory of Napoleon. I cannot sufficiently express my admiration of the calmness of mind you display in the place in which you now dwell. You derive this power from your race."

Here was an elegant and even affectionate compliment, coming from a political adversary, a quarter from whence it might least of all have been expected; but it was a well-merited eulogium. Indeed, the prison-life of Napoleon III. sheds an additional lustre on his whole character. We will close this part of our subject with a few of his favourite aphorisms, taken at random from his works written at this time:—

"Every day proves to me that my sincerest, my most devoted friends, are not in palaces—they live under the thatch; they are not to be found under gilded roofs—they are in the workshops, in the field."

"The noblest and most deserving object of an elevated mind, is not to seek, when in power, by what expedients to render it perpetual; but to watch continually over the means to consolidate, for the advantage of all, the principles of authority and morality, which defy the passions of men and the instability of political institutions."

"He who enjoys the glory of being the chief of the French nation has one infallible means of doing good—which is, the will to do it."

"That which gives an irresistible force even to the humblest of mortals, is to have a great object to attain, and a great cause to defend."

We could extend these proofs of a great and philosophic mind over quires; but we are compelled to remember that we are but attempting, in a short article, to vindicate the character of a great and virtuous ruler from the malignant calumnies of disappointed conspirators and fanatical, democratic drivellers. We shall now take leave of the fortress of Ham, where, says Mr. Greenwood, "in study and contemplation, five years wore over the prisoner, but never wore away his hope, never abated his confidence." "Years," says the Prince, in one of his letters, "roll on with disheartening monotony, ... but the hope of a brighter future never wholly abandons me."

That "brighter future" was near at hand, though it dawned through a cloud of sorrow. It was toward the close of the year 1845 that his father, Comte de St. Leu, felt his end approaching, and begged permission to bid farewell to his son, ere his entrance into the "valley of the shadow of death." The Prince joined, as in duty bound, in appealing to the clemency of the French government, and pledged his honour that, if permitted to go to Florence, where the count resided, he would return, and place himself at the disposal of the government whenever required to do so. The ministry referred him to the king. Louis Napoleon then addressed Louis Philippe in a modest and dignified epistle, worthy of a prince, which he thus concludes:—"Your majesty will, I am convinced, appreciate a step which beforehand engages my gratitude; and moved at the solitary condition in a strange land of one who, upon a throne, gained the esteem of Europe, will accede to the wishes of my father and myself." The petition of the Prince was by no means rejected, but its concession was clogged with provisoes, which he could not honourably accept. A draft of a letter was submitted to Louis Napoleon for his signature, as the only guarantee upon which he could be released. The chief clauses of this document seem to have comprised a renunciation on the part of the Prince of all pretension to the throne; a penitential acknowledgment of his offence; and a promise not to interfere with the succession to the crown.

This proposition, offered through M. Odillon Barrot, was rejected, consistently, firmly and modestly; "and indeed," says Mr. Greenwood,* "the entire correspondence of Louis

* We have been led to prefer quoting this gentleman's work to that of Professor Christmas, whose views are more in accordance with our own, because Mr. Greenwood has evidently *no faith* in the Emperor's sincerity; yet is constrained by his evident love of truth and fair play to bear a reluctant testimony to the greatness of his character.

Napoleon on this subject presents his character in a more favourable point of view than any other along the whole course of his career."

The French government, unwilling to release its prisoner except upon such conditions as would render liberty worthless to such a man, refused the request. This determined the Prince to win by fair stratagem what he had failed to gain by honourable treaty. How he won his liberty on the 25th May, 1846, we shall permit himself to relate, as he communicated the adventure to M. Degeorge, editor of the *Journal de la Somme*.

"My desire to see my father once more in this world caused me to attempt the boldest enterprise I ever engaged in. It required more resolution and courage on my part than at Strasbourg and Boulogne; for I was determined not to submit to the ridicule that attaches to those who are arrested escaping in disguises, and a failure I could not have endured. These are the particulars of my escape. You know that the fort was garrisoned by four hundred men, who furnished daily sixty soldiers, placed as sentries outside the walls. Moreover the principal gate of the prison was guarded by three jailers, two of whom were constantly on duty. It was necessary that I should first elude their vigilance, afterwards traverse the inner court before the windows of the commandmant's residence; and arriving there I should be obliged to pass through a gate guarded by soldiers. Not wishing to make known my design to any one, it was necessary to disguise myself. As several rooms in that part of the building I occupied were undergoing repairs, it was not difficult to assume the dress of a workman. My good and faithful valet, Charles Thélin, procured a blouse and a pair of sabots, and after shaving off my moustaches, I took a plank upon my shoulder.

"On Monday morning (25th May, 1846), at half-past eight o'clock I saw the workmen enter. Charles took them some drink in order that I might not meet any of them in my passage. He was also to call one of the jailers while Dr. Conneau conversed with the others. Nevertheless, I had scarcely left my room before I was accosted by a workman who took me for one of his fellows, and at the bottom of the stairs I found myself face to face with the keeper. Fortunately I placed the plank I was carrying before my face, and succeeded in reaching the yard. Whenever I passed a sentinel or any other person I always kept the plank before my face. Passing before the first sentinel, I let my pipe fall, and stopped to pick up the pieces. Here I met the officer on duty; but, as he was reading a letter, he paid no attention to me. The soldiers at the guard-house appeared surprised at my dress, and a drummer turned round several times to look at me. I next met some workmen, who looked very attentively at me. I placed the plank before my face, but they appeared to be so curious that I thought I should never escape

then, until I heard them cry, 'Oh, it is Bernard!' Once outside I walked quickly towards the St. Quentin road."

London again received the imperial refugee. Immediately on his arrival he wrote to the French ambassador to assure him of his peaceable intentions, and that in escaping from confinement he had been actuated solely by the desire of ministering at the death-bed of his father. This object, however, was defeated by Austrian policy, and the Comte de St. Leu died in July, unsoothed by the presence of his son.

Much scandal and many false rumours have been industriously spread abroad by the Emperor's political opponents both in England and France, touching his habitual mode of life in this country, both during the two years which he spent here previous to the Boulogne expedition, and subsequent to his escape from Ham. It has been asserted, that "his days and nights were passed on the turf, in betting-rooms, and in clubs where high play and desperate stakes roused the jaded energies of the *blasé* gambler. His intimates were among the least creditable of the 'gay world,' &c." Now we think we only need to recall the attention of our readers to the character of this great Prince, as we have attempted to delineate it from his own words and works, amply to confute such baseless and absurd calumnies. What we do ourselves know of the Prince, as regards the "turf" is, that according to his consistent practice of taking advantage of the peculiar opportunities afforded by every country to perfect himself in some princely accomplishment, which might the better fit him to adorn his high destiny, he was in the occasional habit of visiting Leicestershire in the hunting season, where he soon became known as one of the best cross-country riders after the fox-hounds, and in steeple-chases. This, and, that though reserved and habitually silent in general society he made many sincere friends among the *élite* of the best circles, and was highly and deservedly esteemed, is all we can say of our own knowledge.

We shall now have to review his conduct on attaining power, and we shall see whether it is or is not consistent with his professions when in adversity. We proceed then at once to the revolutionary year, 1848. In reviewing this epoch, Prof. Christmas remarks with his usual acumen, that "Louis Philippe was unquestionably the craftiest man of his day—a man remarkable for those very qualities which have been erroneously [maliciously] imputed to Louis Napoleon; and, till within the last few years of his reign, he continued to

act with marvellous sagacity." We must add to this, in justice to the memory of the Citizen King, that though a brave soldier, he resigned his crown to avoid shedding the blood of his fellow-citizens. This is notorious to all who are well acquainted with the events of the 22nd of February, 1848. "Requiescat in pace."

"Coming events cast their shadows before;" and already the shadow of the resuscitated Empire was, no doubt, hovering over the mind of the Citizen King, from the hour that the prisoner of Ham had reconquered his freedom. A Provisional Government was established on the 23rd; and we cannot abstain from a few extracts from the able sketch which Mr. Christmas has given of the leading members of this government.

"Among these," writes the Rev. author, "the principal were, de Lamartine the poet, Cabet, Louis Blanc, Caussidière, and Cavaignac; we have selected these as the chief representatives of those classes of mind and intellect that were most active on this occasion. Now, the first of these represents the enthusiasts. Never was there a greater enthusiast than Alphonse de Lamartine; and never was there a man whose opinions were more variable. His earliest productions as a poet was *Les Meditations;* and in that work he represents himself as a flaming Legitimatist.* He makes the first French revolution, and all those who took part in it, to have sprung from the infernal regions; he speaks of the Bourbons as the chosen of heaven, endowed with all the graces that can adorn humanity.... But time passed on, and he became a Liberal..... Lamartine mistook the will of Louis Philippe and his friends for the will of the nation; and supported by his powerful genius the race who so long encumbered and disgraced the French people. And when the King of the Barricades was in his turn swept away,.... he became as ardent a Republican as he had been a Legitimatist; and,..... by his wonderful eloquence and brilliancy of intellect sustained the Republic during its first days. We speak, then, of de Lamartine as an enthusiast—a very honest one—a man of great genius and intellect, but of comparatively little judgment.

"We now come to three persons, Cabet, Louis Blanc, and Caussidière, concerning whom we cannot speak in such terms of approbation. The honesty of one of them is certainly more than doubtful; that of the other two lies under very grave suspicions. Their object was to establish "a democratic and social republic, on the principles of Communism;" that is to say, though not perhaps in

* Those mere English readers who wish to test the accuracy of this opinion, we can with a free conscience refer to the admirable translation by the Rev. gentleman himself. "The Poetical Meditations of M. Alphonse de Lamartine. Translated into English verse by the Rev. H. Christmas. London: Parker. 1839."

in the same plain language, the principle of Prudhom, 'that all property is theft,' and that all men should of right possess all things in common; i. e.

* * * 'the good old plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.'

"They may be said," continues the Rev. writer, "to have represented three classes among them—the highest, the middle, and the lowest. The one who represented the lowest, and at the same time the least scrupulous section, was unquestionably Caussidière. Stepping out in bold relief from among these unworthy characters, whose conduct is only so far to be palliated as we may consider them under strong delusion, there arose one, the dignity of whose statesmanship, his patriotic conduct, his noble and disinterested Republicanism, bring to our minds the noblest type of the old Romans; we find him, by the purity of his principles, by the cleanness of his hands, by the absolute freedom from the corruption which marked the steps of so many others—forming a striking contrast to the men around him—that man was General Cavaignac. The son of a stern and fierce Republican, he retained the sternness and integrity, without the fierceness, of his father; he represented the highest and best class of Republicans; and had France been worthy, or even any country in Europe or in the world, capable of a pure Republican government, there could not be found a more worthy representative of that government than General Cavaignac."

It was as the saviour of France from the miserable effects of the antagonistic action of these incongruous elements, these conflicting spirits of democratic misrule, that Louis Napoleon once more appeared on the scene.

On the 28th of February he addressed a very patriotic letter to the Provisional Government, announcing his return from exile. "I come," he said, "to range myself under the flag of the Republic you have just proclaimed. Without any ambition but that of serving my country, I come to announce my arrival to the members of the Provisional Government, and to assure them of my devotion to the cause they represent, and of my personal sympathy." But what was the conduct of the new government? They who too well understood the temper and wishes of the people they pretended to represent, were afraid that his presence in Paris would affect the elections in a way they little intended, —they persuaded the Prince to quit France, until the constitution had been voted, and the law established. And when this point was gained, what was the *liberal* proposition of the National Assembly; an assembly that professed to ensure equality of rights to every Frenchman? It was pro-

posed and carried, that Louis Napoleon, and he alone of all the Bonaparte family, be excluded from the rights of citizenship! The Prince indignantly protested against this most iniquitous sentence; a sentence of perpetual banishment against an innocent man, *because the majority of his countrymen ardently desired his presence!*

The deputies refused even to listen to his communication, though letters from two princes of the Orleans family had previously enjoyed this favour. This barefaced repudiation of their own professions could not, however, long avail them against the voice of the people whom they thus *mis*-represented. No clique or party, whatever name it may assume, can long withstand the almost unanimous wish of a mighty nation. It was not the *Roman* republic of Cavaignac and Lamartine, nor the *red* republic of Louis Blanc and Caussidière that the French people demanded, it was the Empire! Thus writes Mr. Greenwood, who strives hard to make good a case against the Emperor:—

"Meanwhile, however, an under-current of opinion now flowed manifest, and soon floated the nephew of the Emperor into a position beyond the power of the Assembly. Bonapartism had long been the cherished creed of large masses of the people; it is a creed well-engrafted on the popular character, which could take no graft, perhaps—certainly no bud from the 'tree of liberty'—so kindly. Early in June, unmistakable evidences of the popular predilection blazed out. Unsolicited. . . . Louis Napoleon was chosen by large majorities to represent the several departments of the Seine, the Youne, and Charente Inferieure. . . . In each case the proceedings were accompanied by demonstrations not only of electoral, but of insurrectionary zeal,—cries of 'Vive l'Empereur! à bas la Republique!' A cleverly written newspaper, the *Napoleonéen*, was issued, followed, within a week, by five or six others, with such significant titles as *Le Pétit Corporal*, *Le Bonapartiste*, *Napoléon Républicain*, *Le Constitution Bonapartienne*, *La Redingote Grise*, &c."

In fine, the National Assembly was regularly mobbed, and the military were called in, and the people fired on, and charged by horse and foot, still shouting as they fled—"Vive l'Empereur! Vive Louis Napoleon!" M. Lamartine rushed into the tribune, crying, "Blood has been shed, shots have been fired here at hand, and the cry is raised, 'Vive l'Empereur Napoleon!' A law should at once be passed to put a stop to this!"

The following day a large force of military, and sixteen guns, were found necessary to protect the National Assembly; in fact the Republic was in hopeless opposition to the people.

And it was now, with the full tide of popular opinion in his favour, that Louis Napoleon displayed the truest patriotism in an unparalleled moderation. He might have thrown himself at once into the movement, and evoked a civil war to establish the Empire, with every moral certainty of victory; but he whom his unscrupulous enemies libel as a man of blood, of whom even Mr. Greenwood, one of the most candid of his biographers has said, "it has never yet appeared to be his *role* to be affected at a sanguinary scene," shrunk from the prospect of such a blood-stained victory. He knew his countrymen, their wants and wishes, and he could wait. The man was ready; the hour had not yet struck! "He may," says Mr. Greenwood, "have learned it in the fortress of Ham, or it may be, spite of some contradictory appearances, a fixed element of his nature; but certain it is he now proved that he could *wait*." This gentleman, of course, gives the Prince no credit for his moderation. In a letter from London to the electors who had chosen him to represent them, the Prince writes:—"The people have been free since the 24th of February. *They may obtain everything without recourse to brute force.* Let us then rally round the altars of our country, under the flag of the Republic; and let us present to the world the grand spectacle of a people regenerating itself without violence, without civil war or anarchy."

Meanwhile the Provisional Government was displaying its utter incapacity to govern, and the National Assembly its entire misrepresentation of the national will. Within ten days after the letter just quoted was written:—

"One of the cruelest and most unmitigatory conflicts," writes Mr. Greenwood, "that ever degraded a people, washed the stones of every path in Paris with blood. These miserable *ateliers nationaux*, (national workshops), established by cowardice and folly had, of course, failed. The Republican Government of France, in its desire to prove its paternal care of the people, had established these great workshops, where every man who needed it was to find employment, and to be paid by the state. The scheme failed miserably."

A hundred thousand workmen rose in rebellion; the struggle lasted four whole days; the people were mowed down, by this paternal government, with shot and shell; the carnage was dreadful. Ten general officers were reported killed, and not many pitched battles have been fought with greater loss on both sides. General Cavaignac was now raised to the executive power with the title of President of

the Council, with power to appoint his ministers; and the democratic Republic became virtually defunct.

During all this melancholy interregnum, while the enthusiasts and schemers were striving to thrust the democratic and social Republic down the throats of the French people at the point of the bayonet, and administering copious doses of grape and spherical case shot to assist their digestion of it, Prince Louis Napoleon was biding his time, with the most self-denying patriotism. He was well aware that his appearance in Paris during this crisis would have rallied the *real democracy* around the representative of the Empire, and thus his advent among them would have been virtually to "cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war." He therefore calmly and observantly awaited the result of the elections for the new Assembly. The result was most triumphant for him. He was elected for the department of the Seine by 110,752 votes; for the Youne by 42,686, and also for the Moselle, the Charente Inférieure, and Corsica, by large majorities. Consequently, at the opening of the sitting of the 25th of October, the Prince appeared in the Assembly amidst much agitation, and took his seat on the benches of the left.* The miserable minority of schemers, however, who knew that the people were heartily sick of their rule, could not cease persecuting the man of the people. In Paris the people were silenced by "infallible artillery," yet in the various departments they loudly called for the glories and prosperity of the Empire. In the discussion on the article of the Constitution relating to the presidency, it was proposed to insert a proviso, that no member of a family which had ever reigned in France shall be eligible to the office of President or Vice-President! This amendment was opposed by several members, on the ground that it would be a law of proscription unworthy of a great people, and that the head of the imperial family against whom it was specially directed had from the tribune protested his devotion to the Republic. The Prince rose and said, that he was "too grateful to the nation for having restored to him his rights as a citizen, to indulge any other ambition—it was not in his own name, but in the name of 300,000 electors, that he protested against the appellation 'Pretender,' which was continually flung in his face."

The 10th of December was fixed for the Presidential election:—

* He took his seat for Paris, his birthplace.

"And," writes Mr. Greenwood, "if any doubt existed hitherto, as to the popularity of the Bonapartes, the results of that election were sufficient to dispel them for ever. It is in vain, and serves no good purpose since it does not serve the truth, to speak of hired emissaries and propagandists. No machinery of that kind ever yet perverted, or ever can pervert, an unwilling people into voting a ruler into power by a majority so immense as declared in favour of Louis Napoleon. By the free will of the people he was undoubtedly elected; and with a strong feeling, too, that while less than two million votes were distributed among men so powerful and popular as Ledru Rollin, Raspail, Lamartine, Changarnier, and Cavaignac, nearly five millions and a half were showered upon Louis Bonaparte alone.'"

Having followed the fortune of Prince Louis Napoleon, from his long exile and imprisonment until he was borne forward by the irresistible will of the French people to the presidential chair, we have now to pass in review, calmly and candidly, his conduct in that responsible office; and that we may be enabled with the greater impartiality to judge and decide, we shall open the volume of his most bitter antagonist and maligner, Victor Hugo:—

"On Thursday, the 20th of December, 1848, in the Constituent Assembly, the President Arnaud Marrast rose and said—'In the name of the French people. Whereas, the citizen Charles Louis Napoléon Bonaparte, born at Paris, fulfils the conditions of eligibility prescribed by Article 44, of the Constitution; whereas, in the ballot opened throughout the extent of the territory of the Republic, for the election of President, he has received the absolute majority of votes; in virtue of the Articles 47 and 48 of the Constitution, the National Assembly proclaims him President of the Republic from this present day until the second Sunday in May, 1852.' 'In the terms of the decree, I invite the citizen President of the Republic to ascend the tribune and to take the oath.' It was about four in the afternoon, it was growing dark, and the immense hall of the Assembly having became involved in gloom, the chandeliers were lowered from the ceiling, and candles were placed upon the tribune. The President made a sign, a door on the right opened, and then was seen to enter the hall, and rapidly ascend the tribune, a man still young, attired in black, having on his breast the badge and riband of the Legion of Honour. All eyes were turned towards this man. . . . The President of the Assembly, said, 'I will now read the form of the oath.' . . . 'In the presence of God, and before the French people represented by the National Assembly, I swear to remain faithful to the Democratic Republic, one and indivisible, and to fulfil all the duties imposed on me by the Constitution.' . . . The man in black,—it was the citizen Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, raising his right hand said with a firm, full voice, 'I swear it.' . . . In

less than three years after this memorable day, on the 2nd December, 1851, at daybreak, there might be read at the corners of all the streets of Paris, this notice :—

" 'In the name of the French people, the President of the Republic. Decrees :—Art. 1. The National Assembly is dissolved. Art. 2. Universal suffrage is re-established. The law of the 31st of May is repealed. Art. 3. The French people are convoked in their comitia. Art. 4. The state of siege is decreed throughout the extent of the first military division. Art. 5. The Council of State is dissolved. Art. 6. The Minister of the Interior is charged with the execution of the present decrees.

" 'Done at the Palace of the Elysée, 2nd December, 1851.

'LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.'

" At the same time Paris learned that fifteen of the inviolable representatives of the people had been arrested in their houses by order of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte."

This is Victor Hugo's account of the celebrated *coup-d'état* of the 2nd of December; and it is no doubt literally and substantially true; but we must retrace our steps a little, and take into our consideration the three years between December, 1848, and December, 1851, and we shall perhaps be able to point out who it was that organised the *coup-d'état*, and what were the intentions of the National Assembly towards the President whom the French people had chosen to rule over them for four years, and whose term of office, had they awaited its expiration, they were morally certain the nation would have renewed in a new election.

For the character of the men with whom the President had to act for the benefit of his distracted country, we will quote the words of Mr. Greenwood; who, though he cannot comprehend how the Prince could act in the *spirit* of his oath while he seemed to violate the *letter* of it, does, without intending it, fully establish the hard necessity for the so much vituperated act.

" It is useless, if not impossible," writes Mr. G., " to reproduce in detail the squabbles and dissensions that henceforth marked the course of Louis Napoleon's relations with the legislative power. But it must be remarked, *in justice to honesty*, that relations with such a body could only end in opposition to it, *in any man not unworthy of respect;* they could only be productive in a powerful man of pity, in a proud man of disdain, in a sensible man of disgust. No such spectacle of vulgarity, of unprincipled intrigue, of yelling imbecility, has ever been presented before the face of the world, civilised and uncivilised, as was presented by that Assembly."

This picture requires no comment. We must now look a

little to the President's acts. The siege and occupation of Rome is one on which a deal of indignant vituperation has been expended. We hold that this measure was not uncalled for, and that it was dictated by high principle and sound policy. No one who reads the "Church of England Quarterly" will, we opine, suspect us of a leaning to Popery; and, therefore, no one can suspect that we should not rejoice in the fall of the Papacy, and the emancipation of southern Europe from its idolatrous and oppressive yoke. But at the same time, can we suppose that the Roman Catholic nations of Europe would quietly suffer Mazzini and Garibaldi to establish the head quarters of a democratic and socialist propagandism in the eternal city. How long would Austria and Naples have looked on? How could the President then, himself a Roman Catholic, and anxious to organise religion in France, and to show the clergy that he had no sympathy with the men who had shot down the martyred Archbishop of Paris—how could he stand aside and permit Austria to have the credit of hastening to the succour of the persecuted head of the Church of which he was a member, and which France acknowledged as her established religion? By this act he secured the support of the clergy, so necessary to the consolidation of his government. This measure was certainly not popular in France, but it was necessary. It tended to widen the breach between the President and the National Assembly.

"The year 1851," writes Mr. G., "was inaugurated by the deepening infatuation of political parties, and the dismissal of General Changarnier from the command of the army of Paris. The attitude of this man had long been remarkable. There was a steady dumb defiance in it, which it was well known Louis Napoleon was conscious of; and for a time the movements of these two men were watched with intense interest. It was upon Changarnier that the whole dependence of the Assembly was pitched. . . . . For his part Changarnier seems to have taken up the trust (to whatever use we may believe he would ultimately have directed it) with a personal *verve*, a concentrated idea of a *mission* and his own exclusive fitness to perform it, highly unbecoming and dangerous in a soldier. He was, in fact, the only man whom Louis Napoleon had to fear, at the same time he was one whom the nation had not the less reason to mistrust."

It was plain that this vain and self-sufficient soldier was the tool which the schemers and conspirators of the Assembly had laid hold of to undermine the power of the President, and thus to ward off the danger of the Empire, which they saw looming in the distance; and on the re-establishment of

which they became every day more and more aware that the nation (not as they falsely said the President alone) was fully resolved. To prevent this, the re-election of Louis Napoleon must be prevented; and Changarnier was the person to bring over the army of Paris. They did not, however, know yet the adversary with whom they measured their strength. Changarnier had issued, in the name of the National Assembly, some unconstitutional standing orders to be observed by the army in case of insurrection. The President at once dismissed him from his command. M. de Guésoucère thus relates the result:—

"The day after the dismissal of General Changarnier was announced to the National Assembly, the leaders of the majority held a hasty meeting, and determined to make one last effort with the President. M. M. Thiers, De Broglie, Berryer, and Montalembert set out for the Elysée. They were received with that affable and dignified politeness which inspires confidence without permitting familiarity. Louis Napoleon had to cope with men of influence; he had to sustain the shock of the greatest eloquence and most undoubted experience of our times. He listened to all with the most perfect calmness; they expended all their power to shake and convince him. They offered peace: they declared war; they pointed to the lessons of the past, the difficulties of the present, the perils of the future; and alternately made trial of supplications and threats. These torrents of words only fell from their lips to glide along steel. All was useless. Nothing was changed."

It was under these circumstances that the discussion on the revision of the Constitution came on. Petitions poured in from all quarters, even from Legitimatists and Orleanists, praying for the revision, and the greater number expressing confidence in Louis Napoleon. Thus supported by popular opinion, he no longer sought to conciliate the "*extreme gauche*"—or party of the left—consisting of the democratic, socialist, and red-republican members, who were violently opposed to the measure. In fact, the law restricting the suffrage, so contrary to their own boasted principle and chosen motto, "*Liberté, Equalité, Fraternité*," had been adopted chiefly to cripple the popularity of the Prince, to destroy the majority by which he had been elevated, and thus to prevent his re-election, of which his opponents felt but too certain. They gained a momentary triumph, for though the votes in the affirmative showed a majority of 287 out of 724 members, yet, as the Act XI. of the Constitution required for such questions a majority of three-fourths, it was negatived. On the opening of the last session of the Assembly (Nov. 4th) the President addressed the members at considerable

length on the desire of the people for the restoration of universal suffrage. There was now no longer any hope of reconciliation. This brings us naturally back to the *coup-d'état* of the 2nd of December,—that "conspiracy and surprise," as Victor Hugo calls it. But if a conspiracy, who were the real conspirators, and by whom was this *coup-d'état* necessitated? The surprise we admit, and hence *illæ lachrymæ!* There can be no doubt that a formidable conspiracy against the President existed. The Prince was well aware that the officers of the army had been tampered with, and that many had been won over to the cause of the political schemers. Men, too, of military renown—Changarnier, Bedeau, Lamoricière, Le Flô, all generals who had served in the African war, and many others, determined men, and some of them unscrupulous enough for anything. He knew, too, that these men had made up their minds what to do, and when and how to do it. In fact, that a *coup-d'état* against himself was prepared and ready to burst on his devoted head. What then did he do? He acted like a strong and brave man who suddenly sees an adversary with a weapon poised over his head to strike him down, and who wrests the sword from the already lifted hand of his enemy, and lays him prostrate at his feet with his own weapon. Let us hear the Emperor's friends as well as his enemies; thus writes M. Granier de Cassagnac:—

"The situation was intolerable, and it was necessary to come to some termination. A great number of Conservative members, when setting out for their departments at the recess, on taking leave of the President of the Republic, conjured him to dissolve the Assembly before their return. At the same period the party known as the 'Fusion' caused overtures to be made to the President, either to aid him in saving society or to unite with him in endeavouring to preserve order, if it became indispensable to effect a *coup-d'état*. A few days before the return of the Assembly, certain representatives of the Red and Socialist party sent propositions to the President to lean on them, and to take a ministry from among their ranks. Finally, on the evening of December 1st, a proposition of co-operation was made to Louis Napoleon in the name of the Legitimist leaders. It is evident, therefore, that all parties, without exception, judged that the situation was no longer tenable, as all proposed to the President to get out of it; only all these parties wanted him to depend exclusively upon them, and Louis Napoleon would not consent to depend on anything but France."

We have already given from Victor Hugo the decrees which appeared on the walls of Paris on the morning of the 2nd of December, we now present to our readers the proclamation by which it was accompanied, and which, for obvious

reasons, it did not suit Victor Hugo in his dramatic furor to give:—

"Frenchmen,—The present state of things can no longer continue. Every succeeding day aggravates the danger of the country. The Assembly, which ought to be the most strenuous supporter of order, is become the focus of conspiracies. Three hundred patriotic members have not been able to stop its destructive career. Instead of making laws for the common good it forges arms for civil war; it molests the power which I hold directly of the people; it encourages bad passions; it endangers the peace of France. I have dissolved it; and I make the whole people a judge between it and myself. The Constitution, you are aware, had been framed with the design of weakening beforehand the power you have entrusted to me. Six millions of votes were a splendid protest against it, and yet I conformed to it faithfully. I was provoked, I was calumniated, I was insulted, without complaining. But now that the fundamental compact is no longer respected, even by those who continually appeal to it, and that the men who have already ruined two monarchies would bind my hands in order to destroy the Republic, it becomes my duty to baffle their perfidious projects, to support the Republic, and to preserve the country, by invoking the solemn judgment of the sovereign whom I acknowledge in France—the People.

"I, therefore, appeal frankly to the whole nation; and I say, if you wish to continue in the unsettled state which now degrades us, elect another in my room, for I scorn to hold a power which is impotent for good, which renders me responsible for acts I cannot prevent, and chains me to the helm while I see the ship drifting towards the rocks. If, on the contrary, you feel confidence in me, give me the means of accomplishing the great mission with which you have entrusted me."

Then follow the principles of the new Constitution. It then adds:—

"If I do not obtain a majority of your votes, I shall summon a new Assembly to meet, and deliver to that body the mandate I have received from you. But if you think that the cause which my name represents—that is to say, France regenerated by the Revolution of 1789, and organised by the Emperor—is still yours, you will declare it by confirming the powers I ask of you. Then will France and Europe be preserved from anarchy, obstacles will be removed, party contests will disappear, for all men will respect the verdict of the people as the decree of Providence.

"Louis Napoleon Bonaparte."

These proclamations, posted on every wall at day-dawn on the 2nd December, took the Parisians by surprise. Troops filled the city before its inhabitants had left their beds. Generals Changarnier, Cavaignac, Lamoricière, Le Flô, and Bédeau, with Colonel Charras, M. M. Thiers, Lagrange, and

several others were arrested; and all was quietly performed in less than two dark hours of a wintry morning. The *man* of the people was there already; the *hour* had now struck. Let us see how this startling *coup* was received by the inhabitants of the capital. It is thus recorded by the *Constitutionnel*:—

"It is unnecessary for us to say that the proclamation which appeared in Paris yesterday morning produced an immense sensation. The news, as is usual in all great events, spread with the rapidity of lightning. There was emotion on every side, and astonishment nowhere. There was emotion because the act was an important one; there was no astonishment because the act was foreseen. The avowal of every one was, that the state of affairs was such as could only be remedied by extraordinary measures. The parties hostile to the executive power had already, in a stormy sitting, talked of impeaching the President of the Republic. That failing, another was prepared for sending the elect of six millions of votes to Vincennes. . . . . The President only prevented the imminent aggression with which he was threatened; and instead of proceeding, as the Assembly would have done—that is to say, constituting himself judge and party—he abolished *restricted*, and re-established *universal* suffrage; he takes the whole French people as judge between the Assembly and himself. This act of strict impartiality has been understood by the population of Paris, as it will be throughout the whole of France. Paris, although agitated, has not witnessed the slightest disorder on any point. The people comment on the proclamation and decrees with manifest sympathy. The shops everywhere remained open. Louis Napoleon, who went through several quarters of Paris, was saluted with numerous acclamations. This day, which will be remarkable in history, will have as its effect to prevent all the misfortunes which were expected in 1852."

None but the defeated schemers blamed the President for that which was universally acknowledged to be an act of imperative necessity. The baffled conspirators, however, were resolved that their defeat should be recorded in bloody characters. The Prince President had taken every precaution to avoid a collision; the generals and others, who might have organized resistance, had been arrested in their bed-chambers; everything was done to awe down resistance and to prevent bloodshed. Such a consummation did not, however, at all suit the views of the conspirators; they could not make a fight, so they were resolved to get up a massacre, the stigma of which might be cast upon the man of the people, who had proved himself so great an overmatch for their miserable cunning. That upon their heads, and not upon that of the Emperor, rests the stigma, and that at their

hands will be required the blood shed on the lamentable day of the 4th December, we undertake to demonstrate from their own annalist. And we say to that man, Victor Hugo, in the words of eternal truth, Ἐκ τοῦ στόματός σου κρινῶ σε, πονηρὲ δοῦλε. Thus he writes :—

"The day of the 4th December. The *coup d'état* at bay. "The resistance had assumed unexpected proportions. The combat had become menacing; it was no longer a skirmish, but a battle which was beginning in every direction. At the Elysée and the different ministries people began to turn pale All the centre of Paris was becoming covered with barricades thrown up at a minute's notice. . . . The quarter of the schools, whither the Committee of Resistance had despatched the representative De Flotte, had risen more generally than the evening before; the suburbs were beginning to grow excited; the drums were beginning to beat to arms in the Batignolles; Madier de Montjan was agitating Belleville; while three enormous barricades were in course of construction at the Chapelle Saint Denis. 'All is going on well! Paris is up!' exclaimed B—— to us, as he entered the Committee of Resistance with a face radiant with joy."*

Thus we see these desperate schemers were organizing a hopeless resistance against a disciplined army of fifty thousand men, commanded by a general of African celebrity, with no other force than the *gamins* of Paris, and some hot-brained students of the *Quartier Latin;* for our readers must, ere this, be quite awake to the fact that the real survivors of the barricades of June, 1848, were almost to a man Bonapartists, and the most enthusiastic supporters of Louis Napoleon. What then was the object of these pseudo-patriots, who were "directing the combat" not against the army only but against the people of France? Their object was palpable enough; it was to stain the President's bloodless victory with blood; to harass the troops, day and night, until their patience—and they knew that French soldiers are not very patient under insult—should be exhausted, and then blood would flow freely, and Louis Napoleon would be a tyrant, a monster. And they succeeded but too well in their diabolical manœuvre. But let us see how the Mephistopheles of the Committee, Victor Hugo, fixes the guilt of the unfortunate catastrophe on the Emperor.

* This Committee, charged with centralizing the action, and directing the combat, assembled at the house of the representative Lafon. This Committee, which was obliged to change its retreat twenty-seven times in four days, and which sat night and day, was composed of the representatives Carnot, De Flotte, Jules Favre, Madier de Montjan, Michel (de Bourges), Schœlcher, and Victor Hugo.

"Louis Napoleon had not quitted the Elysée. He occupied a cabinet on the ground floor, near the splendid gilt saloon where, when a child, in 1815, he had been present at the second abdication of Napoleon. He was there alone. From time to time the door was opened a little, and the grey hair of General Roguet, his aide-de-camp, appeared. The General was the only person who was allowed to open this door and to enter the room. The General brought the news, which was becoming every instant more and more alarming; and he frequently terminated what he had to say with 'Matters are not going well;' or, 'Matters are going badly.' After he had finished, Louis Bonaparte, who was seated with his elbows on a table and his feet upon the fire-dog before a large fire, turned his head half round on the back of his chair, and, with the most phlegmatic voice, and without any apparent emotion, invariably answered in the four following words—'*Qu'on exécute mes ordres*' (let them execute my orders). The last time that General Roguet entered the room in this manner with bad news it was nearly one o'clock. He himself has related these details, to the honour of his master's calmness. He told the Prince that the barricades in the centre of the town still held out, and were increasing in number; that on the Boulevards the cries of 'Down with the Dictator,' (he did not dare say 'Down with Soubouque') and hisses everywhere hailed the troops as they passed by; that before the Galerie Jouffray an adjutant-major had been pursued by the crowd, and at the corner of the Caffé-Cardinal a captain of the staff had been torn from his horse. Louis Bonaparte half rose up from his chair, and, looking fixedly at the General, calmly said to him, 'Very well, let Saint Arnaud be told to execute my orders.' 'What were those orders?'"

Aye, indeed! "What were those orders?" It requires no sorcerer to divine; the arch-conspirators and defamer, whose libellous treachery we have now before us, broadly insinuates in the answer—"We shall see," that the orders to Marshal St. Arnaud were to massacre the people, for the simple purpose of striking terror into the insurgents. Those orders in reality were not to fire, unless fired upon; to act strictly on the defensive. And we shall go on to prove, from the words of Victor Hugo himself, that such was the conduct of the troops under Marshal St. Arnaud, and that the lamentable catastrophe of the 4th December was deliberately organized by the *Committee of Resistance*, of whom Victor Hugo was one. Never was such a farrago of transparent falsehoods and palpable contradiction as that miserable attempt to inculpate the Emperor. Hearken to the wretched schemer—

"All the permanent committees of the different quarters had placed themselves in communication with us. The members of the Committee deliberated with one another, and issued orders and

instructions for the combat in every direction. Victory seemed certain!!! 'At present,' exclaimed Jules Favre, '*let but a regiment turn, or a legion appear*, and Louis Bonaparte is lost.' 'To-morrow the Republic will be at the Hôtel de Ville!' said Michel. All was ferment, all was excitement; in the most peaceful quarters of the town the proclamations were torn down, and the ordinances defaced."

"Victory seemed certain." Was there ever such impudent lying? Victory! by whom and over whom? Over the French army and people, by a handful of undisciplined *gamins*, assisted by a hundred or two of political refugees from Poland, Hungary, and Italy,—men, the business of whose lives is revolution, the disbanded *sgerri* of Garibaldi, including the assassin Pianori, and no doubt a few of his three hundred accomplices, with the idle refuse of the *Ateliers Nationaux*, and among them the cowardly murderer Bartélemi.

Such was the rabble, who, by the forbearance of the President, were permitted to raise barricades and to harrass the troops for two days and nights, merely because he was unwilling to stain *his victory* with the blood of a single Frenchman. He had not learned to know the malice of the men he had to deal with; and he treated their efforts at rebellion with too generous a contempt, thus—

"An individual of great intrepidity, who had been despatched by the Committee of Resistance to raise the Faubourg Saint Marceau was arrested in the Rue des Fossés Saint Victor, with his pockets filled with the proclamations and decrees of the Left. He was immediately marched off in the direction of the Prefecture of Police. He expected to be shot. As the escort which was conducting him prisoner was passing before the Morgue on the Quai Saint Michel, some musket-shots were heard in the Cité. The sergent-de-ville, at the head of the escort, said to the soldiers:—'Go back to your guard-house; I will take care of the prisoner.' As soon as the soldiers were gone, he cut the cords with which the prisoner's hands were fastened, and said to him, 'Go.'"

The reader may make his own comments on this little anecdote, we opine they will be somewhat different from those of M. Victor Hugo, who attributes it to the terror inspired in the government officer by the victorious aspect of the *émeute*. And this when, as we have seen from his own words, not a "regiment *had* turned, not a legion (of the Garde National) *had* appeared" on their side. And can this man think that Europe is to be deceived by such transparent falsehoods. We now come to the consummation of their machinations. *Semper Victor loquitur*:—

"The large barricade, which covered the Porte Saint Martin, was held by about *a hundred combatants;* in the midst of whom were observed two women and an old man with white hair. In his left hand he held a stick on which he supported himself, and in his right he grasped a musket. One of the two women wore a sabre suspended to a cross-belt. While helping to tear up the railing that ran along the side of the pavement, she wounded three fingers of her right hand with the sharp edge of an iron bar. She showed the wound to the crowd, and as she did so, cried, 'Vive la République!' The other woman had ascended to the top of the barricade, whence, leaning on the flag-staff, and escorted by two men in blouses, who were armed with muskets and presented arms, she read aloud the call to arms issued by the representatives of the Left. The crowd clapped their hands. All this occurred between twelve and one o'clock in the day. An immense number of people on this side the barricades covered the pavement on both sides the Boulevards; in some places they were silent; in others they cried, 'Down with Soubouque! down with the traitor!'"

"Look on this picture and on this." Is it not a fine commentary, this formidable array of old men, *poissardes*, and *dames des halles* on the all but assured victory of the heroes of the Left. A magnificent army to defy and *almost* conquer fifty thousand of the finest troops in Europe; but the rhodomontade is all of a piece. But quite enough was done at the instigation of the scheming Committee of Resistance to harrass the soldiers, by keeping them under arms night and day, and so to make them irritable and dangerous.

"The troops were laughing and chatting," says one witness. Another says, "the soldiers had a strange look about them. Most of them were leaning upon their muskets, with the butt-end upon the ground, and seemed nearly falling from fatigue or something else. The shops were shut, as were all the windows. There was, however, one window left open on an upper story in the house, at the corner of the Rue du Sentier. The principal mass of mere spectactors were still on the southern side of the street. It was an ordinary crowd and nothing more,—men, women, children, and old people who looked upon the languid attack and defence of the barricades as a sort of sham fight. The soldiers had been skirmishing in this manner, and the defenders of the barricades returning their fire for about a quarter of an hour, without any one being wounded on either side, when suddenly, as if by the agency of electricity, an extraordinary and terrible movement was observed in the infantry first, and then in the cavalry. The troops suddenly faced about."

The historiographers of the *coup-d'état* have asserted that a shot, directed against the soldiers, was fired from the window which remained open at the corner of the Rue du Sentier. The dreadful scene which ensued we will not

describe, suffice it to say the soldiers were worn out by night-watching and fatigue, thoroughly irritated, and many of them intoxicated, as soldiers under such circumstances are sure to be if they can obtain drink. And there is no doubt that those busy "individuals of great intrepidity" who were so active in fomenting insurrection, took care that the soldiers should not want for drink, or money to procure it, though they failed to win them over to their side. No doubt one of these "individuals of great intrepidity" also fired the shot from his lurking-place at the window, which caused the frightful massacre attributed by the veracious scribe of the Left to the orders of the President.

Had this mighty organized resistance, this host of intrepid combatants been anything but a myth—what the Germans would call a *gros wind-beutel*—would it so instantly have collapsed at a running fire of musketry? would it not rather have been excited to revenge? But *eheu! jam satis!* we have followed out our investigation through the *cloaca* of Victor Hugo, *usque ad nauseam.* Suffice it to say, that no one lamented the terrible misfortune of the 4th December more sincerely than the Emperor. As for Victor Hugo and his clique, it is evident that they gloat over it: they hold it up; they thrust it in the face of Europe in all its most revolting details, and cry, "Ecce homo!" But it will not do; every man not blinded by party prejudice must acquit the Emperor, and cast the burden upon the guilty schemers—we were going to say on their consciences, but they, alas! are seared as with a red-hot iron. Human suffering, the deluging a city with blood, while they skulk in their *twenty-seven* different lurking places, sending out now and then an "intrepid individual" to distribute inflammatory placards among their idle and ignorant dupes, and to endeavour to seduce the soldiery from their allegiance—what is it to them, so long as the political ebullition be kept up, that they and their fellow scum may have a chance of rising to the top. France was on the side of the President; and the *coup-d'état,* forced upon him by these self-deluded conspirators, was confirmed by near 8,000,000 votes of the people and the army. And the re-establishment of the Empire, so long and so ardently desired by the French nation, soon fulfilled the dying prediction of Marshal Bugeaud, who, when visited by the President on his death-bed, said, while he affectionately and gratefully pressed his hand: "Prince, I am very glad to see you; you have a grand mission to fulfil. You will save France by the union and with the concurrence of all worthy people. God has not deemed me worthy of remain-

ing here on earth to assist you. I feel I am dying." He died of the cholera a few hours afterwards.

"It was during the time that this terrible scourge was afflicting all quarters of Paris," relates Prof. Christmas, to whose pleasant little book we are indebted for the above anecdote, "that the Prince President gave proofs of rare moral courage and kindness of heart. He visited the hospitals—the Hôtel-Dieu, the Val-de-Grâce, and the Salpétrière. He went through the chambers occupied by the sufferers; stopped by the beds of several to say kind, cheering words, promising to take care of their families. He encouraged the physicians and the Sisters of Charity: 'You have added another beautiful page,' said he, 'to the history of science and humanity.'" But we should need to write a volume, were we to undertake to record all the fine traits of character developed by this truly great man.

Before, however, concluding this part of our subject, our readers may perhaps wish to form some opinion of "Louis Napoleon, the Patriot, or the Conspirator," by Truman Slater, *Esquire*, which appears among our authorities at the head of this article. A single extract will we think suffice. At p. 134 we find the following exquisite morceau:—"What are the proscriptions of Marius or "Syller" (*sic*); or Mark Antony or Octavius, compared to these of Louis Napoleon, in *company* of whom Jefferies becomes a lenient magistrate, and even Ahab would lose half his crimes." This is "*Hercle's vein*" with a vengeance; this is "out-Heroding Herod," or rather, out-Victoring Victor Hugo. In fact, as far as we have dipped into it, the volume is one of vulgar vituperation. Who Truman Slater, *Esquire*, may be, we cannot inform our readers from any personal knowledge; but we have the internal evidence of his book for his being "a *gent as goes* for something more than the five points of the Charter;" one who has sat at the feet of Ernest Jones, or some other Gamaliel of the revolutionary school. But away with such; Englishmen have too much sense and honesty yet to accept such trash for patriotism. Such patriotism it was that evoked Dr. Johnson's definition of patriotism, as "the last refuge of a scoundrel." We must, however, leave the pseudo-patriots, and return to the real patriot, the Emperor Napoleon III., and in so doing we cannot omit the Emperor's marriage, so characteristic of the independent and self-reliant policy of the man.

"The alliance which I contract," said he, in the speech announcing his intended marriage to the senate, "is not in accordance with the traditions of ancient policy, and therein is its advantage. . .

The example of the past has left in the mind of the people superstitious feelings. It has not forgotten, that for seventy years foreign princesses have mounted the throne only to behold their race dispossessed and proscribed by war or by revolution. One woman alone seemed to bring happiness, and to live more than others in the memory of the people; and that woman, the modest and good wife of General Bonaparte, was not the issue of royal blood."

There is no doubt, in spite of all that has been said by his enemies, that the Emperor, had he debased his great mind to this puerile ambition, might have selected a princess from any of the Catholic imperial or royal families of the Continent; but his mighty uncle's alliance with the perfidious house of Hapsburg was a pregnant warning against such a folly. He has chosen wisely, and we trust well; at least his lovely Empress impressed all hearts favourably in their late visit to our gracious queen.

" L'Empire c'est la paix," was the Emperor's first public declaration on ascending the throne, a declaration fully borne out, in its truest sense, by his subsequent administration of the Empire. Peace it has given to France, by putting an end to the strife of factions, and uniting the army and people around the throne of their affections. Peace it seeks for Europe, by restraining within due limits the aggressive ambition of " the frantic Alexander of the North." It adopts Cromwell's motto, " Pax quæritur bello ;" and in the mighty struggle to obtain this end, the Emperor has displayed an union of firmness, energy, and moderation beyond all praise. By a singular exhibition of the latter virtue, he even perilled his own position by acceding to the Anglo-Austrian basis of the four points, for patching up a sham peace which would have inevitably alienated the French army, and reduced the Empire, in their eyes, to a mere sham. But his sagacity foresaw that Muscovite insolence, fostered by the truckling of plenipotentiaries anxious to preserve " the honour of Russia," and utterly regardless of the honour of their own country, would reject every compromise; and the Russian court, having, with a stretch of infatuation which can only be excused by the adage—" Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat"—thus extricated him from this fearful dilemma, he has shewn by the zeal with which he has poured reinforcements of his superb army into the Crimea that he, at least, is in earnest in prosecuting this most just and necessary war: and we trust that with *his* friend Lord Palmerston at the head of the English Government, in lieu of the Czar's friend, Lord Aberdeen,—with the Sea of Azoff occupied by an allied squadron, and the Russian works

of counter approach at Sebastopol turned against his defences—the Crimea will soon be cleared of the last Muscovite, and Russia reduced within such safe limits as shall make her no longer a terror to Europe and Asia. If this "consummation, so devoutly to be wished," should, by the blessing of the Almighty, be secured, it will be by the instrumentality of that truly noble-minded man, the so unjustly vilified Emperor of the French. It is even attributed as a crime to him by M. Kossuth and his worshippers that the expedition to the Crimea was suggested and carried out by him. But, if it was so, we hold it to have been at once a proof of his sagacity and of his good faith. For had he indulged M. Kossuth and his fellow refugees by a premature attack on Russian Poland, who would not have declared the protection of Turkey a mere pretext for carrying out the ambitious views of his predecessor in the Empire? Austria and Prussia would both have been arrayed on the side of Russia, and we much fear that the Government and people of England would have been sadly perplexed with divided counsels. Besides, while we look forward to the liberation of Poland, we hold that the Crimea has been Russia's right arm of aggression, the mailed and guantleted arm already stretched out to grasp the Turkish Empire in Europe and Asia, and to force open through the Caucasus the road for her semi-barbarous hordes to absorb Persia and India. Thus the sagacity and good faith of the Emperor is contending for the salvation of Turkey and the security of British India, and not for the extension of the French Empire. Well indeed might the English people welcome such a man with hearty cheers, and shouts of "Vive L'Empereur!" We can admire, we do admire, the great qualities and the pure patriotism of M. Kossuth; but M. Kossuth must remember that the Emperor Napoleon is not a Magyar but a Frenchman, and that it is his vocation to wage war on a French and not on a Magyar basis. All that we wish is that this great and good man, may pursue unwaveringly the wise course of policy with which he has commenced his auspicious reign, and thus continue to be a living illustration of Horace's fine characteristic of a truly great character—

> "Justum, et tenacem propositi virum,
> Non civium ardor prava jubentium
> Non vultus instantis tyranni
> Mente quatit solida."

May we be pardoned the pun if we continue the quotation—

> "*Neque auster*
> *Dux turbidus inquietæ Adriæ.*"

Quarterly Report of Facts and Progress.

REVISION OF THE LITURGY.

WE presume that this question is to undergo a thorough examination this summer in Convocation, (if we are to have such a thing, a topic on which we have already spoken pretty freely) and that churchmen will have to decide in what way they will view it. We are exceedingly surprised to find that there are many clergymen, who object decidedly to any interference, at the present moment, with our public formularies. Whenever we have had an opportunity of enquiring, we have discovered that this objection seems to assume the following shape.

"Granting that there are some things in our Liturgy which might advantageously be remodelled; and that Convocation is the proper body to attempt the task; yet, Convocation itself is so viciously constructed, that the first step ought to be the reconstruction of Convocation; and that, until this can be effected, we had better remain quiescent, and expectant." Now it is very certain that the lower house of Convocation *is* most imperfect. Not only does it not represent the Church of England; it does not even represent the clergy. Curates and unbeneficed ministers, in the first place, are quite excluded; and even the parish incumbents have a very small voice in it compared with the cathedral clergy, who have but little knowledge of the practical working of the Church. In the eyes of earnest men, this lower house of Convocation has proved its own incompetency, and the need of its speedy and sweeping reform, by its late vote against any interference with the Prayer-book. Unless these men will draw back from the post in which they are placed, and unless they will permit the Church to reform itself, we are afraid that the time is at hand when the pruning-knife will be applied by ruder and unfriendly hands.

We are conscious of the deep conviction that prevails, as to the need of reforming the constitution of the lower house of Convocation. But how is that reformation to be effected? Clearly by pressure from without. Hitherto Convocation has existed as a piece of legal lumber, whose very existence was unknown to many, and whose constitution was understood by a very select few. People cared nothing for Convocation; for they supposed it incapable of effecting anything. They insisted upon Parliament being reformed, because they were

conscious that Parliament was able to affect their own well-being. But they would not have stirred an inch to reform Convocation; because they had no idea what good or evil Convocation could do. But during the last few years there has been a great change. Most educated men now understand what Convocation is, and are beginning to take an interest in its proceedings, for they recognise some vitality in it, and see that it can act, and may perhaps act wisely and vigorously.

Now, let those who desire a reformation of Convocation, and repudiate any of its legislation, just consider this much—If Convocation will now, at this juncture, show itself able and willing to exercise functions that really belong to it; if it will undertake the consideration of that which demands consideration at its hands; Christian people in this country will soon insist on their being properly represented in the church assembly. But if Convocation is known only as a heavy lumbering institution that will do nothing, it will be sent back to the obscurity of the Georgian period from which it has now some prospect of recovery.

Far be it from us to advocate any of those wild and impracticable proposals of reform, of which we sometmes hear: but the plan proposed by the bishops is so moderate, that he must be a singular instance of obstinacy who resists it. That plan is to petition the Queen to give them leave to deliberate on some means of modifying our church services so as to adapt them to the manifest requirements of the age.

In our opinion, the most important topics for consideration will be:—1st The rearrangement of the Lessons from the Old Testament. 2ndly, The reconstruction of the Rubrics. 3rdly, The occasional reading of the Gospels, the Litany, and the Communion in the afternoon; in order to allow those, who can scarcely ever go to church in the morning, to hear the most important part of the Bible, and the most beautiful parts of the Liturgy. 4thly, The shortening of the Morning Service, especially when there is a communion. 5thly, The formation of an Evening Service as distinct from that of the afternoon. 6thly, The abridgement of the superabundant prayers for the Sovereign, and the erasure of those for the Royal Family. 7thly, The substitution of some good psalmody for the wretched doggrel of Tate and Brady, which has been called, "The Psalter, with all the poetry, and nearly all the religion, carefully extracted." 8thly, The petitioning of the Queen to revoke the Royal Letters which order the reading of those offensive, and sometimes blasphe-

mous, services for Charles I., the Gunpowder Plot, &c. For although we are persuaded that those royal letters have no legal power, they yet sadly disquiet tender consciences. 9thly, The immediate organization of a body of preachers, such as Wesley employed, who may go into the streets and lanes, and preach the gospel to those whom our past apathy has driven from our churches.

CHURCH-RATES.

At length Parliament has addressed itself to this important and difficult question. But it seems to us that Sir William Clay's proposal will indeed remove one difficulty only to create a greater. He wishes to abolish church-rates, and to make the support of the church to depend upon pew-rents, which may be recovered at common law by the churchwarden. We protest against the pew system, as one that turns the House of God into a private house. It is sometimes indeed unavoidable, as when a chapel is private property; but do not let us abandon the great principle, that our parish churches are public, and open to all the world. And besides, in rural districts, how are the churchwardens to let the pews, or who will pay for them? We cannot see why, *if* the Church of England remains the church as by law established, the nation at large should not be bound to support it. Those who dissent from it are no more necessarily freed from this obligation, than they would from the obligation to contribute any other taxes whose objects they might disapprove. If indeed the *nation* is adverse to the existence of a national church, and for that reason refuses to support it, then, we confess, it is foolish to ask for a legal tax. But, as long as we stop short of this, as long as the Church of England is part and parcel of the law of the land, we do think it ought to be treated as all other legal institutions are. If not—if the day has gone by for it—let us boldly say so, or reform our Church, so as to make it include all but the extremes, or the most violent.

The Archbishop's bill is far more reasonable than that of Sir William Clay, in proposing a sort of Church Committee in every parish, in lieu of the present vestry, that may tax itself, but not the whole parish. But both bills have lost sight of the fact, that those who now pay church-rates bought their property with certain reductions on that account. Therefore they ought, in justice, to offer some compensation if they are freed from this tax.

THE MARRIAGES BILL.

After a long and protracted consideration, it has at last been affirmed that a man may marry his deceased wife's sister. Few questions have had so much said, on both sides, as this. And we believe that many thoughtful men have arrived at the conclusion that it is very difficult, if not impossible, to form a decided opinion about it. We think it has been very wisely done to appeal to the Levitical law: for, although that law contains much that was only intended for the people of Israel, yet many of our circumstances are precisely the same as theirs, and therefore God's commands to them must also be received as commands to us. Hence, in a matter like this one, where there are doubts whether the proposed law is or is not good, it is right to appeal to the only divinely-given code, and to decide just as that code decides. In this case, however, the Levitical law itself is somewhat obscure; many scholars interpreting it in one way, while as many understand it in the other. We think that Jewish tradition is a very correct interpreter of such a difficulty as this; and as the Jews always have believed such marriages to be sanctioned by their law, we have done well to receive their opinion, and to interpret that law in the same manner.

ABORTIVE LEGISLATION.

The present session of Parliament has been distinguished by many abortive attempts at church legislation. Sir W. Clay's bill about church-rates, is postponed for the present. We have spoken on this subject already, and shall not therefore allude to it further under this head. The Bishop of London made a speech about the hardships which the poor suffered in the matter of burials, and was listened to decorously; and then declined to proceed with the subject; so that all parties seem to have agreed, First, that it was the part of a Christian bishop to speak; Secondly, that it was the duty of a Christian legislature to hear the frightful state of the case; and, Thirdly, that these duties being performed, nothing else need be done in the matter at all. A conclusion wherein nothing is concluded. Another question of great importance has occupied the attention of Lord Shaftesbury. According to our present law, a law dated from the "glorious" days of George III., no assembly can take place for religious purposes of more than twenty persons,

save in a place duly licensed for that purpose. The law itself betrays its origin. The meaning was this—"We are under a state of despotism, all rights are infringed, all liberties trampled upon; and lest feeling the yoke too keenly, the religion of freemen should be used as a pretext to advocate the civil rights of freemen, we will have no meetings to be held without our license and permission," such, being interpreted, was the meaning of the law. Even so late in the day as now it has been proposed to repeal this absurd enactment; it is continually infringed, and remains only as a specimen of the evil legislation of the period which gave it birth. Why should it not sleep with the iniquitous "Test and Corporation Acts?" It was the worthy offspring of an age which imprisoned Leigh Hunt for saying that "the Prince Regent's attempts to personate Adonis were ridiculous, inasmuch as His Royal Highness was fat and fifty."* Moreover, the law renders cottage lectures for the most part illegal, for it is indeed a rare thing, if it has ever happened at all, for a bishop to license a poor man's cottage for this pious and excellent purpose. This common sense view of the subject does not seem very forcibly to have struck our legislators; they have only talked about the rights of the Church and the encroachments of Dissent. The fact is that if our Church be only fairly treated, we should have but little Nonconformity. Let the *working* clergy be treated with common justice; let the gross nepotism, and favouritism, and peculation which now, alas! so deform her be but partially removed; and we shall soon see the people of this country rallying round her, and no small portion of dissent gradually dying away. In fact, dissent among us is of three kinds. First, Theoretical or theological dissent. This arises from an incapacity to receive certain doctrines of the Church as by law established; this must ever exist, and in a free country must ever be *acknowledged*, not *tolerated*. It is an inherent portion of our *civil* freedom, that we should lose no portion of our birth-right through the convictions of our own hearts. It is, besides, a positive benefit. Variety of opinion, freely expressed, tends to elicit truth, and our Church professes no infallibility. *Toleration* therefore becomes an insult, and all laws implying toleration ought to be at once repealed.

* This was declared by the judges of the land to be "bringing his Royal Highness' person and government *into contempt*." After two years' incarceration, the satirical poet was released, and he forthwith apologized for his indiscretion, saying, that he thought he had spoken the truth in the passage which had been condemned, but that the government arguments had convinced him that His Royal Highness was *thin* and *thirty*.

Secondly, there is a kind of enforced dissent. The terms of communion are narrowed by the way in which our formularies are expounded; by the retention of phrases no longer expressing what they were intended to convey; by the existence of obsolete laws, and the occasional enforcement of objectionable and easily dispensable statutes. This portion of nonconformity, which is by far the largest, may be gradually eliminated; we have only to recollect that our Church, while it rejects the Papal claim of infallibility, does at the same time acknowledge Christ the LOVING Saviour as her head; and is therefore bound to hold the truth in meekness, and not to make any man "an offender for a word." Let our Church purify herself, and she will attract by far the best and largest portion of non-conformists.

Thirdly, there are the political dissenters; some of them, doubtless, conscientious men, but others of whom it would be difficult to predict as much. Their only object is,—*per fas*, and, alas! also *per nefas*,—to pull down the existing church establishment. They dislike her splendour more than her corruptions, and would willingly pardon her faults if they could but take away her revenues. It ought to be well considered by our ecclesiastical rulers, that the *entire success* of these men would inflict no injury, but would rather confer a benefit, on the majority of the working clergy. The objects of *their* attack are episcopal palaces, revenues, and seats in Parliament; patronage for sons, nephews, and dependents; cathedral endowments with large incomes and small duties; Deaneries, registraries, pluralities, and all that makes the Church attractive in the eyes of the worldly. The poor vicar, and still poorer curate, have nothing to fear, and unfortunately seldom much to hope; and while we brand with the appellation of "robber" those who would despoil our church establishment of gorgeous thrones, high sounding titles, and broad acres, we should cast an eye at the same time on the indigent and hard-working majority of the clergy, and remember

"Cantabit *vacuus* coram *latrone* viator."

REPORT OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSION.

The Ecclesiastical Commission has sent in its report, a report whose recommendations savour far too strongly of the spirit, "My mountain standeth so strong that it cannot be moved," to find favour in the eyes of those who really wish the Church to be made effective.

Perhaps they are right—the public mind may be indifferent to the jobbery and corruption that still prevail in the high

places of our ecclesiastical Zion. The lever need not be feared so long as the δός που στῶ cannot be found; and we are often tempted to fear that this is indeed the case. Nevertheless, it is our duty, through good report and evil report, to cry aloud and spare not. And, first, we would notice the proposal about a residence for every bishop, in or near his cathedral city—a modest hint in some cases for two, and in others for three, episcopal residences—the creation of a new publication of "romances in stone and lime," few of which can be completed under £30,000. At present the hardest worked of our bishops find one morning in a week sufficient for the calls of their clergy; and if a bishop has not a palace within half a mile of his cathedral, but is sumptuously and pleasantly lodged amid hills and groves far away, the least he can do is to pay a weekly visit to his see, and hear what his clergy have to lay before him. We have no objection to a becoming residence—nay, a palace—beneath the shade of *every* cathedral church; but then the glorious castle, embosomed in woods, and luxuriant with all the beauties of nature, *must be sold to pay for it.*

Again, it is proposed that we should have twelve new sees; but they are to be sees like the existing ones, with a staff of canons and a dean, to make a kind of ecclesiastical court. The revenues are to be those of a lord in parliament; and as there would be no chance of planting twelve new spiritual peers in the Upper House, the next best thing is to be obtained, and all are to be peers in their turn. All must have their thrones and their palaces; all, their cathedrals; all, their chancellors, archdeacons, and registrars; all, their deans; all, their canons: and while these are being provided, the poor vicars and rectors are to wait—their cases are still to be laid before the "Sons of the Clergy," and the "Friend of the Clergy;" the Society for supplying left-off apparel to "poor pious clergymen" is to be doing its work—and we are to sit down with the conviction that our Church is still the purest under Heaven! Now, we have only one observation to make on all this: if the proposed bishops are to do like those now occupying the episcopal thrones in this country, then their lordships are totally unnecessary, for the present prelates are quite sufficient to do all the work. If they are to be of a more apostolical order, more familiar with their clergy; more diligent in rewarding learning, merit, and pastoral zeal; more accessible, and more hospitable to the poorer clergy, to whom an invitation to a bishop's table is an honour, and a kind word from him an encouragement—then there

will be no need of all the sumptuous array by which it is proposed to surround these new pastors of the Church. £2000 per annum would be amply sufficient for an income. No palace would be necessary; no lordly pomp for one who had no prospect of a spiritual peerage; and the prelate might be his own chancellor, archdeacon, and registrar. He might dispense with a dean and canons; a clerk at £100 per annum might do the duties usually expected from a cumbrous staff of officials; and as for chaplains, he would find many a ripe scholar among his clergy, who would aid him cheerfully and gratuitously when the time came for examining candidates for orders. If, as we fear, a bishop such as this would be looked on as too dangerous an innovation, let him be called a Rural Bishop—a suffragan (in the old sense)—and let the Lord Bishops still continue their purple pre-eminence.

Another recommendation of the Commission is, to lengthen the residence of canons residentiary and of deans. It is questionable whether this be desirable or not. If a cathedral be well served, it matters little by whom, and there are always minor canons or lay vicars enough to do this. The truth is that, as they are arranged at present, canons are of *no use*—they are not men who have long-standing claims on the Church for what they have done in her behalf, but merely relations of bishops, or of great men having ecclesiastical influence. As a matter of theory they ought to reside, of course; as a matter of practice it is not of the slightest consequence whether they reside at all. A few persons who hold the dignity have poor livings, entailing great labour and expense; such are those of Whitechapel, held by Canon Champneys, of St. Paul's; and of St. Giles's, by Canon Bickersteth, of Salisbury; their parishes would suffer by the proposal being carried out at once, and there are a few others in the same situation. On the other hand, Archdeacon Hale could reside at the same time on his canonry and in his parish; and we may take this gentleman as a proof how little onerous a canon's duties are—since he fulfils them, and at the same time those of Master of the Charterhouse, Vicar of Cripplegate, and Archdeacon of London.

But, after all, the recommendation is not to apply to existing cases; so that we would rather see the office of canon dealt with after another fashion. Let them be reduced to an income of £500 per annum, and let them be permanently attached to *small* livings in or near the cathedral city. We put this forward, not as the best plan, or the most consistent

with the original institution of the office, but only as something likely to benefit the Church.

But of all the absurdities which we have lately seen, commend us to that which gives a vote to canons non-residentiary in the election of a bishop! What a privilege! to vote as he is directed; to multiply a sham! No one would tolerate, even for a single second, that the chapter should *really* elect the bishop: it is felt and understood to be a legal fiction from beginning to end; and yet, as a reward of merit, a man is to be made a mock canon, and to have a mock vote. Why not recommend pewter medals, such as we have seen at some schools, stamped "FOR SUPERIOR MERIT," and delivered out at visitations, by the chancellor or archdeacon, to those whom the bishop indicates. There might be a brass rail between the giver and the recipient to prevent too close a contact, as there was between her Majesty and her valiant heroes of Alma and Inkermann, when she delivered their medals and clasps to them.

THE STATE OF THE NATION.

The two topics which at present are most occupying attention are Administrative Reform and the conduct of the war, the one, indeed, growing out of the other. The only way to make so lethargic a nation as ours do anything really active is to apply the spur in the region of the pocket. The war has been costly as well as mismanaged; the one might have been passed over in silence, but not the other. A double income tax, and the prospect of an increase has aroused the City; and the idea has occurred to thousands, could we not have been spared this enormous taxation? *Hinc illæ lacrymæ;* but whatever the cause, we hold that the effect will be good. The nation is awakening, and is beginning to see that we are living under a most mischievous oligarchy, and that we must have "*la carrière ouverte aux talens*" if we desire to retain much longer our supremacy as a nation. With us Church and State, Army and Navy, are equally corrupt; and it is due to the devotion and energy of those who are placed *and kept* in subordinate situations in every branch of the public service, that our national career has not terminated long ere this in ruin and disgrace. A British army can hardly be conquered by a foreign foe, but it may be decimated by disease, and rendered ineffective by bad management. A British navy can hardly fail to conquer when it is permitted to fight, but it may be kept in in-

glorious rest while the enemies it is able to annihilate pursue their course unmolested and bind Europe in red tape. We shall say nothing here about the English Church.

Now the object of Administrative Reformers should be to place the administration of the Government in competent hands; and this can never be while the people are so imperfectly represented. We want a large increase of the suffrage; we want the people educated so as to deserve and *desire* universal suffrage; we want more frequent parliaments, and, with these checks on oligarchal mismanagement, we may trust not to go far wrong. But our Administrative Reformers cannot be induced to recollect that Politics is a science, profound and intricate, and that a man is no more made a politician by possessing common sense, or even distinguished ability, skill in ordinary business, and strong political opinions, than he is made a competent surgeon or surveyor by the same means; they have never *studied* the science, and it does not come to men by the light of nature. Hence they really do not know what to do or how to begin; they cry out lustily that something is wrong, and they feel where the shoe pinches, but they do not know how to procure immunity for themselves and others from the evils which they suffer. Nevertheless, learned or unlearned, we wish them well; some among them will study and enlighten the rest. Now, as a proof of what we have been saying, let us cite the extraordinary approbation which has been bestowed on a certain speech of Prince Albert's, delivered at the dinner of the Trinity Corporation, of which his Royal Highness is master. Freely and fairly translated, the speech would run thus:—

"Gentlemen,—You complain that great calamities have occurred in this war, and you trace them to mismanagement on the part of those who have the direction of affairs. Now I am free to confess that I see the truth of this, so far as regards the existence of the evils, but I do not quite agree with you as to their cause. We have been fighting with a powerful enemy at a disadvantage. He has had unity of design, perfect centralization, absolute power of levying taxes and troops, and impenetrable secrecy as to what he had done or might do. We, on the other hand, have been subject to continuous inspection; we could lay on no taxes without parliamentary consent, nor levy troops free from parliamentary control; everything done at the seat of war was published and commented on at home; secret diplomacy, though, happily, still largely practised, is yet limited in its

range and disapproved of by the people; and I now recommend you to endow the ministry with as much absolute, secret, and irresponsible power as the nature of the case will admit of; and to be discreet enough not to ask what becomes of your thousands of men, your hundreds of ships, and your millions of money, till it shall please Her Majesty's ministers to tell you."

This is a fair interpretation of the speech which has been so widely praised. The elements of political science would teach the merest tyro that such sentiments, however disguised, are in the highest degree unconstitutional, and would put him on his guard against the person, however high his place, and however great his power who uttered them. It is unfortunate in many respects that the proceedings of the Prince Consort for some years past have not tended to induce much confidence in his zeal for the welfare of his adopted country. He has probably been prevented from knowing the real sentiments of the nation, nor has he been made acquainted with the almost total loss of his once great popularity among the bulk of the people.

To return, however, to Administrative Reform, one thing is certain, that nothing will be done save on compulsion; and the most recent appointments give ample proof of this.

We turn to a more cheering subject, the conduct of the war. Our recent successes have been brilliant indeed, and it is probable that before long—perhaps before these lines reach the public eye—the Crimea will be ours. The nation must now be on its guard lest the diplomacy of red tape deprive it of what has been won with such lavish expenditure of life and treasure. We have said, quarter after quarter, that Austria must be, will be, our enemy. We have wickedly trusted and have been shamefully deceived; let us now treat her as she deserves. We are bound by wisdom as well as humanity to liberate in due time Poland, Hungary, and Italy. We well know what difficulties there are in the way of the first—that the Poles no longer inhabit Poland, but are scattered abroad through Russia, in Europe and Asia; nevertheless the country should be free, and there will soon be found Poles enough to return to their ancestral homes. We cannot now enter into detail on this most difficult and delicate subject; we have done enough here to indicate it. To Italy and Hungary, we have only to shout aloud and put arms into myriads of expectant hands. Thus, and thus only can we stop the progress of despotism, and earn the gratitude of Europe in future ages.

BRITISH ANTIQUITIES.

A professorship of British History and Archæology has been established in connection with the Royal Society of Literature, and the Rev. Henry Christmas, M.A., F.R.S. has been appointed the first Professor. This appears to be an isolated step, and save a course of lectures which some of the principal organs of public opinion have spoken of in high terms, we hear of no other results from it. Gladly would we see attention turned to the study of British Archæology in this part of the empire, but not only do we look in vain in our national collection for a niche dedicated to the Archæology of our own land, but when the opportunity occurs of obtaining, at a small expense, a valuable collection of the kind, it is uniformly rejected. The Faussett collection was allowed to go to Liverpool. That made in London by Mr. C. R. Smith has been refused, though it was offered at less than cost price; and if it leaves the kingdom, which is by no means impossible, can hardly be replaced.

Mal-administration in the British Museum, and mal-administration in our National Gallery have had, "*mutatis mutandis*," the same effects as in our church, our civil service, our army, and our navy.

SOCIETY FOR EXPLORING AND EVANGELIZING CENTRAL AFRICA.

The field of labour to which the attention of this Society is directed, embraces that vast expanse of Africa which lies between the 5th degree of West, and the 20th degree of East longitude, and between the 10th and 34th degrees of North latitude. This immense territory, it is estimated, comprises a population of between 60 and 70 millions, which vast portion of the human race has hitherto been allowed to sit in darkness and lie under the shadow of spiritual death.

All efforts hitherto made on behalf of Central Africa have either been purely of a scientific, political, or of a mercantile character, and each strictly exclusive of the religious element. The result of this careful separation of elements which ought and must be combined, has been that the various schemes set on foot at different times have never had the hearty support of all classes at home; and the agents who were despatched have not been able to leave any lasting traces of their peregrinations among the tribes of Africa, which they visited.

African exploration expeditions have failed, because hitherto Europeans have been employed to achieve that which, for the present, at least, belongs to the province of the native African alone. The fearful necrology of those who have fallen victims to the cause of African explorations must be regarded as ample proof of the truth of this statement. Such a list of victims ought to have the effect of convincing the friends of Africa that Europeans do not possess the requisite qualifications to enable them to explore that mysterious, but highly interesting region Central Africa.

The only country which presents every advantage for enabling us to carry out this great object is Tunis. Its sovereign rules by right of hereditary succession; its people, compared with the neighbouring states, are not so bigoted, but are more gentle, more mild, and more truthful; and to a certain degree prepared to appreciate civilization. They might also, without difficulty, be induced to co-operate and assist in the work, especially if the same be under the protection of their sovereign, and that protection might easily be secured, if the British government only manifests an interest in the noble undertaking. It is calculated that at an expenditure of between three and four thousand pounds annually we might open an educational establishment at Tunis for the express purpose of preparing young Arabs to explore Africa.

For the present, owing to obvious existing obstacles, the society must restrict "Evangelization" to the circulation of the Scriptures. We need not expatiate on the importance of this portion of the work, in which every shade of philanthropy can co-operate. However prejudiced parties at home may be against one another, all can combine in aiding and furthering such a glorious cause. No obstacle exists among any of the Arab tribes, or the Twareg, "the lords of the Sahara," to induce them to oppose or impede the circulation of the Bible, since every Moslem has the highest respect and veneration for Torat, Elanbeyae walangeel Saidna Aisa, "the law, the prophets, and the testament of our Lord Jesus." We can also mention the name of a Mohammedan prince and that of a cadi, residing in an oasis of the desert, who have actually already done much toward so desirable an object.

The same native agents who are thus to act as colporteurs for the society, will likewise introduce into the central portions of Africa such commodities, instruments, and articles of commerce as must from their workmanship, nature of their construction, as well as their use, have the tendency to at-

tract the attention, and to develope the now dormant, or perverted, faculties of so large a portion of the human race. In this manner legitimate commerce will be encouraged, which, if it does not sweep away the nefarious traffic in human beings will at least seriously check it in its diabolical progress. And in the course of time, the chiefs of the various nations and tribes will be informed of the markets open to them in every port off the coast for the Saharan produce—and when these once discover the way in which they can enrich themselves by honest trade, slavery will be abandoned, and the importance and dignity of man will be viewed in their true and proper light.

The question with reference to a scheme of such magnitude which naturally suggests itself is, *What amount of funds are required to carry it into execution?* It is, of course, quite impossible to give a definite reply to this question; but the following is a probable estimate:—1. Salary to head master, possessing medical qualifications; 2. Second master (a mathematician); 3. Third master (a linguist); 4. Assistants and servants; 5. House rent at Tunis; 6. Keep of ten Arab pupils; 7. Salary to ten travelling agents, varying from £50 to £70; 8. Books, maps, and instruments; 9. Travelling expenses—including the purchase of camels for conveying Scriptures, goods, &c.; 10. Home expenses—including rent of office, printing, and salaries to secretary, assistant secretary, and Association deputy. It is calculated that the sum of £5,000 will amply suffice to set this vast machinery in motion, and that the annual expenditure of about £3,500 or £4,000 will be all that will afterwards be required to keep it in action. But the aim of the society will ever be to augment its machinery, so as to be able to extend its operations commensurate with the vastness and importance of the field.

There is nothing utopian in this scheme. Without native agency it is impossible to effect any great and permanent good, but with it there is every prospect of the best results. But why should we despair having the countenance and support of government in an undertaking of such magnitude and with such reasonable grounds of success? Can a government withhold aid from it when it expends in one year alone (1853) the sum of £90,784 for the suppression of slavery? Private benevolence will, no doubt, continue to aid it; but we decidedly look to government for help. Only very lately has parliament voted £5,000 for sending a steamboat expedition up the Chadda river, thus proving

that interest for Africa has not declined. And when we compare the vastness of this work with the smallness of the means required, we feel sure that an application has only to be made to be favourably entertained. The journey of Lyon and Ritchie, reaching only as far as Mourzuk (where the latter died), and a few other places in Fezzan, cost the British government no less than £3,000. Let this sum be contrasted with the above "probable estimate" of the Society's expenditure, and who will doubt the readiness of government rendering it the aid and support we require?

That a very great desire does exist throughout the civilized world, not only to obtain information respecting Africa, but also to benefit her inhabitants, cannot be doubted. Every civilized nation appears audibly to re-echo the memorable words of Colonel Keatings—"Policy and commerce cry aloud, and both nature and art should be moved to accomplish the opening of the inhospitable regions of this redundant country. But to none does the appeal so forcibly address itself as to the nation which leads in commercial enterprise. Africa, indeed, seems now the only part of the globe perfectly free for the introduction of adventure and speculation; and it is likely to continue so quite long enough to reward the trouble and risk." In this sentiment all appear to agree, and even act upon; but the concluding portion of this sentence is utterly disregarded. "The attempts, however," adds this learned writer, "if any take place in this direction, must be made upon a scale very different in every respect from all hitherto done in this way." The reader of this statement will not fail to see that the machinery which this Society proposes to adopt for the exploration and evangelization of Central Africa is "*upon a scale very different* in every respect from all hitherto made." If any scheme or plan will ever open the interior of Africa to European civilisation and commerce, it will be that adopted by the "Society for Exploring and Evangelizing Central Africa."

*** Since our first article has been in type, we have been informed that the bishop who suspended a curate on very slight grounds, merely on the verbal complaint of his incumbent, has withdrawn his suspension, and the matter will therefore be allowed to drop.

Literature of the Quarter Classified and Reviewed.

I. THEOLOGY.

The Exodus Papyri. By Rev. D. I. Heath, Vicar of Brading. With an Historical and Chronological Introduction by Miss Fanny Corbaux. London: John W. Parker. 1855.

It is impossible to overrate the importance of these Papyri, which Mr. Heath has translated. For, if his translation is even approximately correct, we have, in them, contemporary, although passing, allusions to the Mosaic period. It demands, of course, an actual acquaintance with the ancient language of Egypt, and of the very embarassing Hieratic character, in which these papyri are written, together with some experience in the investigation of ancient documents, to be able to test accurately Mr. Heath's results. But this incapability does not prevent our agreeing with, or dissenting from, those results. For how many people are there in England, who would be able to prove satisfactorily, that the Alexandrian manuscript of the Bible belongs to the age claimed for it; or even to read and interpret it? The investigation of Egyptian papyri is of the same nature, though somewhat harder, than the investigation of Greek parchments, and requires a peculiar education for pursuing it; though most men can apprehend the reasons for what is done.

Now the Hieratic character was the Hieroglyphic written cursively; and bore about the same relation to the Hieroglyphic as our handwriting does to our printed letters. It is therefore far more difficult to decypher; and the difficulty, of course, increases, when the scribe wrote a careless scrawl. But as the Hieratic characters are known, in the first instance, by means of the Rosetta stone, and then by the numerous papyri that have recently come to light, so the knowledge of the language itself is derived originally from the same sources, and then by comparing it with the modern Coptic, which is a lineal descendant of the ancient Egyptian, and which therefore preserves the family resemblance.

The age of these papyri is determined from those circumstances which determine the antiquity of all other documents of the like nature; such as the quality of the material of which they are composed, the character of the handwriting, the locality where they were discovered, and the information contained in them. The originals are in the British Museum, where they have been since 1838; and where they may be

inspected in the ordinary way. One set are called the Sallier, and the other the Anastasi, papyri, from the names of the French and Swedish gentlemen who collected them. In 1844 a facsimile of them was printed, which may be bought by any one so disposed. This facsimile is in three folio volumes, and is entitled "Select Papyri in the Hieratic Character, from the collections of the British Museum."

Mr. Heath, we believe, is the first who has set himself regularly to work on these interesting papers. And the reason why they have been so long unnoticed, seems to arise from the fact, that scarcely any one in this country, with the exception of Mr. Heath himself, possesses much knowledge of the character in which they are written.

Most readers of the translation will be rather disappointed that there is not fuller mention of the circumstances of the Exodus. But any one accustomed to such evidence will rather see in its *indirectness*, a strong additional proof of its authenticity. At any rate we find allusion to some military expedition which fails; to the departure of an Aramæan people for the purpose of holding a festival; and to a hasty royal order for their departure; to the sudden and mysterious death of a noble youth; and to some other less striking events. Moses is frequently mentioned; so are Balak and Jannes.

And, lest the reader might suspect that our author has jumped at his translations too incautiously, concordances are given, that it may be seen how the same meaning is always given to the same word.

Those who have already known the extraordinary Egyptian lore of Miss Corbaux, and her persevering efforts to disentangle Egyptian chronology, will be glad to meet with her learned introduction to these translations.

Europe and the East. Part I. Final Predominance of Russia, inconsistent with the declarations of Scripture. Part II. England's Future Course in the East. By B. W. Newton. London: Partridge, Oakey and Co. 1855.

The first of these tracts is full of very interesting matter, and will convey much useful information, even to those who may not be disposed to adopt the author's conclusions. His general principle may be thus stated. The fourth monarchy consisted of two parts, the Latin and the Greek worlds—the two legs of Daniel's image—*each* of which is to be divided into five kingdoms. The dominions of the Porte represent the second leg; and Mr. Newton regards the establishment of

the kingdoms of Greece and Egypt as the beginning of this dismemberment. He points out, with much success, that the Roman empire always has remained conglomerate, and that no permanent power can be obtained outside its limits. This empire is now confederate for the purpose of resisting Russia, which can never prevail against it, because it is to continue as the fourth monarchy until the second establishment of power at Jerusalem. Without entirely agreeing with Mr. Newton, we are obliged to say that he has argued his point well and completely, and suggests most momentous subjects of enquiry to both theologians and statesmen of the present day. The second tract is designed to show that this country is abandoning her position, if she patronize anything like *Indifferentism* in the East, or if she give up the great principles of the Reformation.

Prospects of the Ten Kingdoms of the Roman Empire considered: being the Third Series of Aids to Prophetic Enquiry. By B. W. Newton. London: Partridge, Oakey, & Co. 1853.

A great deal of the last noticed tract of Mr. Newton, on Europe and the East, will be found in the present volume; but there is also a great deal of other matter that brings out, in a more striking light, some of Mr. Newton's peculiar views of prophecy, argued with his usual clearness and vigour. Whoever is acquainted with Mr. Newton's ecclesiastical opinions, will not be surprised that he lays much stress on the secularisation of the Church as the principal evil affecting it. And starting from the assumption that, "the subject of the book of Daniel is the secular history of the Gentile empires in their relation to Jerusalem, and *not* the history of Christianity,"—an assumption which no one will dispute—he proceeds to contend that the parabolic descriptions of the kingdom of heaven, as given in St. Matthew's 13th chapter, refer, not to the spread of the gospel, or to the millennial kingdom, but to the kingdom in its frustrated condition; when it was not under Christ's headship, but had allied itself to the powers of the world, and became like to the monarchies depicted in Daniel's visions. In Mr. Newton's judgment, the Church of Christ had so secularised itself in the fourth century, as to form an easy alliance with the State, and to become no longer a true Church. And our Lord predicting this condition of things, compared the progress of His Church, during His absence, to the tree (that sprung out of the mustard seed) with wide-spreading branches, the home of the birds of the air; to which Daniel had compared the kingdom

of Nebuchadnezzar. Again, in the parable of the leaven in the meal, Mr. Newton regards the point of application to be the *corrupting* property of leaven (which, he says, is the Scriptural representation whenever leaven is mentioned), which by degrees converted the pure fine wheat of the Apostolic Church into the hierarchy of Constantine and the Popes.

It has often puzzled commentators to account for the different metals in Nebuchadnezzar's image; why gold is assigned to Babylon, silver to Persia, brass to Greece, and iron, or iron mixed with clay, to Rome. For the successive monarchies, instead of decreasing, certainly increased in value and power. Cyrus ruled a wider and more important territory than Nebuchadnezzar. Alexander's sovereignty was still further augmented. And Augustus swayed the destinies of an empire of which the Babylonian monarchy formed only two or three provinces. But Mr. Newton looks not to the extent of the sovereignty, but to the kind of power exercised by the sovereign. Nebuchadnezzar derived his power solely from God; his people had no voice or vote in appointing or in controlling him. He was, in the strictest sense of the word, an absolute monarch; most resembling in his government the kingship of Christ. He was, therefore, typified by gold. In the monarchy of Persia there was a limiting power emanating from certain of the nobles, which could frequently check, or dictate to, the king. He was not an *autocrat*, and was therefore represented by silver. The Macedonian Alexander was only the chief of certain military contingents. And the Roman emperor was elected, in theory, by the people and senate; in fact, by the army. And the modern condition of Europe is the clay and iron mixed; because the principles of constitutional government have entered largely into nearly all the States.

We receive this account of Mr. Newton with much satisfaction; although we must take leave to demur to some of his conclusions. We think it not unlikely that the decrease in value of the metals in Daniel's image typifies the decrease in *the regal power* of the successive monarchies. But we cannot consent to regard that diminution as an evil. On the contrary, while Christ's dominion is the only true autocracy, any other absolute sovereignty, if claimed on Mr. Newton's notion (quite independently of the will of the people), is only a wicked parody of the kingdom of heaven. People desire, often and often, an absolute government, because they grow weary of the selfish jobbery of their fellow-men; and where

they meet with a vigorous and sagacious ruler, they are well content to remain under his strong hand. But such vigorous and sagacious rulers are not common; and great as are the evils of democratic government, it is more productive of happiness than the absolute form; and more in accordance with the Divine plan. For, by trying to govern ourselves, and acknowledging the imperfection of any system we adopt, we declare ourselves *waiting* for the return of the true king. Whereas, if a monarchy, resembling in quality the autocracy of Christ be established, we are trying to persuade ourselves that we can do without Christ's kingdom and presence.

Furthermore, Mr. Newton appeals to the parental government of a family, as a proof that it is not natural for the governed to have any voice in the appointment of the governor. He argues that the subject ought no more to have a voice in appointing his king, or defininig his authority, than a child has with regard to his parent. It will, we think, be immediately evident that the two cases are not analogous. The parents are appointed by God; the children *could not* choose them. So likewise the King of Israel was the Lord's anointed. But are we to say that every king on earth, every tyrant, is appointed by God? Where do we find reason for saying so? Indeed no king *can* lay claim to absolute sovereignty—to be an autocrat—with the Divine permission; unless he has been appointed to his throne as David was.

At the same time, while we cannot agree with all that Mr. Newton advances, we freely say we have read his books with the greatest pleasure. No man can lay them down without having derived from the perusal new subjects of thought, and increased acquaintance with the Bible.

A Reply to the Rev. Dr. Cumming's Lectures on "the End of the World," with a Slight Glance at his "Apocalyptic Sketches." By H. Bland, Comedian, Theatres Royal Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Dublin. Glasgow: Stark. 1855.

Considering the position and occupation of Mr. Bland and those of Dr. Cumming, we cannot help feeling that the former is a bold man. His boldness is however a rational boldness; and the sale of some ten thousand of his sensible and straightforward pamphlet, will be a satisfactory proof that every man, no matter how far from theological his professional pursuits may be, will secure for himself a patient hearing in this country, if only what he says be worthy of attention. Mr. Bland bespeaks a favourable consideration by the courtesy with which he treats his opponent.

"It is not my wish either to flatter or to depreciate Dr. Cumming: his character as a Christian minister, his popularity as a preacher, and the vigorous and talented opposition which his independent spirit and zeal enabled him to maintain against Popery, when almost all the clergy of my own church (that of England) were dumb, must ever place him high above the praise or censure of a humble individual like myself; while it will for ever render his name precious to every true Protestant heart."

We are not, however, prepared to endorse this wholesale condemnation of the English Church. Surely Mr. Bland must have heard of Stowell, and M'Neile, and Maguire, and Armstrong, and a host of others whose names throng thick and threefold upon us. But to proceed:—

"It is unquestionable," says Mr. Bland, "that Dr. Cumming is a very great authority among Christians, particularly in London. He has recently issued from the press some very elaborate and beautifully written works upon the Prophecies, and he has frequently addressed large assemblies in various parts of England on the same subject. His calculations, conclusions and deductions have produced no little alarm in certain quarters; and, upon the whole, his fundamental system of interpretation (which I believe, according to his own confession, is based upon Elliot's Horæ Apocalypticæ) has become, in the eyes of a large party in the Church, *the true one.* Papists are condemned by it, and Infidels directed to it. Well, it now appears that the whole fabric must either stand or fall, according as the year 1865 may or may not justify what I am compelled to call the rash and impolitic assertions of Dr. Cumming—the nature of which may be farther seen in the following extract from his Apocalyptic Sketches:—'The last portion (of the 1260 days of the Apocalypse, or the 1335 days of Daniel) expire A.D 1865, *at which, or soon after, will be the* ADVENT OF CHRIST, and the FIRST RESURRECTION, and BEGINNING OF THE MILLENIUM.' Just suppose, now, that the end of the present '*aion*' should not fall out at this epoch, what a handle will there be here for the Holyoakes, Southwells, and Barkers. 'The Goliah of Protestantism is deceived by the Prophecies; consequently, the Prophecies are enigmatical, and, like the ancient oracles, can be forced to any meaning in order to gull credulous Christians.' It would be vain to urge how illogical is this conclusion. The fact would be stated, and thousands would hear it and the illogical conclusion, without ever having the opportunity or intellect to detect the sophistry. But this is not all: if Dr. Cumming, misled by Elliot, be wrong in this, he may be wrong in other things; and this brings upon him, and consequently upon the Protestant cause, the *Papal retaliation.* If the world be not come to an end in 1865, why shall the Doctor be right when he asserts that Babylon is Rome, and that 1260 years of the Witnesses' prophecy and of the Beast's Reign are synchronical, &c. &c.? In fact, there will be no end to the mischief which A.D. 1865 will bring

upon the true Christian cause, if it do not produce *something like* the events anticipated by Dr. Cumming."

Mr. Bland now proceeds to examine the hypothesis on which Dr. Cumming builds his theory, and makes a very fair analysis of Mr. Elliott's scheme, which Dr. Cumming admits to be the one which he himself receives.

"I. That the 1260 years (1260 prophetic days) chronological duration of the Papal power, or at least (as qualified by Dr. Cumming), the "*full force*" of that power, commenced with the Edict of the Emperor Justinian, A.D. 530, and terminated A.D. 1790, when, according to Dr. Cumming, 'Rome began to suffer the judgments of God.'

"II. That the Seventh Vial has already begun to be poured out, the Sixth Vial having already taken effect upon the Turkish power, (or 'River Euphrates,') and that the judgments under this Vial being, as the text declares, poured into the 'AIR,' were emptied into that element between A.D. 1848 and 1855, as evidenced first in the potato blight and failure in the vine crops, and secondly in the cholera epidemic.

"III. That the 'Star from Heaven' of chap. ix. 1. represents Mahomet; and that the Saracenic invasion, or Locust torments of 150 years, commenced A.D. 612, and ended A.D. 762.

"IV. That the 'Kings of the East' represent the Jews.

"V. That the "*Two* Witnesses" of chap. xi. are figurative of a *line of Protestants*."

These dates Mr. Bland investigates; and whereas Dr. Cumming holds that the three periods of 1260 years, viz. the woman's abode in the wilderness, the prophecy of the two witnesses, and the reign of the Beast are synchronical; and that the reign of the Beast is identical with the Papal power: so it is manifest that the year 530 cannot be the correct year from which to date the commencement of this period, inasmuch as the Beast was to rise out of the bottomless pit, and the pit was not opened, according to Dr. Cumming himself, till the year 612, when it was opened by Mahomet.

"As these two things, therefore, cannot be reconciled, and as all commentators of Dr. Cumming's way of thinking maintain that the bottomless pit was not opened before the early part of the seventh century, so it is quite impossible that the reign of the Beast can have commenced in the sixth century.

"Let it not be supposed, however, that the foregoing is the only objection I could make against Dr. Cumming's first proposition. Many more have been suggested to me while considering other portions of the Prophecy which bear upon the history of the Beast; but the objection above given is quite sufficient for my present purpose, inasmuch as it shows that the assertion of Dr. Cumming as

to the commencement of the Beast's reign is flatly contradicted by *his own solution of other portions of the Apocalypse.*"

In like manner, he argues that we are not living under the Seventh Vial, by reason that, if Dr. Cumming's solution be a true one, the events portended by the Sixth (the drying up of the waters of the Euphrates, or the destruction of the Turkish Empire) have not yet taken place.

"But this is not the only, or indeed the worst violation of the Apocalpytic order attempted by Dr. Cumming; for, in order to identify the years 1848 and 1855 with the Seventh Vial, he absolutly advances the startling argument that the Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Vials are almost synchronical, as the following dates, taken from his Apocalyptic Sketches, will show:—

	From	To
First Vial	1789	1793
Second Vial	1792	1815
Third Vial	1792	1805
Fourth Vial	1805	1818
Fifth Vial	1793	1806

Not less remarkable is the following:—

"It is particularly to be noticed that, immediately upon the pouring out of the Seventh Vial—which Dr. Cumming asserts will be consummated in 1855 (this year)—'a great voice out of the Temple in Heaven and the Throne proclaims "IT IS DONE,"' or finished; but in spite of this Dr. Cumming asserts, so far from the Seventh Vial being finished, that even all the events under the Sixth Vial are not concluded,—for it is quite clear that the 'waters of the Euphrates' are not dried up yet; neither has he shown, unless Sebastopol be the reality, that the 'kings of the earth' have been gathered together at Armageddon. If he holds that all this may occur before the year expires, then a very short time will show whether he is right or wrong respecting the pouring out of the Seventh Vial."

We now come to a peculiarly interesting topic—Sebastopol. Dr. Cumming says, "It is an ominous fact, that the Greek name Sebastopol has precisely the same meaning as the Hebrew word Armageddon."

Now, in the first place, this is not the fact; Sebastopol merely signifies "*the city of Augustus.*" But what does Dr. Cumming mean? Does he mean that the siege of Sebastopol is the battle of Armageddon? Does he mean that *the three unclean spirits* have caused the gathering together of the nations there? and, if so, are we to fix the stigma upon Queen Victoria, Napoleon III., and Abdul Medjid? In fact these are dangerous topics to meddle with; and it would be far safer to give up the idea of predicting the events coming on in the political world by the help of the Apocalypse.

Dr. Cumming holds that Mahomet was "the star which opened the bottomless pit;" this theory Mr. Bland controverts. He says—

With regard to Mahomet it is utterly impossible that he could be the reality signified by the "Star." 1st, Because Mr. Elliot and Dr. Cumming both allow a "star" to be figurative of some great *Prince* (secular or ecclesiastical); whereas Mahomet was in a very humble sphere of life when he first commenced his religious fraud. Now the reality, whatever or whoever it may be, must have had a claim to the dignity of a symbolic "Star" BEFORE *he fell from Heaven*. This difficulty, indeed, has been foreseen, and it has been sought to be evaded by showing that Mahomet was of noble descent, he having sprung from Korai (the son of Ishmael) the founder of the noblest Saracenic tribe. But I reply to this argument, first,—that "stars" do not typify all the *descendants* of aristocracy but *the present nobility;* and second,—that this evidence proves too much, for by this system every Arabian might with equal propriety be typified by a "star" if we would only carry his pedigree one step further back, namely to the Patriarch Ishmael himself. All true Jews, too, would thus have a right to the same symbol simply by showing that they sprang from Judah.

2nd. But in order to make the "Star" apply to Mahomet, it should be shown that the Arabian impostor had *some hand in the establishment of the Papacy;* for whereas the Beast, or Papacy, (according to Dr. Cumming) ascended out of the bottomless pit, and whereas the said pit was opened by the "Star" (see Rev. xvii. 9), so it is clear *that but for the instrumentality of the Star the Beast could never have ascended out of the abyss.* Now what connexion of this kind can possibly be shown to have existed between Mahomet and the rise of the Papacy? and if there be none then *the "Star" cannot represent Mahomet.*"

Now to much of this we demur. Mahomet *was* a prince, and not the less so because every Arabian might trace his descent from Ishmael; in fact the whole tribe of the Koreish *was* noble. Mahomet may have been "the Star," though certainly Mr. Bland's objections are very strong, stronger than Dr. Cumming's arguments; but he fails altogether to prove that Mahomet was not qualified to be "the Star" by any want of princely descent.

We are next called upon to consider the question of "THE TWO WITNESSES." These, according to Dr. Cumming, are the Eastern Orthodox or Paulician Church, and that of the West terminating in the Waldenses.

"Well then, even allowing the Paulicians to be one witness and the Waldenses and other Western Protestants another, let us see how Dr. Cumming proves the 1260 years sackcloth Prophecy of the *Two* realities to have been *contemporaneous.*

"He first asserts that the Witnesses' sackcloth testimony commenced in the sixth century (see Sketches, page 177); and then, maintaining as he does that their sackcloth testimony was synchronical with the Beast's Reign, he fixes the very period of its commencement at A.D. 530, or thereabouts. Now, it is most remarkable that at page 182, he gives the date at which the Paulicians, his *first witness*, *sprang into existence*, at the middle of the seventh century, or A.D. 653 just 123 years after the sackcloth prophecy *had commenced*, so that whatever be the realities signified by the witnesses, it is clear that the Paulicians *could not have been one of them.*

"But Dr. Cumming is equally unfortunate with regard to the END of the sackcloth testimony, or the KILLING of the Witnesses, which he fixes at A.D. 1514 (see page 190), or the Lateran Council, for here again the EASTERN Witness is completely EXCLUDED, and only the *Western* one is shown to have been 'killed,' unless Dr. Cumming is prepared to prove an UNION of the Two Witnesses, which would be equally fatal to his theory. Now, as it is absolutely necessary to show the death of BOTH Witnesses, Dr. Cumming has signally failed in his proof."

We shall add no more to our notice of this very able pamphlet. There are views in it which we cannot adopt, and statements which appear to us manifestly incorrect, but we cordially concur in the estimate of Dr. Cumming with which it concludes—

"But setting aside the speculative, and to me very inconsistent, views of prophecy adopted by Dr. Cumming, I must say that no one takes more pleasure in listening to his earnest and eloquent testimony to Gospel truth—no one entertains a more exalted opinion of his genius—no one more values his efforts in the Christian and Protestant cause—than the humble individual who now raises his feeble protest against opinions which he considers not only hastily and dogmatically expressed, but quite unwarrantable by a strictly logical interpretation of the prophetical standards."

The Words of the Lord Jesus. By Rudolf Stier, Doctor of Theology, Chief Pastor and Superintendant of Schkeuditz. Vol. I. Translated from the second revised and enlarged German Edition. By the Rev. Wm. B. Pope. Edinburgh: Clarks. 1855.

This volume makes the fifth of the New Series of the Messrs. Clarks' Foreign Theological Library, by far the most important series of works on Divinity which the present century has produced. Dr. Stier's work has been for fifteen years very popular in Germany; more popular indeed than it is ever likely to be in England, for there is a diffuseness about it, which in spite of its singularity of style cannot

help being felt At the same time, it is valuable in two ways,—it exhibits a style of comment which is found acceptable among German students; and it undoubtedly does give a large amount of real erudition and most interesting research. While we are speaking of the Messrs. Clarks' Theological Series, we may take the opportunity to notice their proposal for the publication of a translation of "Bengel's Gnomon of the New Testament." We need say little of the merits of a work which, published more than century ago, has passed through numerous editions, which has been a magazine from which almost all subsequent commentators have liberally borrowed, and which, even now, at the present advanced stage of Theological science, is considered by all competent to give an opinion, to be as valuable as ever. To use the language of Archdeacon Hare, "It is a work which manifests the most intimate and profound knowledge of Scripture, and which, if we examine it with care, will often be found to *condense* more matter into a line than can be extracted from many pages of other writers." It is calculated that the translation may be published in five volumes.

Urgent Questions, Personal, Practical and Pointed. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D., F.R.S.E. London: Shaw. 1855.

Urgent questions indeed!—selected from Scripture, and supplied with scriptural answers. They are twelve in number, beginning with "What think ye of Christ" and ending with "O grave, where is thy victory?" They have had separately a wide circulation; have been carried in the soldier's knapsack, and read beside his bed at Scutari. We trust they will be equally useful in their collected form.

An appeal on behalf of the Eternal World and State, and the Doctrines of Faith and Life held by the body of Christians who believe that a New Church is signified (in the Revelation, Chap. XXI.), by the new Jerusalem: embracing Answers to all Principal Objections. By the Rev. S. Noble. Third Edition. London: 1855.

The doctrines of Emanuel Swedenborg, so much misrepresented and so little understood, are ably expounded in the volume before us. It is a kind of *resumé* of all the chief works both of Swedenborg himself and his principal followers: and those who wish to know what was really taught by that good and great man, cannot do better than study the appeal of Mr. Noble. We have had in contemplation for

some time to enter upon an examination at some length of these doctrines, and shall probably not long delay putting that intention into effect; and having this in view we shall merely notice, *en passant*, the present (the third) edition of Mr. Noble's appeal.

It must be distinctly understood that we are unable to accept the scheme as it is usually tendered to us. If we speak in terms of approbation, we speak of doctrines, *not of visions;* and we are inclined to believe that much which was metaphysically intended by the Swedish divine has been literally understood by his more recent followers. Regarding the theories of Emanuel Swedenborg in this light; we can have no hesitation in considering him as one of the most eminent saints whom the world has seen in these latter ages, and we are grateful for any light shed on the mode of his teaching.

The Conflict and the Triumph; or, the Things that are Coming on the Earth: an Outline of Prophetic Facts literally considered, with a short Synopsis of a few of the Discrepancies of the Year-day System. By the Rev. N. S. Godfrey, S.C.L. London: Partridge, Oakey, and Co. 1855.

The extravagancies of Mr. Godfrey in the matter of table-turning, prepared us to find a comparatively small amount of solid thought and valuable investigation in any work which he might produce on topics so difficult and so delicate as those discussed in this volume. We are agreeably disappointed. Without agreeing in the theories which this book contain, we must say that it is characterized by careful and discriminating analysis, and we would urge both Dr. Cumming and Mr. Elliot to weigh attentively the arguments Mr. Godfrey advances.

Three Scriptural Lessons Taught in a Sunday School; Introductory to a more Detailed Examination of the Gospel by St. John; with Observations as to the Mode of Teaching adopted by the late Rev. D. Gunn, of Christchurch, Hampshire; and Specimens of the Lessons prepared and taught by him, as taken down by his Pupils. London: Partridge, Oakey, and Co. 1855.

A very correct and satisfactory little book, and one which may safely be recommended to Sunday School teachers.

The Child's own Bible History. Dublin: Oldham. 1855.

Fifty-two pretty little chapters with pretty little cuts, well calculated to arrest the attention of children and to dwell in their memory.

II. COMMENTARIES.

Manna in the Heart; or, Daily Comments on the Book of Psalms. Adapted to the use of Families. By the Rev. Barton Bouchier, A.M., Curate of Cheam, Surrey. London: Shaw. 1855.

This is the first volume of a work, to be completed in two, and is perhaps the simplest and most practical of all the existing comments on the glorious poetry of the son of Jesse. Although intended merely for family reading, it is not therefore without value to the student. Many difficult passages are very happily explained, and the whole is characterized by a tone of earnest piety and evangelical truth.

A New Solution of the Contemporaneous Symbols of St. John. Showing that the first Series describes the Apostacy; the second the True Church; and that the Constantinian Church of the fourth century is the former; the Rupture of the Seals, its development under the Man of Sin, or Anti-Christ, and the blast of the Seventh Trumpet, or the Discharge of the Vials, its destruction. By the Rev. R. Gascoyne, M.A., Michleton, Gloucestershire. Second Edition. London: Wertheim and Macintosh. 1855.

That we do not altogether agree with Mr. Gascoyne will be evident from the title of his work, which we have given *in extenso;* but it contains much valuable matter, and it has proved sufficiently acceptable to reach a second edition.

A Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans. With a revised Translation. By the Rev. Edward Purdue, A.M., Minister of the Endowed School, Kinsale. Dublin: Oldham. 1855.

No one has ever yet contended that any existing commentary either thoroughly and satisfactorily explained all the difficulties of this remarkable epistle, or completely embraced the practical points which it presents to our notice. We are not about to claim such praise for the small but admirable work before us; but it merits this commendation, that it is excellently arranged—the text, above, with occasional revisions, (printed in italics) and a sound practical commentary, adapted for family reading below. This commentary is not mere sermonizing, but really explanatory where explanation is needed. At the end of the book is an appendix, in which all questions of philological criticisms are treated in a sound and satisfactory manner. We would recommend to Mr. Purdue the Epistles to the Corinthians, to be treated as he has treated that to the Romans.

III. SERMONS.

Israel's Future. Lectures delivered in Lock Chapel in Lent, 1852. By the Rev. Capel Molyneux. London: Partridge, Oakey, & Co. 1853.

No one who has had any experience in *prophetical* works will contradict our assertion, that it is in vain to look for much agreement between the various authors. Each has his own peculiar views, and some special mode of dealing with the Scriptures. There are however two divisions into which writers of prophecy can conveniently be classed: that of the *Præterists*, who look to current or past history for a fulfilment of the ancient visions; and that of the *Futurists*, who believe that the most important predictions yet remain to be accomplished, and that they are almost exclusively connected with Israel's history. The present period, being a pause in their theocratic course, is also a pause in prophecy, and is not at all mentioned in any of the prophetic books. Among the latter Mr. Molyneux is a decided champion; although he belongs to no school in particular, but follows his own interpretation of the Bible. He is a prominent advocate for Israel's restoration, and for the recovery of Israel's promised privilege of being first among the nations. He looks forward with a steady gaze and a kindling eye to that blessed season, when all Gentiles shall seek the light of Israel; and he expects a condition of things on the earth, when the Lord shall reign at Jerusalem, and peace and order prevail throughout the nations of the world.

In all this we most cordially agree with Mr. Molyneux; but we are surprised that he, a man of so much original thought and independent action, should bring into his system the doctrine of the restoration of the ten tribes, supposed to be somewhere existing, as distinct from the restoration of the Jews. We have already pointed out, in our last number, when reviewing Mr. Chamberlain's work on the Conversion and Restoration of Israel, that the present Jews are the only representatives of the twelve tribes, and that *their* restoration would be a perfect fulfilment of the prophecies concerning the ten; which, in fact, only speak of there being no further separation or enmity between Ephraim and Judah. Mr. Molyneux stands alone, we believe, in taking literally the declaration of the New Jerusalem *descending out of Heaven*. He seems to say, that when the earthly Jerusalem shall be re-established in Palestine, there will be the heavenly

Jerusalem overhanging it, in which will dwell the Lord Jesus and his saints.

We think Mr. Molyneux has stretched his system rather too tight in applying almost every prophecy to the second advent, or to the future restoration of Israel; for there must, from the very nature of the case, be much intended specially to refer to the first advent, or to the past history of the sacred people. And we should have liked the lectures better if they had dwelt more at length on the bright and happy side of the hope we have of a *future age* and a regenerated earth. He has spoken much more of the sad, terrible aspect of woe, and infidelity, and sin. Probably the form of his lectures, being hortatory as well as expository, obliged him to this apparent one-sidedness. They are perhaps, on the whole, rather too rhetorical—a necessary fault, it may be, in discourses primarily intended for the pulpit.

The World to Come. Lectures delivered in Lock Chapel in Lent, 1853. By Rev. Capel Molyneux. London: Partridge, Oakey, and Co. 1853.

These lectures are a sequel to those on Israel's Future, and contain chiefly an expansion of the thoughts which we have met with there. We believe that, in some of his views, Mr. Molyneux is so peculiar, that he does not expect his readers entirely to agree with him. We will mention some of these views, in order that an opinion may be formed as to their correctness or falsehood. He expresses a full conviction of the recovery of all creation from Satan's thraldom; and in the future display of Christ's complete victory over the devil, by reinstating the earth and its inhabitants in that position which they would have enjoyed if sin had never entered. He thinks the animal creation will partake, in their degree, of this victory, as well as man. It is indeed certain that preachers and scriptural commentators have usually lost a considerable part of the meaning of the Bible, by not attending to the oft repeated promise, that *a restitution* of the earth is to take place. The earth is not to be left in Satan's power. Mr. Molyneux, however, is singular in supposing that all the Old Testament promises have reference to a terrestrial locality; while those in the New Testament refer to a celestial abode. We are afraid he has forgotten the seventh article of our Church, which seems to decide, so peremptorily, that the prophecies of both Testaments point to the same things. We cannot, by any means, agree with him in thinking that the New is anything but a

fuller expansion, or clearer announcement, of what was delivered in the Old Testament; nor can we think that the Kingdom of Heaven, which John the Baptist and Jesus offered to Israel, and which, during the time it was preached, suffered violence, and was snatched away by preverse and wicked men, was in any way different from that glorious and happy and peaceful existence which Isaiah predicted. It is, and must be, a mistake, to speak of two kingdoms, one here on earth, which the older prophets foretold; another in the air, which the first Christian preachers announced.

Mr. Molyneux's evident fault,—which is manifest through all his writings,—is to seize on texts of Scripture here and there, and form them into a catena of proofs, without sufficiently attending to the scope and intention of the scriptural writer he is quoting, or to the sense in which those who first read such scriptural passages, understood them. We fully agree with Mr. Molyneux that the Bible is to be read quite literally;—that we have no right to trifle away its words in what is called (we know not why) the spiritual sense. But figures are used, and may easily be recognized as figures, if we recollect how their original hearers understood them. Thus it always appears monstrous to us to suppose that when God predicted certain things of Israel,—speaking to Israel—He intended some other meaning which could never have entered the thoughts of the prophets or those who heard the prophets. But when Israel is compared to a vineyard, we say that here is really a figure; for those among whom the writer lived, were in no danger of misapprehending the meaning.

We must avow our belief that Mr. Molyneux has not exercised, on some occasions, a due amount of caution in distinguishing between the literal and the figurative, and that, in consequence, his style is rather too dogmatic for a treatise, though consistent enough with a sermon.

We must notice one mistake that our author has made (page 56 and passim) in speaking of the future judgment. The Bible, and especially the New Testament, mentions the judgment of the good as often as the judgment of the wicked. All shall stand before the judgment seat. There will be a sifting, and settlement of all in their proper places. Why then does Mr. Molyneux assume, in common with so many others, that the judgment means only the *effect* of that judgment upon God's enemies—only the pouring out of wrath and anguish?

The Lord's Prayer and other Sermons. By Charles Parsons Reichel, B.D., Professor of Latin in the Queen's University, Chaplain to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and late Donellan Lecturer in the University of Dublin. Cambridge: Macmillan. 1855.

After reading a few of the Sermons in this beautiful volume, we were about to conclude that though admirable in style, and singularly deep and penetrating in thought, they presented no new views of the subjects on which they treated. When, however, we came to the last discourse "the sin of Korah in the Church," we found an interpretation as valuable for its newness as for its evident truth; one of those explanations which strike the mind as having been always present to it, and yet which was never really received before. We confess never to have understood the sin of Korah in its application to the Christian Church till we read Mr. Reichel's most lucid explanation of it. He draws, first, the distinction between the sin of Korah and that of Dathan and Abiram; showing that the first was an ecclesiastical, the second a political offence. Korah desired to have the priesthood thrown open to the tribe of Levi, and rebelled against Aaron. The others made a complaint that Moses was attempting to make himself an absolute king; and, consequently, their sin had its rise in a rebellious feeling against the state.

Now as we learn in the New Testament, that the "gainsaying of Korah" was not without its parallel in the Christian Church, it is well that we should know who they are who commit it; many will at once reply, they are those lay members who presume to usurp the functions of the priesthood: Dissenting Ministers for example. Let us hear the decision of Professor Reichel.

"And in order to see this, we must accurately determine what men, or orders of men in the Christian Church, correspond respectively to Aaron and his sons, the priests, on the one hand, and to Korah and the Levites on the other. To determine this we have the assistance of the Epistle to the Hebrews; one of whose chief purposes is to shew that our blessed Lord stands in the same relation to the Christian Church in which Aaron stood to the Jewish: 'not having taken this honour to himself, but being called of God to be an high-priest, as was Aaron:' with this essential difference however between his priesthood and that of Aaron, that as he is immortal, so he holds a priesthood which cannot be terminated by death, like that of Aaron, but is 'a priest for ever, after the order of Melchisedek:' who being without recorded father and mother, and without recorded death, is the fit emblem of Him whose priesthood is underived from any human predecessor, unchangeable and

everlasting. And as the sacrifices offered by Aaron and his sons the priests under the Law were nothing but imperfect representations of what had existed from the foundation of the world in the counsels of the Deity, and possessed no intrinsic efficacy of their own; so, as soon as that great sacrifice of which they were but emblems was actually accomplished on Mount Calvary, and the priest who offered up that sacrifice was fully revealed to mankind in this his priestly and sacrificial character, it became unnecessary to maintain the temporary and imperfect representation of that priest and sacrifice afforded by the Aaronic priesthood. And this leads to another specific and essential difference between the priesthood of Aaron and his sons, and the priesthood of our Lord; as the sacrifices which the former offered had no intrinsic efficacy to atone for sin, and were in fact merely emblems of that one effectual sacrifice which, as we are told in the same epistle, Christ offered once for all, without any need, i. e. of its being repeated, so they required being continually renewed: each fresh offence demanded a fresh sacrifice applying to itself alone. Hence the necessity not merely of a constant order, but of a numerous body of priests, constantly to be offering up the multitude of sacrifices which were demanded by the provisions of the Law. But Christ having once for all, by the one sacrifice of himself once offered,—for such is the drift of the reasoning throughout the ninth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews,—Christ having by his one sacrifice of himself put away sin for ever, and perfected for ever them that are sanctified, is now gone into the presence of God, the true Holiest of all, with his own blood, there to remain pleading the merits of that blood on behalf of his faithful people, and applying it in the case of each himself, until that time when He shall come forth again in all his Majesty to judge both quick and dead. His priesthood therefore is not merely perpetual, superseding the necessity of an hereditary or transmitted priesthood, such as that which Aaron transmitted to his eldest son, but it is all-sufficient, and therefore supersedes all necessity for any other priest: so that as there is but a single victim under the New Covenant, and that victim once offered, so also there can be in the nature of things but a single priest; He, that is, who hath once for all offered up that victim. In these points, then, Christ's Priesthood under the Gospel differs from that of Aaron and his sons under the Law; in that it is the priesthood of one who is indeed 'without beginning of days and end of life;' the priesthood of one who is himself alone competent to fulfil all the duties pertaining to the office; the priesthood therefore, finally, of one who has neither predecessors, nor successors, nor assistants in his priesthood. It is therefore contrary to the whole tenor of this reasoning, and this reasoning is the reasoning not of man but of the Holy Spirit in the Epistle to the Hebrews, to suppose that there is any parallel in the Christian Church to the Jewish priesthood, except the sole and perpetual priesthood of our blessed Lord. As in Himself He unites the virtues which all the different Jewish sacrifices did but

shadow forth, so is He in His own person the only Priest, as well as the only victim, of the New Covenant."

We shall probably find few among the Evangelical portion of our clergy who will not cordially agree with every word of this extract.

"After having thus settled on divine authority the Christian representative and antitype of the Jewish high priest and his descendants, it is not difficult to determine what order of men in the Christian Church answer to the Levites. Recollecting that the Levites were of subsequent institution to the priests among the Jews, and that they were appointed mainly to act as the servants of the priests, we find in both respects a most striking correspondence between them and the Christian ministry. Introduced subsequently to the institution of our great High-Priest, and introduced as he himself continually declares, to act as his servants under his directions and by his commission, the parallel between them and the Levites is exact in its chief points. Of the Christian ministry being subsequent in its appointment to the Priesthood of our blessed Lord, no reader of the Gospels can for a moment doubt; since we know that Christ was formally inducted into all his offices at the very moment of his public entrance on his ministry, though as yet not all these offices were fully called into public action."

"This being premised, we see at once that the appointment of the Apostles and subsequent Christian ministers, stands in the same relation of time to the appointment of Christ, in which the appointment of the Levites stood to the appointment of Aaron and his sons. As the Levites were chosen and inducted into their office after Aaron was into his, so were the Apostles chosen and inducted into their office after Christ was into His. But not merely in order of appointment does the parallel hold good: it holds good also with regard to rank and dignity and office. As the Levites were inferior in rank and dignity and office to Aaron and his sons, the priests, so is the Christian ministry inferior in rank and dignity and office to Christ, our great and only Priest."

Nothing can be more satisfactory than this, and the consequences come out plainly.

"Here, then, the crime in the Christian Church corresponding to that which Korah and his followers committed in the Jewish Church, flashes at once upon our minds: we see that it consists, not as is often stated, in the people taking to themselves the functions of the ministry, but in the Christian ministry impiously usurping the functions of Christ himself; and, not contented with their Master's having separated them from the congregation of his people to bring them near unto himself, to do the service of his house and to stand before the congregation to minister to them, *in their 'seeking the Priesthood also.'* This is the gainsaying of Korah, which the authority of inspiration declares should be repeated, even in the earliest ages

of the Christian Church; and which is significantly coupled by St. Jude with the way of Cain, and with the running greedily after the error of Balaam for reward."

Nor does our author stop here, he goes on to show how closely connected with the gainsaying of Korah is the running greedily in the error of Balaam for reward. How those who usurp the functions of Christ proceed almost without an exception to make a traffic of holy things.

> Vendit Alexander claves, altaria, Christum,
> Cur non venderet?—emerat ille prius.

Another passage brings the force of the argument nearer home. After explaining the word "priest," and protesting against the use of the term altar in a Protestant Church, the preacher adds:

"The same causes which, operating through the course of centuries, have produced the full-blown enormities of Rome, are at work amongst ourselves: the Christian ministry are everywhere tempted to 'take too much upon them;' and not content with being 'separated from the congregation, with being brought near to the Lord to do the service of his house, and to stand before the congregation ministering unto them,' are prompted by the domineering spirit which has perhaps been throughout all ages their besetting sin, in various ways 'to seek the priesthood also.' For every assumption of power unsanctioned by the letter and the spirit of the New Testament, every attempt to 'lord it over God's heritage,' every claim to absolute and dictatorial authority over the congregation, is a manifestation of the same spirit which impelled the rebellious sons of Levi, in days of old, under pretence of doing away with the monopoly of Aaron and his family, to encroach upon their office; and which in more recent times induced almost the whole body of Christ's ministers to repeat their offence, but in a far more guilty way, and with far more disastrous effect: since those, who in the Christian Church follow in the steps of the gainsaying of Korah, rise up, not as Korah did, against a mere temporary and typical high-priest, but against the great High-Priest of our profession, Jesus Christ himself."

It will be needless to say how highly we esteem such doctrine as this. It is needed in Ireland—it is still more needed in England.

Select Works of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. Vol. IV. Sermons. Edinburgh: Constables. 1855.

This volume is occupied solely by congregational sermons —fifty-four in number,—among which are some of the most remarkable specimens of Chalmers' writing. Perhaps this volume will, on the whole, be, if not the most attractive, at least the most useful of the series.

The Nature of Faith, as Protective against Doctrinal Error; the claim to Infallible Authority; and Baptismal Regeneration considered. By the Rev. Edward B. Moeran, D.D., Minister of the Episcopal Free Church, Kingstown, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in Trinity College, Dublin. Dublin: Oldham. 1855.

We approach the consideration of this volume with very mingled feelings. On the one hand we acknowledge gladly the ability and the piety of Professor Moeran, and cheerfully and cordially approve all that he has written on the questions of Faith and Infallibility. On the other hand we cannot help regarding his views on Baptismal Regeneration as in a high degree delusive and dangerous. Thoroughly evangelical himself, he has yet gone to the full extent of the Tractarians in understanding the formularies of our Church in a *non-natural* sense, and this when his position did not, like theirs, require it. We shall not cite from the earlier portions of this little volume, inasmuch as we can do no more than heartily recommend it; but we shall confine our attention to that portion which we think requires correction. Professor Moeran's position makes every statement from him important, and what we might pass over without comment from less distinguished men, we must examine carefully and rigidly when it proceeds from him. Now to prove that there was no real difficulty in the subject, save what Dr. Moeran has made himself, let us quote from his own admissions the following passage:

"I do not see any objection to the following doctrine—That the guilt or condemnation of original sin (though not original sin itself, as defined by our church) is taken away at baptism. A baptised child comes under the Christian covenant, and, as such, is undoubtedly a partaker of the blessings of Christ's death, in such a sense, that dying before the commission of actual sin, is through Christ, and at baptism, freed from condemnation of Adam's transgression. I am not, of course, to be understood here as denying salvation to infants who die unbaptised."

Here then is quite enough to justify the Church in all her statements. Here is a theory of Baptismal Regeneration which few will object to. But, not content with this, Dr. Moeran will have Regeneration to be something more—nothing less, indeed, than absolute and entire conversion.

"I shall put the questions very plainly.

"Is, or is not, the doctrine of baptismal regeneration the teaching of our Church?

"Is it, or is it not, the teaching of the Bible?

"I answer unhesitatingly to both questions in the affirmative.

"But now, what is *that* doctrine? There is *a* doctrine on this subject in the Bible and in our Prayer-book—to determine it, to say what it is, is our next step. Our Church uses, in her baptismal services, the expression, 'seeing this child is regenerate.' We know also, that her brave and bold claim is to hold no doctrine, not the least nor the greatest, which is not contained in Holy Scripture, or may not 'be proved thereby.' Hence it is plain, she had scarcely put forward a prominent doctrine unless upon the belief that it is so held because 'it is written.'"

Now there only two passages in the New Testament in which regeneration is mentioned. The first is St. Matthew xix. 28—"And Jesus said unto them, Verily I say unto you, that ye which have followed me, in the *regeneration* when the Son of man shall sit in the throne of His glory." It is evident we cannot use this passage at all in determining the question, because it does not relate to baptism. The other instance where the word occurs is Titus iii. 5—"Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost." This passage does, in all probability, refer to baptism. But the word "regeneration" is not defined; its sense is not determined.

Having laid down the principle that regeneration is to be understood by our Church in her services according to this larger and fuller interpetation, the Professor falls into a self-prepared difficulty, for he admits that the Church declares concerning each child and each adult person admitted to baptism that he, she, or they are *regenerate*—while at the same time she knows perfectly well that many of them are not regenerate, and many of them never will be. Here is the old stumbling-block restored which the previous interpretation had removed, and we have now to see how Dr. Moeran justifies the Church for solemnly declaring as a fact in *all* cases that which she only *hopes for* in some. He interprets her words in a non-natural sense and will have us believe that they only mean this, "Seeing now, dearly beloved brethren, that this child *ought to be* regenerate, and the object of baptism is to make him so, therefore this child *is* regenerate, though we really cannot tell whether he be regenerate or not."

"The principle of interpretation which I have just announced—that baptism is, in God's word, described as producing those effects which it is designed and fitted to produce—that the results are drawn from the nature of the sacrament itself, rather than from its

actual effect in each particular case—is a fact so plain, and is a rule or description so general, and so important in other things as well as this, that I must ask your attention to another proof of the rectitude of this mode of interpretation."

To prove that Scripture does deal with straightforward assertions in the same non-natural way we have the following observations:—"How are we to explain these assertions? 'That was the true light which lighteth *every* man that cometh into the world' (John i. 9). 'And I, if I be lifted up, will draw *all* men after me' (John xii. 32). Does Christ actually draw all men after Him? Does Christ light every man coming into the world? No." We shall not venture any comment on such daring theology as this, for we hold it by no means satisfactory qualified by what follows:—"But the purpose of Christ's death, and the power of Christ's death, are, that these blessings should be purchased, and bestowed. Their intention and their efficacy are universal." Moreover, lest it should be said that what God intends to produce, and covenants to produce, must be produced, we have the following argument on the other side:—

"It is to me most surprising how such reasoning could have imposed on any one. It would at once destroy most, if not all, the natural arguments for the existence of God. Every single instance of 'final causes' (which are the most powerful proofs of an Almighty Creator and Governor) would be annihilated, if this mode of reasoning be true. Would it be a good proof that a clock could not have been intended to mark time, or that the artist had made it *in vain*, because it may sometimes go out of order?"

Now it must be remembered that the object of the artist is to make the clock go always right, and that it ever goes wrongly, is a proof of the imperfections of the artist's skill. What God had made mechanically goes *always* right; the revolutions of the heavenly bodies form a case in point; and if anything goes wrong in the moral world it is because man interferes with God's work. In applying the principle previously laid down, to the facts of the case in baptism, Dr. Moeran fairly and honestly states them fully and perspicuously.

"I am quite certain that this principle is sound, and scriptural. You have just to decide that fact. If it be as I have said, there is no difficulty, which I can see, in the baptismal service of our church. I am sure, at all events, that it will enable us to explain, with perfect candour, her doctrine, and to avoid all those dangerous deductions which some have made from her language.

"In the first place. It is an immediate consequence of this rule

of interpretation, that the words in the offices for the baptism of infants, 'Seeing that this child is regenerate,' were not intended to include the dogmatic averment that each and every child is actually regenerated (using now the word 'regeneration' in the sense of an internal initiatory change of mind produced by the Holy Spirit.)"

When the Nicene Creed speaks of forgiveness of sins in baptism, and the question is asked—what sin?

"The answers are very simple. In the first place, infants have not committed any actual sin, consequently the sins here spoken of, cannot be such as these. Again, it cannot be that the Church of England understands by this article of the Creed, that 'original sin,' is remitted at baptism, since, in her ninth Article, she defines 'original sin' to be 'the fault and corruption of the nature of every man that naturally is engendered of the offspring of Adam,' and then asserts, that this 'infection of nature doth remain, yea in them that are regenerated.' Consequently the doctrine of our church cannot be that in infant baptism sins are actually remitted, since sin must be either actual or original. But the former does not in this case exist, and the latter continues after baptism."

After which we have the admission before alluded to, and which as we apprehend takes away the whole difficulty.

Dr. Moeran deliberately refuses the Church the advantage to which she has a right, and makes it necessary for her to contradict herself, merely because he will not admit the limited sense in which she uses the words "*regenerate*," and "*regeneration*."

"These are the two extremes—one, of averring that every infant, without exception, is regenerated; the other, that no infant ever is. The former of these assertions it is, as far as I can understand, positively impossible to establish as being either the doctrine of our church, or of the Bible; and the latter opinion is untenable, because it can never be shown from analogy, or reason, or the Bible, that infants may not be recipients of grace."

We shall only make one more extract, and that because we admit its force, although it has really nothing to do with the present question. No one can tell more of what was said over those baptised by the Apostles, further than that they were baptised in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. Dr. Moeran asks, what is the proper reply to the question, "shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?"

"The apostle's reply may be thus more briefly stated:—You cannot urge this objection—your baptism prohibits it. And why? For it is a fact, that you have covenanted at baptism to die unto sin—that covenant was either true or it was not. If the former,

you *have* died unto sin—therefore it is *impossible* to live in it—if the latter, there is an *argumentum ad hominem*—and you are a *liar* when making the objection."

We have spoken thus plainly, but we hope affectionately, because we deeply lament to see any distinguished Protestant adopting the *non-natural* mode of interpretation. It is in itself a justification of the Tractarians; and it is placing our own Church in a false position.

Seven Sermons chiefly connected with Public Events of the Year 1854. Preached in the Chapel of Marlborough College, by George Edward Lynch Cotton, M.A., Master of Marlborough College, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1855.

That these sermons are well adapted to their end and purpose, that they are useful and practical, is saying no more than they deserve. Yet unless they are intended for circulation among the past and present students of Marlborough College, we see nothing sufficiently distinctive about them to render their publication advisable. We have too many sermons published as it is.

Principle and Practice. Being the substance of Six Lectures delivered to the Candidates for Confirmation, at St. George's Church, Bloomsbury. By the Hon. and Rev. H. Montagu Villiers, M.A., Rector of St. George's, Bloomsbury, and Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's. London: Nisbets. 1855.

We did not expect to find any remarkable originality in so unpretending a work as this, especially as the subject (the Life of Nehemiah) has been so recently and so satisfactorily treated by Mr. Stowell; but we are pleased to say that the discourses are extremely earnest, practical, and affectionate.

Twenty-seven Sermons preached in St. George's Church, Barnsley, Yorkshire. By the Rev. W. J. Brock, B.A., Curate. London: Longmans. 1855.

The parishioners of St. George's, Barnsley, are, or have been, highly favoured by the ministrations of so able a man as Mr. Brock. The sermons before us are of a high order, both with respect to beauty of composition and power of thought. It is pleasing also to see that the author is as much deserving of commendation for the truly evangelical feeling which his sermons display, as for the grasp of mind which is so evident in them.

IV. PHILOSOPHY.

The Collected Works of Dugald Stewart, Esq., F.R.S.S. Edited by Sir Wm. Hamilton, Bart. Vol. VII. Edinburgh: Constables. 1855.

This volume contains the conclusion of the Treatise on the Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers of Man;—one of those works which it is impossible to understand the system of metaphysics current in Scotland without carefully examining, but which yet tends materially to bring down our ideas of the author's exalted powers. Subtle, acute, and profoundly learned as Dugald Stewart undoubtedly was, there were, nevertheless, heights of philosophy which he never seemed able to scale. And one of the great defects of his system was, that he regarded the principles of right and wrong as being eternal and self-existent. In consequence of this he was compelled to maintain that the impossibility of wrong in the Deity arises from inherent and unchanging goodness. A doctrine which seems plausible enough in itself at the first view, but which must ever be unsatisfactory to the true theosophist, because it makes God Himself subject to law. We shall not discuss this question further in this place, because we purpose, as soon as this magnificent edition is complete, to devote an article to its consideration. Meantime we would urge all metaphysical students to secure a series of works which, with some defects, and even important ones, are yet in the highest degree valuable. The philosophic world owes a great debt of gratitude to Sir Wm. Hamilton for this admirably annotated edition of his eminent predecessor's works.

The Unity of Matter. By Alexander Stephen Wilson. London: S. Highley. 1855.

It is not with reference to creeds of religion only that there may arise an urgent need of the principle of Protestantism. Against creeds of science also it is sometimes necessary to assert the right of free inquiry and private judgment. One of the Fathers of Science propounds a doctrine based upon the investigations of himself and his predecessors, and consistent, it may be, with facts, so far as he knows them, and in course of time the doctrine becomes a dogma, to question or contravert which is rank heresy. But knowledge is progressive, and thought is free, and one day there arises some large-souled, deep-thoughted man, who though entertaining a profound respect and a warm admiration towards the learned

Father, yet takes the liberty of disputing this particular doctrine of his, and deems that were he living at the present advanced stage of knowledge he would modify or renounce it. He has a provoking way of doubting, a pertinacious method of asking strange questions, and a troublesome habit of judging for himself; and meeting with no satisfaction, he at last comes boldly out and firmly makes his protest against the doctrine which the powers that rule in the realm of science would fain enforce. Just such a man is Mr. A. S. Wilson. He is the Luther of physical science. He is dissatisfied with the theories of light now in vogue, and the *Unity of Matter* is the protest he makes against them. The book is a small one, but we think such views mark an era as important in the history of science as the Reformation was in that of the church. As a natural philosopher, he demands to have "such a view of the material economy as shall give entire satisfaction to the mind;" and that view must not have mixed up with it "powers inhering in matter whose competency and mode of existence we do not understand." In this he may be expecting too much from science, but he certainly has shown that the present theories do not give anything like entire satisfaction to the mind, and has proposed one in their stead that in his mind makes a much nearer approach to it.

In all the other senses besides sight, that which produces sensation is brought into contact with the organ, or else there is a medium between them. Feeling and taste require contact of the object and organ; smelling requires the presence of odorous particles; while in order to hearing there must be interposition of the air to communicate vibrations to the ear. Analogy, therefore, points to the conclusion, that in vision, there being no contact of the object and the organ, there is a medium through which the eye is affected. And the construction of the eye, with its curtain, lenses, and screen, proves that there is such a medium, an actual something by which communication between the things seen and the organ of sight is carried on. What then is this medium, and how does it act? Two hypotheses are offered in answer to this question. One is, that luminous bodies emit certain particles of a nature entirely distinct from all matter, and possessing none of its qualities, and these particles entering the eye produce vision. The other, which is now the more generally adopted, is that the universe is completely pervaded by an ethereal fluid, likewise distinct from other matter, and that vision is produced by the undulations of this specific ether. These

so-called theories are, properly speaking, merely hypotheses constructed to explain the observed phenomena; and it is because the undulatory hypothesis is considered to afford a more satisfactory explanation than the emissary that it is now generally promulgated.

But there are weighty objections attaching to both hypotheses, and especially to the unique character they assign to their respective media. These objections Mr. Wilson states in a very forcible manner; and to him they are insuperable. He thinks that, as is often the case, we have been looking into the regions of the mysterious for that which lies in the obvious, and that before embarking on an ocean of "stagnant ether" or flying into a cloud of emitted particles, it would have been wiser to have inquired whether some modification of ordinary matter would not supply our need. The supposition of an ether essentially different from all we know of matter is logically unsatisfactory. We cannot transcend our experience; and if we really form any idea of a specific ether that idea must be compounded of what we learn of ordinary matter by our senses. But even if the existence of this transcendal fluid be allowed, it is impossible to assign any cause for its undulatory motion that would not also be sufficient to account for the motion of ordinary matter, were it existing in a similarly attenuated form; the origin of motion in both cases must be mechanical. "Since the forms and motions of ordinary matter are capable of generating that motion in the ethereal medium which subserves vision, why may not these forms and motions of ordinary matter produce vision in their own right?"—(p. 21.) Mr. Wilson examines the alleged analogy of the waves of sound and of liquids, with the ethereal undulations, and finds that there is no real correspondence. He combats the argument that the contraction of the orbit of Enck's comet, and others, prove the existence of an ethereal ocean through which these wanderers have to wade, and the resistance of which gradually retards their progress. Further, he thinks it is sacrificing too much to human vanity to suppose that the universe has been filled with a specific fluid merely to subserve the purpose of sensation to such a mite in creation as man,—let him read Dr. Whewell. And the conclusion he comes to, after examining the hypothesis at considerable length, is that a specific ether is nothing more than a "a creature of scientific superstition."

Having thus cleared the ground, and taking courage from a query raised by Newton, at the end of his *optics*, "Are not gross bodies and light convertible into one another?"—a

dim prophetic vision of a great truth, which did not obtain the attention it deserved from the great philosopher—Mr. Wilson proceeds to state his own doctrine. It is as follows. He entirely discards a specific fluid and specific particles. The visual medium is an exceedingly attenuated form of matter, capable of so affecting the eye as to produce sensation. Although it can neither be weighed nor measured, and is of too subtile a nature to be detected by the usual tests of analysis, yet its right to be classed as matter is made good by its answering to the same general test by which the existence of ordinary matter is proved, namely, capability of producing sensation—for the general term *matter* means nothing more than that of which we are cognizant through the senses. The form of matter fitted for acting upon the eye, the "opticable form," as it may be called, is assumed during combustion just as other new forms, such as oxides and gases, fitted to other senses, are assumed during that process. And as the gases given out when any substance is consumed may be gathered up by recombination and become solid parts of the bodies of plants and animals, so the opticable form may inter into new combinations and assume a form capable of affecting other senses than that of sight. It may, or may not undulate, for our author is not so much concerned with its motion as with its nature. But "this medium, though it may undulate, or move in straight lines, according to circumstances, is not a great stagnant, tremulous sea; it is a form of common matter able to take part in all cosmical processes. It is one of the members of the material family. It is not an alien, and mere on-looker."—p. 56.

If our philosopher's arguments are conclusive, he has taken an important step towards establishing the "Unity of Matter;" but there are electric, magnetic, calorific, and other "fluids," or "imponderables," as they are called, which still disturb the unity, and remain to have their relationship proved before they can be admitted to the one great family circle. Mr. Wilson believes this may be done for them, although at present he has not time and space to do it fully. He observes, however, that we cannot infer different causes from different effects, especially where different tests are employed; for instance, that we cannot infer that the agent which produces one effect on the test of the eye is different from that which produces another effect on the test of the electrometer; there is nothing to prove that what is called the electric fluid may not, while elementally the same, yet under different conditions, produce the sensation of sight.

It will be easily seen that, in regard to nearly all the sciences, many important consequences will flow from this theory. In particular, it must greatly modify the opinions generally held as to the "Architecture of the Heavens." If the medium of vision is but a form of ordinary matter, then it follows that all the terrestrial meteoric bodies we perceive by sight are formed of matter similar to that of our own globe, from the very fact of their being perceived in that manner. Mr. Wilson truly says, when we find that "the sun, to throw abroad this obticable form continually, must be in a slow state of decomposition, like any other source of light, one of the grandest mysteries of the universe bursts open before us." For hereby we get an insight of the wonderful work of "astral generation," and gaze upon the magnificent process of the budding of space into globes, and the growth of these "from a germ, possibly no bigger than a man's hand, to dimensions which yield a measurable angle over hundreds of millions of miles." We see how planets, comets, and even small meteoric bodies, receiving constant additions of matter by solar radiation, may be at last advanced to the dignity of centres of new systems. Fixed stars, the suns of distant systems, have been known to disappear, and in the fact that, in giving off light, they were really parting with their own substance, is an explanation of their otherwise mysterious extinction. And there is a solemn oracle which declares, "The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burnt up." Does not this point to the time when our globe, having reached a certain stage of development, its matter shall assume the light-giving and heat-giving form, and when ceasing to be a satellite, it shall become the centre of a circle of new worlds? Should it be objected that, if sunlight is a form of ordinary matter, all bodies which do not wholly reflect the solar rays falling upon them should exhibit a constant increase of weight, it is replied, that is by no means a necessary consequence. We are constantly making additions to our own bodies by the digestion of food, but do not always increase their weight; and so it may be with unorganized bodies—there may be something analogous to respiration and insensible perspiration by which the balance is maintained.

Sir John Herschel admits that all the motions of heavenly bodies can be traced to solar radiation, and Mr. Wilson considers that, in the motion of aeriform currents to and from the sun, as the result of its decomposition, there are causes

sufficient to account for the rotation and revolution of the planet. The explanation he gives is, however, but brief, and cannot be deemed quite satisfactory; but it is hardly fair to judge from what are avowedly mere hints—the full consideration of this point being reserved for a larger work, should the reception of the present justify its publication.

Such is the theory which Mr. Wilson has propounded, modestly and unassumingly, but yet with the air of a man who has thoroughly examined his subject, and who not only has confidence that truth is on his side, but is able to give a reason for that confidence. What reception he may meet we know not. It may be ignorant ridicule, or it may be learned contempt, for such has too often been the fate of the heralds of new truths which run counter to generally received opinions. But we are sure that it is impossible for any man to read his book with carefulness and candour, and not be convinced that his arguments deserve, whether they obtain it or not, the serious consideration of the greatest philosophers, whose genius illumines the nineteenth century. We heartily wish him success, and look forward with great anticipation to the advent of the larger work which we hope he may be encouraged to give to the world.

Meditations and Moral Sketches. By M. Guizot. Translated from the French by John Marquess of Ormond, K. P. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1855.

Independently of the value which attaches to all the writings of M. Guizot, there is an accidental interest, so to speak, connected with the present translation. It is the work of the late Marquess of Ormond, and comes before us as a posthumous work of that excellent and much-lamented nobleman. The Sketches themselves are chiefly valuable as displaying the state of Protestant feeling, and exhibiting the extent of Protestant hopes in France, and at the present season will be doubly prized, when the state of the Protestant community in that country is, as it were, trembling in the balance. God grant that the most Christian counsels may prevail.

V. BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton. By Sir David Brewster, K.H., D.C.L., F.R.S., &c., &c., &c. 2 vols. Edinburgh: Constables. 1855.

The great success which attended Sir David Brewster's small life of the illustrious Newton, published in 1831, as

a volume of the "Family Library," has induced the author to undertake the present larger and more perfect work.

It is, and ever must be, a subject of congratulation to the learned world that the task has fallen into hands so competent; and we think that Sir David has wisely decided to make the life of Newton a history of mathematical science during his life. That this was a matter of almost necessity will be probably conceded on all hands, and though it may render the book somewhat less acceptable to the general reader, it will greatly add to its value as a record of the theories and discoveries of the greatest philosopher the world ever saw.

We can do little more here than indicate the principal non-scientific points to which we wish to direct attention. One of these, and which Sir David takes up with a zeal highly honourable to him, is the extraordinary story promulgated by Biot, that during his dispute with Flamsteed, the mind of Newton gave way and he became insane. Sir David shows how totally groundless is such a supposition; and in investigating the dispute in question, does justice to the merits of Halley as well as to those of Newton and Flamsteed. The latter of these appears to have suffered from considerable infirmity of temper, from which Newton himself was by no means free; and as Flamsteed was a poor man he was tempted to seek, perhaps unfairly, his own benefit from the printing of his famous "Catalogue of Stars." Newton's error was no more than arranging Flamsteed's observations rather according to his own ideas of utility than their author's, and doing this secretly, and of course without Flamsteed's permission.

Sir David disposes very summarily of the well known story of the dog "Diamond," which has for a long time been current on very respectable authority. Leaving his study for a few moments with a lighted candle on the table, he found on his return that his favourite little dog Diamond had knocked down the candle "and consumed the unfinished labours of many years." Far from being in the slightest degree disturbed by so more than vexatious an accident, the philosopher only exclaimed, "Ah, Diamond, Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done." So runs the story; and Biot and others who have credited it, or at least partially so, have added to its interest by making the "labours" destroyed no less than the "*Principia*;" while they have altered its point by declaring that Newton went absolutely insane in consequence. Now the grounds of all this romance appear to be,

first, that a portion of Newton's "Optics" was really burnt by accident in MS.; second, that a friend writing about it from Cambridge says, that Newton "was near going mad with vexation," and that it was "almost a month" before he recovered his composure. "Diamond" is entirely apocryphal. Newton never had any partialities for pets of the kind, and certainly never permitted dogs in his study.

In early youth Newton was distinguished for his mechanical abilities, but a sad idle boy at school. The following anecdote is worth preserving:—

"When he was the last in the lowermost form but one, the boy next above him, as they were going to school, gave him a kick on the stomach, which occasioned a great degree of pain. As soon as the scholars were dismissed, Newton challenged the boy to fight, and for this purpose they went into the churchyard. The schoolmaster's son came up to them during the fight, and, 'clapping one on the back and winking to the other,' encouraged them both to continue the encounter. Though Sir Isaac was not so robust as his antagonist, yet he had much more spirit and resolution, and therefore succeeded in the combat, beating his opponent till he declared he would fight no more. The schoolmaster's son, who seems to have been an amateur in the art, told Sir Isaac that he must treat the other as a coward by rubbing his nose against the wall. The victor accordingly took the advice, and, dragging his victim by the ears, thrust his face against the wall of the church. The success which thus attended his first struggle for superiority, induced him to repeat it in a better cause. Although vanquished in the churchyard, his antagonist still stood above him in the school, a victory more honourable than that which Newton had achieved; and though the schoolmaster and his son would have given a different decision on the relative merits of the youthful combatants, yet Newton took the right view of his own position, and resolved to possess the moral as well as physical superiority. He accordingly exerted himself in the preparation of his lessons, and after many a severe struggle in which he and his adversary were alternately successful, he not only gained the individual victory, but rose to the highest place in the school."

Another ridiculous anecdote, which Sir David does not even deign to cite, is disposed of by the fact that the great astronomer never used tobacco in any form; and when pressed to do so, replied, that he would create no new necessities for himself.

There is a little story in the second volume which we notice only because Sir David calls it flippant and "probably incorrect," and is evidently rather angry about it. A certain French Abbé was invited to dine with Newton. The philosopher, according to the Frenchmen's account, told him that

he was eighty-three years of age, gave him an execrable dinner, and was very sparing of his wine, producing only Maderia and Canary which had been presented to him. The story may be "flippant," but it is certainly very probable. No one will ever accuse Newton of avarice or even parsimony; he was notoriously so careless about his own dinner as frequently not to know whether he had dined or not, and had to be reminded of the necessity of so doing. It is very likely he did give the Abbé a bad dinner—extremely likely that he set before him, from mere want of thought on the subject, the wines which he was in the habit of taking himself, and for medicinal reasons these would be white wines;—and there is certainly nothing wonderful in choice wines of a peculiar kind being presented to such a man as Sir Isaac Newton, when it was known that they were beneficial to his health. It is not worth while to object to the Abbé's anecdote.

A love letter from Newton is a curiosity. Here is however one, addressed to a Lady Norris, whose husband had been an ambassador in India, and died on his return.

"Madam,—Your ladyship's great grief at the loss of Sir William, shews that if he had returned safe home, your ladyship would have been glad to have lived still with a husband, and therefore your aversion at present from marrying again can proceed from nothing else than the memory of him whom you have lost. To be always thinking on the dead, is to live a melancholy life among sepulchres, and how much grief is an enemy to your health is very manifest by the sickness it brought when you received the first news of your widowhood: and can your ladyship resolve to spend the rest of your days in grief and sickness? Can you resolve to wear a widow's habit perpetually,—a habit which is less acceptable to company, a habit which will be always putting you in mind of your lost husband, and thereby promote your grief and indisposition till you leave it off? The proper remedy for all these mischiefs is a new husband, and whether your ladyship should admit of a proper remedy for such maladies, is a question which I hope will not need much time to consider of. Whether your ladyship should go constantly in the melancholy dress of a widow, or flourish once more among the ladies; whether you should spend the rest of your days cheerfully or in sadness, in health or in sickness, are questions which need not much consideration to decide them. Besides that, your ladyship will be better able to live according to your quality by the assistance of a husband than upon your own estate; and therefore since your ladyship likes the person proposed, I doubt not but in a little time to have notice of your ladyship's inclinations to marry, at least that you will give him leave to discourse with you

about it.—I am, madam, your ladyship's most humble, and most obedient servant."

All this special pleading was it seems in vain!

On the whole the book is one which will add to the reputation even of Sir David Brewster, and will unquestionably remain the standard life of our illustrious philosopher.

Letters of John Calvin, compiled from the Original Manuscripts, and Edited with Historical Notes. By Dr. Jules Bonnet. Vol. I. Translated from the Latin and French Languages. By David Constable. Edinburgh: Constables. 1855.

Whosoever wants to read the life of John Calvin, and understand the wonderful influence which he exercised on his age—let him sit down to these letters. They are priceless records of the history, theology, manners, and politics of the time. But a few days before his death, Calvin expressed a wish that the correspondence which he had kept up for more than a quarter of a century, with some of the most distinguished characters of Europe might be preserved, and a selection from them printed and presented to the Reformed Churches as a memorial of his interest and affection. For a long time after his decease, his friends laboured to collect the Letters of Calvin himself,—indicated by those in his own possession, replies to letters written by himself, or letters to which he had replied. A great mass of his correspondence was thus gathered together, and preserved in the Archives of Geneva. To these many have been added since; and under the ministry of M. M. Salvandy and Falloux, Dr. Jules Bonnet prepared the admirable edition of which we now owe to Mr. David Constable an English translation. The Letters of Calvin begin from his youth, and they continue till within a few weeks of his death. They embrace every variety of topic, and they exhibit the great French reformer in some of the most amiable and interesting phases of his character.

The translation has been carefully revised by Dr. Cunningham, Principal of the New College, Edinburgh; but every page bears token of a more than usual power on the part of Mr. Constable himself to grapple with the manifold difficulties of his task. The language of Calvin was peculiarly terse and forcible, his Latin was elegant as well as condensed, and his French remarkable for its vigour. It is therefore giving no small praise to Mr. Constable to say that he has done justice to his author.

The Life of the Rev. Robert Newton, D.D. By Thomas Jackson. London: Mason. 1855.

The life of so eminently holy and useful a man as Dr. Newton can hardly be read without spiritual profit. But this volume possesses another attraction—besides being the record of a life spent in God's service and amidst a constant round of ministerial activity, it gives a very interesting account of the state of the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion up to the present time. Dr. Newton was a man of rare pulpit eloquence; and this memoir shows that he shone as much in every other sphere of Christian duty as in that by which he was most generally known.

Reformers before the Reformation, principally in Germany and the Netherlands, depicted by Dr. C. Ullman. The Translation by the Rev. Robert Menzies. Vol. I. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1855.

The idea which many have of the Reformation is, that it resembled the revolution of the earth from the darkness of night into the light of day; only they take no heed of the moon and stars which enlighten the one, and of the clouds which overcast the other. Dr. Ullman in this work, the first volume of which is here before us, introduces us to some of those stars which brightened the Pre-Reformation night, and wisely prefaces his work with an account of the state of the Continent, and particularly its religious state, during the period immediately preceding Luther. In this introduction he enters profoundly into the classification of the Pre-Lutheran Reformers, and in a few pages gives an extremely clear and philosophical account of their position. The first volume deals principally with John of Goch and John of Wesel, the one the representative of the speculative, the other of the practical reformers; and round these he groups the men of their class, and ever with a great deal of discrimination. In an appendix we find an account of two other important characters,—Hans Boheim of Niklashausen, a forerunner of the peasant war, and Cornelius Graphœus, the first propagator of Goch's doctrine and works. In the account of John of Wesel, Dr Ullman has embodied a notice of that remarkable prelate, Matthew of Cracow, and an analysis of his singular work on the corruptions of the Roman Church. We regard this work (that of Ullman) as one of the most important which Germany has for some time contributed to the great section of Ecclesiastical History, and are glad to see it brought within the reach of the English reader.

VI. TRAVELS AND MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

Ten Weeks in Natal; a Journal of a first Tour of Visitation among the Colonists and Zulu Kafirs of Natal. By John William Colenso, D.D., Lord Bishop of the Diocese. Cambridge: Macmillan. 1855.

The appointment of a bishop to the Colony of Natal has caused a more than usual interest to be taken in that part of the world; and this interest is likely to be confirmed and increased by the timely publication of the present little volume. Dr. Colenso is likely to be a Missionary Bishop after the style of Dr. Selwyn; and we accept gladly the details given us in this book as an earnest of what he purposes to do for his diocese. It is indeed an important one.

The volume commences with a brief history of the colony, and we have some terrible anecdotes of the Kafir chief Chaka. It will hardly be thought strange that the memory of this sanguinary monster should be cherished by his equally sanguinary tribe; but at the present moment brighter prospects are opening on the Colony.

We shall make a few extracts from Bishop Colenso's Journal almost at random. It is scarcely possible to light on an uninteresting passage, whether describing the towns or the country, the kraals or the natives. The Bishop is ever at home, always clear, agreeable, and earnest. Here is a picture of some Kafir exquisites:—

"The signs of their enjoyment in taking snuff are most amusing. They sit down upon the ground, pour out the snuff into the palms of their hands, and then prepare, in the most serious and determined way, for this exquisite indulgence. Sometimes with their fingers, often with a little bone spoon, (like our friends beyond the Scottish border, between whom, by the bye, in full Highland costume, and a well-dressed Zulu warrior, there is no small similarity of appearance, except in the colour of the skin,) they take in the pungent powder; and presently we see, by the lackadaisical expression of the face, and the tears streaming down the eyes, that the dose had taken due effect, and our friend is in an ecstacy. The great point is to shed tears. And one of my friends, Mr. Fynn, told me that he once gave a *very* strong pinch to a Kafir, who, after going through the above process to his heart's delight, looked up from the ground and said, 'Ah! this *is* a pinch of snuff indeed! It has brought out the ancient tears, that have been for years behind my eyes!'

"Many of the Kafirs now around us had the *ring* upon their head, which forms the peculiar distinction of a Zulu *married* man. The hair, which is of the woolly kind, is first tied or stitched into a

ring, made of sedge. Then, having obtained from the branches of the mimosa a white gummy substance, the product of an insect which lives upon the tree, they roll it between their hands, until it becomes of sufficient length to be laid over the sedge ring, and completely cover the stitches. By the aid of grease and rubbing, the ring is made to take an excellent polish, and its upper surface, as it stands upon the crown of the head, has the appearance of solid leather. Several of those around us had the inflated gall-bladder of a goat stuck into their stiff coronals; and this was a token, that they had been sufficiently dignified in the opinion of some kraal, to which they had been sent as messengers, to have a goat killed in their honour. Some few had more than one of these distinctions."

It may easily be imagined that travelling among such people as these must have its inconveniences. Those who have travelled in the East, and slept now in a cow-house and now in a palace, now in a rug under a tent and now on a pile of cushions heaped on a luxurious divan, have at least the pleasure of variety. Bishop Colenso seems to have found considerable monotony, and not a very agreable sameness either.

"So we found the people prepared for our arrival, and were immediately greeted and welcomed by the head-man—who had rather an anxious, careworn countenance, as if he were somewhat overburdened with the dignity of receiving his unexpected guests. 'What should he do for us?' 'Get ready a hut immediately,' was the reply. So to work they went, cleansing out a hut for us. Mr. S. inquired 'if the floor was sound?' 'O yes! but there are millions of cockroaches.' There was this consolation, that where there are *cockroaches*, there are generally no *fleas*. But there was room for some apprehension upon this point also, when, hearing, as I thought, the plaintive cry of a young baby, I turned, and found it to be a young *kid*, which was being removed from the hut to make way for us. In due time, however, the goats and calves were all expelled, with their human companions, and the preparations were pronounced complete; except that there was no time for the usual smearing of the floor with cow-dung, which is a great specific against vermin. So we went down on our knees, and groped our way, one after another, through the small hole, which served for entrance into this Kafir bee-hive.

"The interior of the hut, as I found by the light of a candle, was clean enough, except that it truly swarmed with cockroaches. On the floor were spread two clean Kafir rush-mats, on which we laid ourselves, and let the creatures run over us in all directions. There was no help for it. Cockroaches are not really dirty creatures; and, besides, these were not of that formidable size, that you need dread the possibility (as I have been told you may in India) of loosing a finger-nail or an eye-brow, by their voracious operations, in the course of a night. I tried to persuade myself

that they were not more disagreeable than flies, and so made myself content with their presence."

As to their religious state, we have some very curious revelations here. The Bishop tried to instruct them in the nature of prayer, and not without success, and he obtained from them an account of their own native views on the subject.

"They said that 'amaTongo and amaHlose were certainly not the same as umKulunkulu: for *they* could not be till man was created; in short, they were departed spirits, but umKulunkulu made all things.'

"'We've missed the truth by very little, after all: for we pray to *unseen* spirits, and you to one *unseen* Being.'

"*Ma-la-hlukaniswe iGama lako—Separated* (*i. e.* hallowed) *be Thy Name.* 'They quite understood this; they never used the name umKulunkulu *without respect.*'

"'The profession of Christianity had been very much hindered,' they said, 'by persons saying that the world will be burnt up—perhaps very soon—and they will all be destroyed. They are frightened, and would rather not hear about it, if that is the case.' 'Tell them,' I said, 'that I am come to speak to them about their Father in Heaven, Who loves them—Who does them good continually, watches over, and blesses them.'

"'What do they think of the Prayer?' Ngoza 'liked it, the first time he heard it.' All agreed that 'the thoughts of it were excellent.' 'They thought that there was a great deal of truth in what the Missionaries said; but it frightened them to be told such terrible things. Some said the world would be drowned, and only a little bit of it left for them to stand on; and then they saw the same people going and living wickedly.'

"'They have understood more to-night than they ever did before.' 'Now tell them *Whose* Prayer it is—the *Lord's* Prayer: for the Great God—umKulunkulu—sent his Son to become a man, and He lived among men, and loved them, and taught them about the love of their Father in Heaven.' 'Their old women had stories something like this.'

"They told me of the old Kafir tradition, that 'umKulunkulu sent the word of life by a chameleon, and then he sent the word of death by a lizard; but the lizard outran the chameleon.'

"They thought that 'part of a man' lived after death; but knew nothing about judgment, till the Missionaries told them. 'Have they not something within them which teaches them, that, when a man has done wrong, he ought to be punished?' 'Yes; a man's heart condemns him, when he has done wrong.' 'It is reasonable,' one of them observed, 'since umKulunkulu made us, takes care of us, has given us laws, and we must all stand before Him, that we should expect to be punished, if we have done wrong.'

"'If a man had led a very wicked life, and was grieved because he had done so, what was he to do?'

"'To an earthly chief,' they said, "he would *confess his fault*, and ask forgiveness.'

"Before we dismissed our company, we asked them if they would like to use the Lord's Prayer with us, as we were going to say our Evening Prayers. They readily assented; and so we all knelt down together, and I repeated it, first in English, and then in Kafir, while Mr. S. repeated it after me, and the men joined in heartily. How strongly one felt, that this was indeed a Prayer, given us by One, who knew well what was in man—who knew what words would suit the wants, and express the hearts' desires, of *human* beings in all conditions and circumstances—high or low—rich or poor—educated Englishman, or wild barbarian Kafir!"

We should hope that the publication of this Tour will bring funds for the use of the diocese, and enable Dr. Colenso to carry out his benevolent and Christian designs.

The Southern Cross, and the Southern Crown; or, the Gospel in New Zealand. By Miss Tucker, author of Abbeokeeta. London: Nisbets. 1855.

Miss Tucker is well known to all readers of the records of Missionary Enterprise by her previous pleasing works. The present is not only well worthy to succeed them, but is in many respects much superior; inasmuch as more care has been taken in its arrangement, and more research expended in obtaining a faithful account of the manners and superstitions of the heathen nations. The volume is marked by some pleasing sketches from the pencil of Sir George Grey.

VII. FICTION.

The Jealous Wife. By Miss Pardoe. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1855.

Miss Pardoe's fictions are, with one exception, of a very peculiar character; they rarely deal either with ordinary matters, or in the ordinary way. She is peculiarly a character painter; and this power, added to the great dramatic ability which she possesses, invests her histories with so remarkable a charm. In her pages Louis XIV., Francis I., and Marie de Medici, live, and move, and speak before the reader; we see the very "form and body of the time." Her characters wear the dresses and speak the words of the age in which they lived; and what is far more than this, they think the thoughts of their own time also.

It has been with many a subject of lamentation, that this lady, who now stands decidedly at the head of English female writers, should employ her talents on productions only intended to last for a season. We cannot but re-echo the expression of this feeling; but the reply is, the world will have novels, and therefore they may as well have good ones, and written on a sound and ethical principle. The "Jealous Wife" is extremely simple as to plot. Every reader will remember the advice given to Lord Byron with respect to "Marino Faliero," to stick to the fiery temper of the old doge, and to have nothing to do with jealousy. That it is a difficult passion to pourtray in action is certain; but, when well depicted, powerfully interesting; and Miss Pardoe has done well to adopt the most perfect simplicity of plot, and to trust solely to her own dramatic power. She has been most successful. From beginning to end we have little more than the delineation of one character, and of one phase in that character: all is kept in perfect subordination to the great design, and the result is, we have a philosophical treatise, thrown into the form of a story, in three volumes. From the first rise of the unhappy passion, or rather from the victim's first consciousness of its power, till the last miserable consequence of its predominance, we have a series of moral dissections. As the physician watches the progress of some incurable and fatal disease, so are we enabled in these strangely captivating pages to follow the progress of one of the mightiest but most baneful of passions; and all accessories are flung aside, as though to fix our attention on the one great object which the author desires to pourtray. There is a greater simplicity of style too, than Miss Pardoe usually adopts. It is her wont to revel in the gorgeous and the splendid: here she seems to have felt, that the plainest words would best express the eager and passionate vehemence which she intended to describe.

If this be not the best novel of the season, there must arise something in that line of literature very remarkable indeed, for it is by far the best which Miss Pardoe has yet published.

To Love and to be Loved. By the author of "I've been Thinking." London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1855.

This pleasing little tale is an importation from America, but it differs from the generality of such importations, in that it is a story full of action; it passes over lightly matters of inferior consequence, and does not stop to analyze

the noticing of trifling deeds, nor the composition of unimportant feelings; it is plain, straightforward, wholesome narrative, and the highest praise we can give it, is to say that it is altogether English in its tone and spirit.

Naimo and Aimata. A Tale of the Jesuits in Tahiti. Dublin: Oldham. 1855.

The design of this book is better than its execution. It is a little story, showing how Pomare was deposed and the Tahitians persecuted by the French through Jesuit influence. It should have appeared in 1846 at the latest, and is now therefore a practical anachronism. The conversations among the Jesuits at Paris, and that between M. Lavel and Louis Philippe, are absurd and unnatural; they indicate the most profound ignorance as to the modes of operation adopted by that far-seeing and most dangerous institution—the Society of Jesus; and the only praise we can bestow is, that the island scenes are prettily and correctly described.

Brittany and La Vendée. Tales and Sketches, with a Notice of the Life and Literary Character of Emile Souvestre. Edinburgh: Constables. 1855.

This book, which forms the latest volume of Constables' "Foreign Miscellany," deserves more than a mere passing notice. It treats of a part of France, especially interesting to Englishmen, and it is the work of a man whose character is invested with more than ordinary claims to respect. The biography of the amiable and accomplished author is extremely well written, and places before the reader precisely what he will feel most interested to know. We point proudly to the Duke of Wellington as an illustrious example of devotion to duty; our neighbours may point the same moral from the life of Emile Souvestre. His constant activity in every good work, his unvarying preference of duty to apparent interest, his domestic virtues and his cultivated abilities, make him as valuable an example as could well be placed before the literary man.

The tales and sketches comprised in this volume afford a good specimen of M. Souvestre's style, while the subjects introduce us to a race cognate with those of Wales and Cornwall, and display their simple manners, their superstitions, and their present condition. That they are interesting in the highest degree need scarcely be said, for the reputation of the author was extremely high in his own country. Nor do they lose much in the translation here presented to the English

reader. To translate well is a difficult task, and we have so many instances of "traducing," and so few of "translating," that it is really refreshing to meet with a book written in pure English without a single foreign idiom, and yet conveying to us the perfect sense of a French original. We can scarcely point to another instance in modern literature.

Some Account of Mrs. Clarinda Singleheart. By the Author of Mary Powell. London: Hall and Virtue. 1855.

We have always looked forward with pleasure to the appearance of a new book by the author of "Mary Powell," nor have we ever yet been disappointed. The present is a picture of calm and tranquil happiness, not undisturbed nor unalloyed, but such as the pure in heart may hope to enjoy even in this life. It is more subjective than the last by the same writer (The Old Chelsea Bun-house); but though less generally interesting on this account, will not fail to have its own circle of especial admirers, many of whom will prefer it to any of the series.

VIII. MISCELLANEOUS.

A Hymnal for use in the English Church. London: Mozley. 1855.

When we saw the names of Messrs. Mozley, Masters, and Parker on the title-page of this little book, and observed it was called a *Hymnal* and not a Hymn-book, we felt that it would be necessary to examine it with care lest we should find traces in it of mediæval superstition. We have accordingly done so, and are pleased to say that it is incomparably the best collection in the language. We have not found one indifferent hymn. We have noticed that the compilation has been made in a truly Catholic spirit, that it contains the best productions of Wesley, Watts, Doddridge, Cowper, and other evangelical hymnologists: and that when any alterations are made they are really improvements. We want no better hymn-book than this.

Nineveh, the Buried City of the East. By the Rev. Robert Ferguson, L.L.D., F.S.A., M.R.I.A., &c. &c. &c. London: Partridge, Oakey, and Co. 1855.

If any one wants an unexpensive and yet acceptable present for an intelligent youth, we cannot do better than recommend them to this pleasing and profitable volume. It

is marked with a great variety of good engravings, and Dr. Ferguson, from whom such a book is truly a condescension, has given a luminous account of the ancient Assyrian history, of the place which that empire holds in the scheme of prophecy, and of the events which led to the discovery of its remains. It is a great thing for the rising generation when such men will undertake such works.

Liber Cantabrigiensis: an Account of the Aids afforded to Poor Students, the Encouragements offered to Diligent Students, and the Rewards conferred on Successful Students in the University of Cambridge; to which is prefixed a Collection of Maxims, Aphorisms, &c., designed for the Use of Learners. By Robert Potts, M.A., Trinity College. Cambridge: Parker. 1855.

The title of this book will be all the review it can require; it will be invaluable both to students, and to parents and guardians. They will learn what advantages every school has, and what peculiarities in the way of endowment every college presents. We have only one suggestion to make, which is, that in the next edition—and we hope it will be an annual one—the aphorisms and maxims be left out; they are bound to the rest by a very slender thread of connection, and are almost as much out of place as they would be by way of a preface to Wood's Algebra.

Hand-book of Light and Shade, with especial reference to Model Drawing. By Mrs. Merrifield. With numerous Illustrations. London: Rowney. 1855.

No work of Mrs. Merrifield on the subject of Drawing can be otherwise than valuable, and we can conscientiously recommend the present as an excellent commencement in model drawing. It is copiously illustrated and purely scientific in principle.

Thoughts on Life, and other Poems. By J. Priest. London: Partridge, Oakey, and Co. 1855.

We have looked in vain for a single line of poetry in all this rhyme. If before he had sent the volume to the printer's Mr. Priest had given himself the trouble to turn some of it into plain prose, he would have found it was not worth writing, much less printing, and it is only made worse by being "upset" into verse.

THE

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

Quarterly Review.

OCTOBER, MDCCCLV.

ART. I.—1. *The Ethnology of the British Islands.* By R. G. LATHAM, M.D. London. 1854.
2. *The Ethnology of Europe.* By R. G. LATHAM, M.D. London. 1854.
3. *Man and his Migrations.* By R. G. LATHAM, M.D. London. 1855.

DR. LATHAM has deserved well of the learned and, indeed, of the general public, for having both devoted himself with no ordinary ability and concentration to his subject, and having produced several volumes as the result of his labours, which possess the comprehensiveness of an encyclopædia, for those who may wish to peruse the subject *in extenso*; and at the same time a series of volumes each a manageable and not too profound an essay on a separate branch of the inquiry. As at once a linguist and anatomist, the author brings to his inquiry an amount of preparation as indispensible as rarely combined. We shall have a word to say by and bye in criticism on his exact scholarship, in the ordinary sense of the term; but are well aware that the philological attainment desirable for this inquiry is rather the power of generalising rules and detecting analogies, than in grammatical accuracy or idiomatic nicety. In noticing three of Dr. Latham's four publications, it will be fairer to him and more instructive to our readers to give first a sketch of the learned author's own views on the early origin and migration of nations, and then a correction of some of his positions suggested by the writings of other ethnologists, or by our own more popular speculations on the subject.

There seems little to except against in his views on the "Ethnology of the British Isles." For though the early and later admixture of races is great, and certainly not underrated by the author; the leading facts, with two important exceptions, occurred within the historic period, and the languages have remained as living tongues to our own, or nearly our own, times. The date of the earliest Celtic occupation of these islands is obviously lost in the mist of a remote antiquity. But some approximation to the era might be attained by the ingenious scale of progress in migration, estimated in the author's more general view of the movements of the human race. One doubt we think he may dismiss to which he gives unnecessary space and weight—the existence of any earlier race than that of the Celts in these islands. There is no evidence, or indeed probability, of such predecessors; while the three leading types of original inhabitants—the British, represented by the modern Welsh, the extinct Picts, and the Erse or native Irish and Gælic septs—are all undoubtedly Celtic, though possibly owing distinctive characteristics of manner and language to the Continental tribes from which they originated or by which they were crossed.

Some interesting light is thrown, and from an unexpected quarter, on the comparative civilization and mineral industry of the Western Britons, as alluded to in the later Greek or Byzantine writers. Though the Picts, as a race, were probably exterminated by the Gaels, or absorbed in the growing civilization of the Anglo-Saxons, it is evident that their dialect of the Celtic, neither Cambro British nor Gælic, still lives in the names of mountains and other localities in Cumberland, Westmoreland, and the Isle of Man. Helvellyn and Blaencathra would have been called in Wales Hoel-Voel-Llyn and Cader-wen, cognate but not identical forms. The language of the Manx of this day—Celtic, with a strong infusion of Danish—is probably the richest depository of the ancient language of North Britain. The peculiarities of the Erse are more permanent. It is cognate with but yet strikingly dissimilar to the Welsh. As guttural and highly aspirated, there is a bolder attempt at defining and modifying sense by combination, and some effort at the simpler inflexions of those later tongues that have arisen from a Latin or German source. Now it is remarkable that all the earliest Irish traditions point at an intercourse with people from the south, rather than with the more probable natives of our own island. This is remarkable as being in itself unlikely. Nor

is the intercourse referred to by any means flattering to national pride. Now, however little we should trust such ancient and vague traditions in support of any one particular fact that might be invented or mis-stated, it is not wise to reject the general inference from a mass of tradition consistent with itself, and evidently not the suggestion of national pride or obvious probability. Therefore, without going so far as to consider the Fomorians* and other dark southern invaders of Ireland either so ancient or remote as the Carthaginians, we may assume there was an early intercourse between Ireland and the regions directly south of it —Spain, for instance, and South-Western France.

The commerce of Ireland, or perhaps more properly the access of commerce to her shores, was greater in the time of Tacitus than that of the British ports. The type of the people is to this day, in character and physiognomy, far more southern than is warranted by their latitude. In laziness, superstition, revenge, and excitement, they are Gascons or Castilians stranded on a northern isle. The beggar boys of Connemara might have sat to Murillo, and many an aged crone is worthy of the pencil of Velasquez. A new light is thrown on this early connection of Ireland with Aquitania, to use an obvious but undefined geographical term, by the striking similarity of the native Irish with the Celtic *patois* of the Waldenses, until lately spoken in the neighbourhood of Lyons; a language which still lingers in the proper names of that part of France. As an instance of which we may give the name of the celebrated actor Talma, which, unmeaning to a Parisian, signified *earth* in the dialect of his native Dauphiny, and would have been understood in that sense in Galway or Sligo.

This evidence of remote connection is highly suggestive, even should we abandon the theory of early maritime intercourse. For it would then appear that in the earliest age of European settlement, Erse Celts were spread through Gaul and Britain, as Aquitanians or Silurians, as well as in Ireland; and that a later irruption of Gallo-British Celts broke in between them, separating, isolating and pushing aside the dissevered fragments: and thus, as in pursuing a geological formation, we must pass over the intrusive irruption and look for the continuance of our strata beyond it.

Gaul would appear too to have had its three successive waves, so to say, of Celtic occupation down to the time of

* See Moore's History of Ireland.—Vol. I.

Cæsar, when all further movement was arrested by Roman conquest, and every nationality merged in provincial organisation. We conceive the Aquitanians to have been the earliest Celtic population of Gaul, mixed probably with the Iberians of Spain and the Mediterranean shore, and to have been pushed into the south-west by the weight of the Celts proper or Gauls, who occupied three fourths of modern France; and who in their turn were in the very act of being encroached on by the Belgæ of the north-east, a Celtic race too though probably mixed with Teutonic tribes, at the moment when their history begins and ends in "Cæsar's Commentaries."

We have been insensibly led on from Dr. Latham's special view of the ethnology of these islands to his more general volume on the early population of Europe; but there is little further to comment on in his notice of our own early history. For the Roman occupation, the Saxon colonisation, the Danish inroads, and Norman conquest, are all well ascertained historic facts; open to no other discussion than the degree in which they modified the population and language of the country. Many of these considerations will be best entertained at the close of this paper, when we shall comment on the author's theory of the variations of language. Professor Creasy, in his elegant and impartial "Essay on the Constitution," has pointed out an interesting and significant list of English words of British origin, which from their relation to female occupations, suggests the inference that the Saxon invasion did not exterminate, but rather absorbed a considerable portion of the British female population. Mr. Raikes, at the opening of his historical treatise on the same subject, has extended this list, and likewise pointed out the curious philological re-conquest of our language by certain Celtic words, for centuries expelled from England, but re-appearing under Norman colours, having been adopted by the descendants of Rollo from the provincials of Neustria. *Baron* is one of the most important, and *mutton* and *mustard* two of the most familiar of those instances.

It had long been suspected that the Saxon settlement, even if it commenced at the date and under the circumstances usually assigned to it, was hardly likely to have been so total an extermination of the settled and comparatively civilized provincials as is assumed. Yet the transfer of power, property, laws, and manners, seems to have been complete; so that Mr. Creasy's view may be a very probable compromise between the different degrees of extermination insisted on by historians. The Danish settlements were but

those of another branch of the same race, and soon merged in the surrounding population with only a slight and local modification of language, and a very considerable invigoration of the national character; as indicated to this day by the energy of the north of England and south of Scotland, as compared with other parts of the island.

The Norman conquest and subsequent fusion is rather a subject for the jurist and historian than for the inquirer into original nationalities. The peculiar character of the lingual fusion will be considered farther on, when we come to notice the general laws of combination of language, of which it is at once the most interesting and obvious example. But we may here remark, as Dr. Latham justly observes, that a temporary invasion, unless of so overwhelming and exterminating a character as to constitute itself the majority, will have a natural tendency to dwindle away and merge in the original population. The invaders not continuously recruited are absorbed in gradual generations by the indigenous population, and the original nationality will gradually revive. The British nation is probably now more Celtic than in the age of Alfred, and certainly less Norman than in the age of Cœur de Lion.

Before quitting this western angle of Europe, we may remark a happy instance of the application of that oral test by which the philologist probes the dark abyss of the ante-historic period of the human race.

The Gauls called themselves by a name the Greeks expressed by Κελται, the αι being only the inflexioned terminative of the plural number. It would also appear that the tribes or district of South Wales and the West of England, which the natives far into the middle ages termed Gwynedd, were, by the earliest Greek voyagers and geographers, called Κυνηται. Applying this analogy therefore to the former term we shall have κελτ, signifying, in ancient Gallic or British, Gwilt, which even in modern Welsh signifies an exile or wanderer. And when we add that in the same tongue Belg signifies a ravager or invader, what a glimpse we get of the ante-Cesarean state of Gaul. Nor is it an improbable conjecture that the great Celtic migration, that besieged the Capitol, overran Macedonia, and colonized Galatia, was a movement consequential on the invasion of the semi-Teutonic Belgians.

But we must now accompany our author into the wider sphere of European settlement, where we must differ very materially from several of his views, which appear needlessly paradoxical, and actually opposed to evidence he has either overlooked or disparaged. Here we may at once decline to

follow him into the obscure and uninteresting questions of the barbarous nationalities of north-eastern Europe, to which we think he has given a disproportioned importance. The languages are uncouth and unknown, and the points of little interest or certainty. And on an obscure subject and barbarous philology we should have followed the author's guidance with a more implicit confidence, had we met with indications of a more exact scholarship and information on points we are better acquainted with. Admitting the Emperor *Servius* and the *county* of the Caledonians (p. 92) to be the errors of the printer, we must except to such an etymology as that of Constantine (p. 94), and the blunder about the Ar in Argyle (p. 73). He would also appear to us to give too narrow limits to the great Teutonic race, the destined conquerors of western and southern Europe. By taking his data for their western and eastern limits from different periods, he has contracted their area and not considered sufficiently the movement in the interval. Prior to the time of Cæsar, when the Celtic star was in the ascendant, Gallic tribes occupied even the right banks of the Rhine. But then the eastern limit of the Teutons was unknown, and is only vaguely generalized a century and a half later by Tacitus (c. 46), by a reference to the known predilections of the Sarmatæ or Sclavonians for monarchical government, the cavalry service, and a migratory life. But some centuries later, when the great Teutonic migrations had spent themselves on the west and south, it is perfectly true Slavonians had occupied Bohemia, were planted on the Elbe, and were even found as far west as Mecklenburgh. The error is in supposing these two boundaries cotemporary, which would have confined the great Teutons between the Rhine and Elbe altogether, whereas we have every ground for believing that when the one was their western boundary the other was *not* their eastern. The Sclavonians were, no doubt, widely spread over eastern or central Europe from the earliest time. Though the distinction Greeks and Roman writers always made, without defining it, between Sarmatian and Scythian, seems to point at the two modern families of Sclavonians and Tartars. In our own times the Sclavonians occupy a third of the Austrian and two-thirds of the Russian empire in Europe, of which latter they constitute a still larger portion of the population. Reverting for a moment to another primitive race, though in an opposite corner of Europe, we can speculate but little on the origin of the Iberians. It is to be regretted that, with their unrivalled position for ethnological inquiry, as both the conquerors and

philosophical rulers of the earlier races of the earth, the Greeks and Romans should have so little turned their attention to considerations of this kind.

The curiosity and real diligence of Herodotus were marred by his puerile credulity and totally unphilosophical direction of enquiry. While the politico-philosophical character of Tacitus' mind always led him to seek an inference or perhaps invent a fact, to point a sneer against his own age and country. Cæsar was better, but even he admitted, with less reflection and inquiry than one would expect, the information he derived, probably through interpreters, from the prisoners, hostages, or dubious allies he met with in Gaul and Britain. Pride, personal and national, led the ancients to despise foreigners, while the love of truth itself could not be alert in a people to whom religious and scientific truth were alike unknown, and whose works always aimed at literary effect rather than the diffusion of knowledge. The Iberians, interesting from their early connection with northern Italy, southern France, and the Spanish peninsula, of which to this day they must be the main stock, must have had some antecedent fitness for fusion of race and language with the Romans. So early and readily did they adopt the language of the conquerors, and so faithfully have they retained their dialect of it, that it is now almost doubtful whether Italian or Castilian is the eldest daughter of Latin.

Of the aforesaid Iberians, little is known, nor is that little done justice to by Dr. Latham. It was an obvious and probably fruitful line of inquiry to trace what words peculiar to the languages of Spain, and not derived from Latin, Arabic, or Gothic roots, were referable to the isolated Basque of the Pyrenees; instead of treating that peculiar tongue as a sort of *lusus naturæ*, and unconnected with any other state. Some words in Portuguese, and possibly Gallician, resemble Welsh, but not in numbers or character to fix a connection.

To come now to the two celebrated peninsulas of antiquity, we must record a determined protest against Dr. Latham's most gratuitous paradox that Greece was peopled from Italy, the east from the west, early civilization by later barbarism. It would be illnatured to say that the only merit of this hypothesis in the author's eyes, was its antagonism to biblical authority, and historical evidence; but certainly a prudent respect for the former would have saved the writer from so rash and absurd a conjecture. And here we must gravely protest against that supercilious way of disposing of the clear and sometimes repeated dicta of Scripture on

subjects germane to the narrative, and evidently intended to be taken in the sense used.

We are perfectly aware that nothing could be more unphilosophical, or even in its consequences profane, than to look to the Scriptures for a correct theory of astronomy or geology. The writings were not intended for information on these subjects, even in the ages in which they were composed; and had they anticipated the painful discoveries of progressive centuries, would have been on that very account unintelligible, and useless to the generations to whom they were addressed. But the same principle does not apply to those sciences that have man for their object, and which relate to his moral, social, and political history. Dr. Latham disposes of the ethnological testimony of Scripture in a very summary way, and with rather a patronising tone. In marshalling his ancient authorities, the Bible, he says, gives us little ethnological information, and does not profess to treat on the subject. Now we except decidedly to both these positions. We deny the one assertion, and would not resort to the other as an evasion. The Bible contains a great deal of very specific and probable ethnology, and from the historic character of the narrative, and the universal application of its contents, such inferences are neither to be treated as figurative or unintentional. We do not hesitate to say, and without the smallest enthusiasm, but merely from an extensive comparison with other authorities, that if as much distinct and yet comprehensive ethnology as is found in a single chapter, say 10th of Genesis, had been met with in the opening of Herodotus or Tacitus, it would have been thought to constitute a basis of inquiry as valuable as it would have been unique among ancient writers.

That tone of inquiry,—the treating the authority of Scripture as not applicable to their own subject though valuable in other respects,—that was first used by the Economist is to our fancy far more offensive, and in detail more dangerous, than the antagonism of the avowed infidel, who struggles on through his night of darkness and despair with the great Unknown, who will not show his face, or give his blessing. Admitting, as we most justly may, after the learned and conclusive demonstration of Wallace "on the true age of the world," that the chronology founded on a crude and uncritical estimate of sundry garbled texts is very erroneous, and that the history of the human race has occupied many more centuries than are usually assigned to it, we must still look

to the genealogies of the Pentateuch, and other incidental notices in the historic books of the Old Testament, as both the earliest and safest records of the fathers of mankind and patriarchs of nations.

The well known verse, Gen. x. v. 4. וְתַרְשִׁישׁ כִּתִּים וְדֹדָנִים יָוָן אֱלִישָׁה seems clear as to ethnical names. Ionia, Ellas, or Elis, Tarsus and Rhodes, pointing out, not obscurely too, the chain of migration along the southern coast of Asia Minor to Greece. בִּחִים is less clear, but the later Jews when their knowledge of the west was enlarged, applied it generally to their Macedonian and Roman conquerors. Now see how this theory is supported by early Hellenic records as opposed to the Italian conjecture. In the age of the Homeric poems, which is sufficiently early for our purpose, Italy, the supposed cradle of the Hellenic race, was scarcely known. Sicily was the land of myth and mystery, and even Pheacia the base Jacobin Corcyra of Thucydides, was a sort of vague fairy land. Coming down the continent on the same side, the Acarnanians and Ætolians are scarcely known or numbered among the Greeks. While on the other side, an easy familiarity is shown with the various tribes of Asia Minor; Diomede recognises a relation even in the Lycian hero; the Solymi are mentioned, Sidon its trades, and even Egypt well known. Interpreters seem to have not been needed, except in the case of the Thracians, of which more anon. No general fact seems clearer than that Crete, the land of Minos, was the cradle of both the religion and civilisation of Greece, which lies in the direct route of a migration from Syria and Cilicia. And the allusions to Crete in the Iliad, its wealth, population, and not very martial king, seem poetic euphemisms for a people already in decay, and not rivalling the heroism of the Argives or Myrmidons.

The sovereignty of Greece seems ever to have travelled northwards. Crete, Sparta, Athens, Thebes, and Macedonia, to have been the successive depositories of power in general, as Crete Corinth, and Athens, were of naval supremacy and civilization. Bishop Thirlwall, whose partisanship could find a subject for acrimony in a dry question of ethnology, repudiates the idea of the monarchial Macedonians having any right or title to Hellenism at all, not considering that a people who spread a well known form of Greek by their conquests from Bactria to the Nile, must have spoken that tongue from their king to the meanest phalangite, and that the world-wide names, Ptolemy,

Seleucus, Perdiccas, and Antiochus, bad Greek, but Greek still, indicate a well defined and popular dialect, rather than an exact and artificial imitation of Attic forms.

The Thracians on the other hand appear from the earliest times to have been a distinct race, barbarous in the sense of alien but not of uncivilised. And might we hazard a conjecture on the peopling of early Italy, it would be that the descendants of Tiras spread from Bithynia across the Bosphorus and Hellespont, and occupied the whole territory between the Euxine and Adriatic, and so round the head of the gulph into modern Lombardy and Tuscany. In so brief and necessarily superficial a sketch as the present, it is not pretended to sift or even state the arguments for the different origins assigned to the grave and mysterious Etruscans. Their own traditions, concentrated afterwards, and personified in the Trojan origin of Rome, point to Asia Minor as their parent-seat. And Niehbuhr opened them a path through Rhœtia, but from what tribe of the Tyrol or Transylvania they derived their civilisation, so grave and so artistic he has not suggested. The Gentile name Rasena, may mean to be a patronymic of Tiras. And the unique obscurity of their language may seem, in negative analogy at least, to bear some relation to the utterly defunct Thracian, which has experienced an extinction quite unusual with the tongue of a great population not subjected to any exterminating conquest or invasion. The great and obvious argument against the Thracian migration of the Tuscans, is the absence of any claim of art or civilisation recorded of the wide tract of country that must have been traversed, and which in all ages, for a people well known, and bordering on civilisation, has had the character of a fierce and entire barbarism.

It would answer no purpose to follow Niehbuhr and Nicoli in their elaborate inquiry into the origin and movements of the early people of Italy. For there is little data on which they build their generally conflicting and always unsatisfactory results. But in addition to the mysterious Etruscans, and the later well known Greek colonies of the South, there seem to have been two leading races of the Peninsula, mainly located on the two sides of the Apennine ridge, and both contributing to the formation even of the earliest nucleus of the Roman people. These were the civilised Pelasgians of the Western Coast, embracing the Campanians, and probably the mass of the early Latin population, if not of Hellenic, at least to follow the apposite biblical nomenclature of Javanic origin, cognate

to the Greeks, and readily in Southern Italy and Sicily fusing with them. There was also a ruder, more warlike Oscan race, mainly planted in the centre of the mountain chain, and down the eastern shore of the peninsula. Of this race were the Samnites, Umbrians, and other warrior races of Italy, who appear generally as the foes, and only later as the subject allies of Rome; though apparently in some degree allied in blood to her aristocracy, from the earliest period. Whether these tribes were of Celtic-Sclavonian, or, as we have conjectured, of Etruscan-Thracian origin, they appear to have contributed to the early population of Latium itself, and the non-Javanic element of the Latin tongue. And this is evident, too, before the progress of the Roman wars had carried out that policy, that so honourably distinguished Rome from Greece, of incorporating rather than annihilating her hostile neighbours. The way in which these two elements were combined in the formation of the early Roman people and language; seems in analogy to what we know of their earliest political constitution. We see two orders of citizens standing in a relation to each other that confounds our analogies drawn from other political parties. They are too friendly, and generally united in arms, to admit the supposition of an enslaving and disarming conquest; while the identity of race seems rebutted by the religious and local peculiarities assigned to each. The Patricians appear as the pupils of the aristocratic Etruria; recognised even by their political rivals as the interpreters of the mysteries and ministers of the ceremonies of the national religion; and at the same time as the city and monied interest of the state, contrasting here again with the position of modern political parties. The Plebeians appearing as a warlike but indigent peasantry, trusted with arms, but little favoured by the laws, or cognisant of the religion of the state; as strangers, in short, rather than conquered aborigines or actual slaves. Probably the solution of these paradoxes is to be found in the idea of incorporation, that is shadowed in the early myths of the foundation of Rome and the Sabine amalgamation; and that continued the leading principle of Roman policy, and the secret of Roman progress, up to the completion of the conquest of Italy. One may suppose that the possession of a fortified town with other local advantages, held by an Etruscan colony or Oscan garrison, and which afforded shelter to the unprotected Latin peasantry of the Campagna, would at once suggest peculiar relations between the patron

burghers and the patronised yeomen. The burghers, though citizens, among themselves would be a sort of nobility to the stranger peasants of the district; a banking, legal and priestly caste; holding, from habit and location, the keys of both financial and professional influence, but not more warlike than their vassals, nor, till conquest suggested the cry for Agrarian laws, sharing in any larger proportion the original territory of the state. As an exclusive order, the Patricians dwindled by a law of nature from a people to nobility, and at last to a name; but their political power was prolonged for centuries, by the influences arising from their original position, and by the gradual enfranchisement of their clients; who, we conceive, were but a new plebs introduced into the state, and who at first contributed the numbers of a mob, and later still the suffrages of a dependent constituency. This is pretty much Niehbuhr's view, though he might have explained and illustrated his idea of the original amalgamation of a civic municipality and a free peasantry, from precedents which, however opposed to the feudal notions of town and country, are yet found in the early history of the Swiss Cantons. We are convinced, too, that the wealth of the Patrician body was largely due to their clients, or dependents of the houses who probably monopolised the trade of the city under the privilege and for the benefit of their patrons. As conquest extended, and the hostile races of central Italy were gradually absorbed in the growing republic, it was probable that individuals enrolled in the thirty-five tribes, often retained a trace of their origin in one of their names. Marcus Volscius Fictor; which occurs as the name of a middle-class citizen late in the history of the republic, thus would indicate the individual name, the race name, and the family or professional name; much as an Englishman might be called John Welsh Potter, the middle name expressing the race in the nation he sprang from, and the first and last the designation of the individual and his craft.

The influence exercised by the institutions and language of Rome on the whole of Western Europe must be our reason for having enlarged on the origin of the imperial city; which, together with the whole question of Italian settlement, is treated neither fully nor happily by Dr. Latham. His derivation however of Ligurian and Albanian from the Celtic, in the race of coastman and mountaineer, is very happy, and in the best spirit of philological criticism. We could have wished however he had not thrown up so

soon the curious problem of the isolation of the latter people, surrounded by Hellenic and Sclavonian populations.

We must now enter on the still wider sphere of the general law of migration of the human race. And here, after arriving at some idea of the primary locality, and of the identity of the human race we shall have to deduce laws of migration and relation, not only from considerations of language, but also from physiological causes. Dr. Latham arrives at a tolerably orthodox locus for the starting point of the human race, and, as far as we understand him, at the unity too; though a biblical student might have profitably and safely started on the assumption of such premises. Now, assuming the confusion of tongues at Babel to have been both miraculous in its origin, and necessary and effectual for its object, the dispersion of the human race, and the abandonment of a useless, if not profane undertaking; we are still at liberty to speculate both on the number and degrees of variety infused into the languages of mankind. There may either have been a few totally distinct languages created, gradually engendering others less unlike by mutual combination; or there may have been many languages at once, formed not so totally unlike; or both these results may have been effected at once, a few radically dissimilar stocks of language with many groups of languages, more or less cognate to each other, but widely differing group from group. We are inclined to the last hypothesis. It is more agreeable to the wisdom of God to make no effort of power beyond the occasion, nor needlessly to break up the recognised ties of family by hopeless misunderstanding and separation. The confusion of tongues was to separate the population of Shinar so far, as that no party could be left in communication strong enough to continue their senseless erection, but not so minutely as to break up family circles, that might still be useful to each other in settling the earth. We may suppose there were a few, say three, totally dissimilar stems of language, branching out into twenty or thirty groups, or a still greater number of less varied tongues. Again, this variation may be in either words or inflexions, or in both. Languages may differ in their vocabulary, and agree in their formation and inflexion of words; or, though this is rarer, agree pretty much in words and differ in their treatment of them; or thirdly the difference may be in both respects.

When languages have been once formed, we do not see how any further variation can take place, except either by a

renewed miracle or by mutual combination. The former we have no authority or object in assuming; the latter is exemplified in the history of the conquest and contact of all nations. It is true that words may be lost, as the objects suggesting them are no longer presented, and words may be coined or compounded to express new ideas; and thus a language made somewhat to vary from its earlier self and sister tongues, without the disturbing influence of another language. But these changes will be slight, and confined in the one case to a barbarous and degenerating population on verge of extinction; and, in the other, to so advanced a state of civilisation as amply preserves the records of its own progress and acquirement.

Some dialectic variations in language seem due to temperature or locality. A mild, moist, maritime situation tends to the soft vocular decomposition of syllables, the Greek grammarians called Diæresis. While a sharp highland climate tends to what they called Crasis, or contraction. For instance, the Bretons call the well known projection into the sea Morbihan, which their kinsmen in Wales would call Morven. But setting aside these variations as immaterial, we come again to the conclusion that it is to mutual combination we must look for all subsequent variations of language. And here comes in the importance of philology as throwing light on the early history and connection of races. Knowing what tribes spoke peculiar languages at an earlier period, we can speculate on the component parts of the nation whose language shows signs of composition itself; or, again, knowing the composition of the nation, we can go back to the oral elements of which its language is composed. But in addition to the obvious possibility that language may be altered considerably by contact and intercourse, without any loss of nationality, another difficulty presents itself, that renders our reasoning far less conclusive than could be wished. We have seen above that languages may combine either by a substitution of terms retaining the inflexions, or by a change of inflexions retaining more or less the old vocabulary. In other words, it may be the dictionary or the grammar of the people that is altered.

As a popular instance of what we mean, in the sentence "a people's history has perished," every word is alien to our tongue in its Roman French origin, but every inflexion is Anglo-Saxon; the genitive case, auxiliary verb, the participle past. Now had the change been of the other kind, of inflexion and not of root, the idea would have been

expressed, *Tala folki lositur*, where the Anglo-Saxon roots are moulded to a Latin inflexion of case, tense, and voice. Contrary to what might be expected, it would appear that nations change their dictionaries more easily than their grammars. Our own tongue, as first alluded to, is the most familiar instance of this change. And the same principle is exhibited on a wider scale in the Indian peninsula, where, with the exception of the Bengalee, which contains an element of Indo-Chinese, all the languages are composed in different proportions of Sanscrit or Tamul. The words being more or less derived from the Sanscrit a Japhetic language, allied to Greek and German; but the inflexions, still more generally being based on the Tamul a Semitic language of the Aramean group, related, though distantly, to Hebrew and Arabic. Trusting to our Western analogies, we should therefore augur that an orignal Semitic population in India had been, anterior to history, subjugated by a Japhetic race, probably of the Madai or Median family. But in most cases of combination, even by conquest, the vocabulary will be only partially changed, and the grammar still less. And in this partial change of nomenclature, we would expect the terms of war, and policy, and power, to exhibit a more decided change than words expressive of the habits and employments of the lower classes. Professor Creasy has shown, as we have noticed at the beginning of this article, that words expressive of female occupations may survive the most male-exterminating invasions. Some languages seem so radically dissimilar as to refuse to amalgamate, and thus exhibit rather an exclusion of the principle of fusion, than an exception from the rules we have laid down for it. The relation of English to the Celtic languages still spoken in the British islands, is the most striking instance of this stubborn refusal to merge in any dialectic form, together with a tenacity of life that makes their extinction still very doubtful. The opposite extreme, of the substitution of one language for another can hardly occur, except under the double conditions of gross barbarism and domestic slavery; the one divesting the man of antecedent objects and ideas, and the other so identifying him with his master, and a new state of social existence, that he is really adopted and translated into a different nation. It is said, indeed, that the hopeless confusion and variety of their African jargons produced the same effect, even among the predial slaves of the West Indies; who adopted as well as they could the French or English of their masters as an

escape from the Babel of Mandingo, Congo, Ashantee, and Foulah often spoken, even in the same importation. But, perhaps, the greatest change of language the world has ever seen was effected by the conquests and slave trade of Rome. Not only were millions of provincials completely Latinised, but the myriads of slaves continually imported from beyond the Danube and the Rhine, from Africa and the Euxine, thoroughly adopted the language of their masters in their villas and workhouses.

We must follow Dr. Latham in his physiological considerations more briefly, and with some diffidence as to causes still in operation, and of which the results are neither very uniform, nor always apparent. It is no doubt a very just observation, that the rapid translations we can witness, and even effect of Europeans to the tropics, and of negroes to Nova Scotia, cannot be expected to produce the same organic results as the gradual, almost secular progress of a tribe towards or from the Equator. Nature always appears to work most effectually and thoroughly by slow and gradual causes. And we might reasonably expect that a tribe slowly in successive generations approaching the line on the surface of an unoccupied earth, would experience a greater change in complexion, feature, and organization, and at the same time a less injury to health and comfort than by a more direct transition. This is of course assuming that climate does affect the human frame. Again, the period during which a tribe has been subjected to these influences, may also be supposed to have an effect on their development. Nor, even is the degree of civilization enjoyed without an analogous effect, as is witnessed in the different shades of complexion, in the different castes of the same districts of India. Thus we have a sort of rude physiological rule for calculating the antecedent migrations of any tribe; in which for the same isothermal line, we may safely consider the blackest race to have approached the tropics the most slowly, to have remained there longest, and to be in the lowest grade of civilization. While of fairer tribes we may assume that they have arrived more recently, more rapidly, and not without the clothing and habits of some degree of civilization. This canon we believe may be predicated of the tropics, and may be inverted for the denizens of the Southern hemisphere. In this case, assuming all along one original Asiatic cradle for the human race, migration must have reached the tropic of Capricon, by passing through the torrid zone. Consequently, now the darkest complexions will

indicate the last comers, and most immediate arrivals; and the lighter suggest a longer and more gradual acclimating to the southern temperate regions. Barbarism will still probably have a tendency in all climates to a darkening of the skin. Thus, of the Cape population, we should say the Hottentots were earlier immigrants than the Caffirs; that the one were negroes gradually blanching under the secular influence of a temperate climate, and the others were later arrivals from the Equatorial regions, though of nobler, possibly Arab, origin.

In the case of oceanic populations, too, the maritime mode of their migration must be taken into account, as supplying a more rapid and temperate means of traversing the torrid zone. And this would apply in a less degree to the gradual occupation of chains of islands, where the migration would be alternately by land and water. Thus we may find in the southern hemisphere, tribes in juxtaposition of very different complexion, independent of their origin or date of migration. The two prevailing types thoughout the southern hemisphere and the Pacific Archipelago, seem respectively of negro or Malay origin. This negroism, if we might coin such a word, may itself have originated from the secular causes suggested above, under the burning influence of New Guinea; and the Indian Archipelago, without any connexion with the normal negroism of tropical Africa. This race, possibly allied to the primeval Tamul population of Hindoostan, appears to have spread slowly, and therefore subject to climatic influences, and with a constantly degrading civilization along the Indian Archipelago to New Guinea, and Australia, and even Van Diemen's Land; where a very temperate climate is reached with little amelioration of physical development. The nobler Malay race is wider scattered, as befits a more adventurous and maritime people. Starting with the dark, but not black complexion of the Indo-Chinese peninsula, their movements appear to have been both maritime and comparatively direct, colonising the smaller groups, and more temperate latitudes of the oceanic region. So that they were never degraded into the negro type, though varying considerably in complexion, as might be expected both from their actual and antecedent settlements.

Yet it would appear that no latitude or lapse of time, at least within the human period, sufficed to restore or create the blonde character of an European population in a race that had once passed the ordeal of equinoctial heat. The

manly, intelligent New Zealander an European, almost an Englishman in organization as well as latitude, still exhibits the tawny red of an ancestry that started from the tropics, and had undergone the influences of the line.

We will not return again to the philological view of the subject, or we must admit that the variation of language in barbarous tribes throughout Polynesia, and still more in Southern Africa, is a great objection, both to the identity of the human race, and to our own theory of the limited number of branches of that race, originally distinguished in type and tongue. One would naturally expect that in a state of society where ideas were few and stagnant, and wars exterminating, there would be less of the variety due to either acquisition or combination. Yet the contrary is the fact; and an area not larger than a French department or English county, nor with a quarter of the population, will contain two or three languages, not totally distinct, but as unlike as French or English. Here we must only believe what is revealed, and wait for the further light that is rarely denied in this world even to patient research and a humble spirit. It has been shrewdly observed, that generally the weak point of an argument is in the metaphysical corner. And we may have concluded too hastily, that a poverty and stagnation of ideas is conducive to the permanence and unity of language. This is certainly not borne out by the case of the Greeks, the most intelligent family of the human race, who have retained an almost identity of language from the age of Agamemnon to the age of Otho. It would seem as if the richness of the Æolic muse, and the copious subtlety of Attic thought, had formed such a treasury of terms and modifications, that all future ages and varying civilizations might be satisfied therewith. And generally we may suppose that where no literature exists as a common standard, ideas few and communication limited, new words would more easily creep in to describe objects new to the scanty experience, at least of savages, and obtain a local acceptance within the tribe or village where first used.

As more particular instances of such a fact, travellers state that the petty princes of many tribes of Central and Southern Africa, on their accession, invent as an act of dignity or authority, new names of common things, which words, though probably only partially adopted for loyalty or fashion, must serve by continued additions to confuse the native jargon, and conceal its radical origin.

Another curious fact related by the missionary Moffatt in

Caffraria, though he scarcely draws the philological influence from it that he might, is that the adult inhabitants of a kraal are often entirely cut off by famine, the sword, or wild beasts, on their distant expeditions; and that thus the children of the tribe grow up, if they survive, without even the meagre information and glossary, they might derive from their parents, for the greater number of objects around them. A well authenticated instance of this would, as far as it went, amount to a repetition of the famous experiment Herodotus relates of the Egyptian king, for deciding the priority of the languages of Phrygia and of his own country.

But to return to the more interesting northern hemisphere, it is evident that these physiological developments are of less value in the case of Europe and Northern Asia, as indicative of the origin and prevailing movements of races, than where migration necessarily involved great and even double climatic influences. In the case of our own hemisphere, migration has been principally a change of longitude, rather than of latitude; though some movement in latitude must have accompanied the earliest approach to Europe, as well as the south-western displacement of the Teutonic nations, that precipitated the fall of the Roman empire.

Of the three great Northern races, the Celts and Teutons are fairer than the Sclavonians. The Teutons, probably the fairest of all. They all three, no doubt, entered Europe north of the Black Sea, and in the order their present relative position would indicate. The blonde complexion that distinguishes the Europeans from the natives of other temperate regions, and most of all the north-western Europeans, may have been impressed on the normal type of the human race, by the gradual movement, not only into a more temperate but also a more humid region of the earth. It is probably not the natural or aboriginal colour of mankind, both because it is not the characteristic of the earliest seat of the human race, and because there was a tendency even within the historic period to recede from it. In the Homeric poems, epithets are bestowed on men, and oftener on women, indicating a complexion, eyes, and hair never now found in that part of the world. The Roman writers described the natives of France and Germany, in terms not now generally applicable to either nation, and least so to the French. Even among ourselves the flaxen hair and blue eyes are not so universal a theme as in the medieval romances.

It is an admitted difficulty to which of Japhet's sons, as

named in Genesis, to refer the Teutonic race, so strongly marked, and so eventful in its history; but Tubal is without a following, and may probably have been the great patriarch of the German name. That all these tribes came round the Euxine is probable, both from the direction of their later movements, and from the circumstances of the settlement of Tiras, on both sides the Bosphorus, and so on to the Adriatic and Northern Italy. The Javanic race is identified with the history of the ancient world, and their settlements, whether as Greeks proper, or Pelasgians in Asia Minor Greece and Southern Italy, have been already discussed. The Iberians are the most mysterious people, widely spread on continent and islands over the south-west of Europe, not without some civilization, but pushed from Sicily by the Greeks; subjugated in their islands by Carthage; and, ultimately everywhere both absorbed and assimilated by Rome, they have no history but in the successes and crimes of others.

It is not a little curious and encouraging to our own theory, that the actual names by which Russian and Tartar are to this day known in Asia, are given in Genesis. Mesech and Magog, that we may not inaptly paraphrase as Muscovite and Mogul, mark two distinct races, though alike comprehended under the sway of the Russian sceptre. The Sclavonians are Europeans of some antiquity, though with features and complexion that suggest a more recent settlement than their western neighbours. The Magogians on the other hand are so organically distinguished from the Japhetic race, and resemble so closely the Semitic and Monosyllabic natives of Eastern Asia, that were not Scripture distinct on the fact of Magog being the son of Japhet, one would be inclined to assign them the Semitic origin of the Chinese. But here again physiological considerations may assist us. Northern Asia, comprehending under the same physical features a great part of Russia in Europe, though in the same latitude as the most favoured European states, has a very different climate, and very different geographical conditions. Vast plains, often of great elevation, having only two seasons, a snowy winter and a parching summer; may, from the continued severity of these alternatives, and the mysterious influence of the habits they engender, produce in the lapse of ages the peculiar development of complexion, eye, and feature that mark the Mogul nomades of the steppe, as well as their Chinese neighbours.

This illfavoured and ill-fated race seem the parent stock of

the Laplanders of Europe, and the Esquimaux of America; unless similar circumstances have effected analogous results in degrading the normal type of Teutons and Indians. This is not likely, at least in the former case. The Swedes and Norwegians live close to the Lapps, and under nearly the same physical conditions, and are as tall and handsome as any members of the Teutonic race. So we must suppose some of the stunted and sallow wanderers of the steppes to have penetrated or been forced by the prowess of others, into the vicinity of the Arctic circle. One peculiar institution of this region of the globe, which is destined to have its effect on the history of the human race, we take to have had its origin in the reaction from the nomade state. Serfdom, as it has ever existed in the Russian empire, bearing no mark of early conquest, where lords and serfs are of the same race language and till the last century and a half, of the same manners, must have originated in the rude effort of government or proprietors to fix a population to industrial pursuits, where indefinite migration was both the instinct of the race, and favoured by the nature of the country. It is needless to remark what a magazine of power this institution proves to the Czar, in the inexhaustible raw material of armies and the popularity of enfranchisement.

The ethnology of China is a problem worthy a discussion of its own. Whether we consider the inhabitants a people of remote Tartar origin, civilized by force of the advantageous circumstances of their settlement; or, as we are more inclined to suppose them a Semitic people assimilated to the Magogian type by climatic influence; the question is involved in great difficulty. Nor should we altogether repel the Oriental tradition, as old at least as the Hegira, that represents the Chinese as the post-diluvian progeny of Noah; and therefore not descended from either of the three other patriarchs of the human race.

We are not phrenologists enough to draw the inferences from the capacity of skulls of different races and ages that Dr. Latham does. And indeed the effects of a high state of civilization in the development of individual character have been much overrated, at least as regards the mass of the community. The statesman or philosoper may indeed receive a great enhancement of mind, both in amount and activity, from the advantages of his position; while the division of labour, always keeping pace with an advancing civilization, will tend to dwarf and confine the capacities of the great majority.

The great American difficulty naturally suggested by our

approach to the north-eastern angle of Asia must be reserved for some future occasion. Nor are we aware that either our author or any recent writer has thrown any new light upon the subject. The origin, and still more the variety of alphabetic writing, is too curious and important a subject to be treated at the close of an article. It is a subject surrounded with difficulty. For supposing the alphabet a revelation to man, the diversity of phonetic symbols would imply a miraculous confusion of alphabets also, that seems an unwarranted and needless assumption. The diversity and copiousness of oriental alphabets, even where the spoken tongues have no great difference, precludes the otherwise natural supposition of nation having imitated from nation so useful an invention or revelation. Unless indeed priestcraft or some other motive induced an arbitrary variation, with a view to secrecy or national distinction.

But in concluding our notice of his really interesting and valuable works, we would caution Dr. Latham against laying himself open to the inference, that might not unwarrantably be drawn from such remarks as those he has indulged in, relative to the maturity of the races and consequent adaptation of polygamy for certain regions. Now this postponement of a moral law to the physical appetite is nothing more than materialism in practice; and the more inexcusable, as the moral law enjoined in Eden, and sanctioned rather than restored by our Lord was universal in its application, whereas the physical fact is exceptional. Like every other sort of moral discipline, the constancy to a faded partner does not seem to be for the present joyous but grievous, yet eventually works out high moral and mental results. Indeed the polygamy of the East has no more real cause in the physical circumstance adduced in its behalf, than the ante-nuptial license of the West, too much tolerated by the public opinion of Christian nations, is justified by the imprudence of early marriage. Both are difficulties, but only difficulties incidental to our probationary state, and intended to exercise the character in self-denial and self-control. It would be a curious inquiry which entailed the largest amount of suffering, the retaining an old wife, or deferring a young one; but we are inclined to think the advantage would not be with the earlier monogamist.

The form of compromise between western prudence and eastern sensuality, that prevailed among the Jews at the close of the Mosaic dispensation, as was perhaps natural in a transition age and country, was the facility of divorce. This

practice censured by Malachi, and particularly reprobated by our Lord, appears from Josephus to have existed to a remarkable extent in Judea. Herod the Tetrarch had been married to ten wives, most of them living at the same time. This practice, though a sort of homage to the primeval law, was more cruel to women than the regular polygamy of earlier times, as it abandoned them to vice or misery; and was more injurious in practice, being within the reach of all, and not necessarily confined to the great and wealthy. It is not a little remarkable, that amidst the deep depravity of the classical nations the ideal of monogamy was rarely if ever infringed. As it is impossible to ascribe this restraint to either moral principle or a respect for the weaker sex, it seems to have arisen from the republican, or rather citizen ideas of those countries, that it was not right to encroach or monopolise at the expense of other citizens, nor to contract marriage at all but with a citizen. Like every other bad habit that perpetuates itself by indulgence, the polygamy of the east and the divorces of the west continued till a voice more than man's denounced at least the latter practice, and, by inference, the other also. And the change, which man would never have effected for himself, that followed this injunction, resulted in the altered relation of the sexes, the domestic happiness of Christian families, and the vast increase of population in Christian countries.

ART. II.—*Life of William Etty, R.A.* By ALEXANDER GILCHRIST, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. 2 Vols. London. 1855.

IT is remarkable that among the many memoirs which have swelled the book-lists of late years, so few have at all fulfilled the true functions of a biography. We have in them, for the most part, narratives of facts, anecdotes, and events, interspersed with letters and diaries, all merely tending to place the subject of the memoirs before us in his relations to other men. This record may be useful in a partial degree, but it is not all that we expect in the history of a man's life. We do not care so much about knowing how event succeeded event—how fame gradually spread abroad: mere dry facts never yet did good to any living soul, nor will they ever do so. It is of very minor importance for us to know that such and such was the exact date of a birth,

or a tour, or a death: it is in most cases very unessential that we should be informed about the exact place of a man's habitation, or the precise mode of spending his time. Biography, such as this, which has only to do with the exoteric life seems to treat men as mere animated corpses, who passed their days on earth in certain capacities, and after gaining more or less distinction then sank again into dust. And besides, mere narratives of events are entirely without effect on our own lives: no fact of our own lives can or will be changed by the bare record of other facts, for it probably never happens that two men are placed in precisely the same situations, under precisely the same conditions. Hence we shall seldom find that men derive from the perusal of a biography anything more than a set of notions about events and the actors in them: their thoughts are not purified, nor their impulses guided, nor their passions curbed.

We long for something more—we look for something higher: we want a history of the *life*—the inner spiritual being, which contains within itself the springs of action, which especially makes the man. It is with the history of a human soul alone that we *all* have sympathy, from the least of us to the greatest: no two outer lives may be coincident, but the phases of the inner life are almost independent of outward conditions, and are similar in different men under the most different circumstances. The spiritual life is the same although the temples in which it dwells are various: its moods, its aspirations, its passions are common to all whose inward light is not changed to darkness. We want to learn, then, from a biography how the subject of our thoughts grappled with temptations—how he bowed his head in trial—how he steered his soul in prosperity. We want to hear his aspirations after holiness, to imitate his searchings for truth, to emulate his soarings into Nature's mysteries; to know, in short, how he conquered the world, and how he conquered himself. And then, too, we want to know his failures, to learn how he was vanquished in the conflict within, or in the struggle without: how he buoyed his head above the waves of the tempest; how he sank, and how he rose again. We want to see how he allowed outward circumstances to affect his spiritual life; how he braved the world's scorn, and defied, with solemn earnestness, its contempt; how he succumbed to passion, and how at last he rid himself from its tyranny. It is only when such lessons as these are learned from the story of a life that we shall rise from its perusal holier, and wiser, and better men.

In fact so long as a biography does not perform these functions, we question whether a really good novel is not preferable to it. The one gives us, indeed, a record of true facts, but the other is a reproduction of observations moulded by the impress of the observer's own mind: the one gratifies an idle curiosity by taking the veil from the private history of some eminent person; the other speaks to our hearts by shewing us how feelings have gradually developed, how energies have been called forth, how passions have played. These are the points not merely which we ought to know but which are most interesting to us to learn: in proof of this we have merely to refer to the avidity with which most men grasp the delineation of an imaginary hero, and sympathise with imaginary woes. There is an earnest craving in the soul to become acquainted in some degree with the esoteric lives of others. As each soul rises and falls in ceaseless undulation on the waves of the world's ocean, it longs to know what others have felt and experienced, as they breasted the same billows and tossed on the same sea. So long as novels satisfy this craving in a manner in which biographies do not, they will retain their supremacy in the minds of the great majority. But we are not content with works of fiction: life which has merely been conceived in thought can never be coincident with life which has been developed in action; idealities can never be so good for us as realities. In reading them, we feel that we are spending our feelings on something which is unreal, and therefore we partly shrink from it; while at the same time the voices of our inner man tells us that we need something of the kind to give us strength, and comfort, and consolation. But if we wish to have fewer works of fiction we must have biographies which will be of actual service to us in our daily lives: we must have records of the real actions of fellow-men to aid us in our own struggles with the world, but these actions must stand before us as living, animated beings; not as lifeless, useless skeletons.

In the memoirs before us Mr. Gilchrist has executed his task with much ability. We cannot give him unqualified praise, because, in addition to some minor defects, he has adhered too rigidly to the stereotyped form of memoirs. Life has been infused, but not so fully as might have been done. In following the course of the narrative, we catch stray glimpses here and there of the esoteric life, which enable us to form a comparatively correct picture of Etty as he was in himself, as well as of what he was relatively. The frag-

ments which are presented to us from Etty's own diaries and autobiography are as interesting as they are important; they stamp his character unmistakeably, while at the same time the frequent beauty of the thoughts which they express gives them a charm for ourselves.

We must once for all take exception to Mr. Gilchrist's slipshod English: legal phraseology may occasionally give expressiveness to an idea, and aptly clothe a thought, but we do not much admire its continual and unnecessary employment in a work of this kind—it may befit a barrister but not a biographer. There is a frequent looseness of expression, too, which offends grievously against pure taste. For instance: "Not till he has attained the spiritual majority of culture, does he come into inheritance of himself" (vol. i. p. 15). "Unbreeched epicures." "Criticism, which straightway proceeds to hurry down toward the Limbo of the vague and the inane" (vol. i. p. 367). These are examples, chosen at random from numberless other passages which have equally good claims to amendment or elimination.

We propose to take our readers in rapid survey through the volumes *twice;* once, that we may learn the *facts* of Etty's life, and afterwards the history of his soul; the former view will bring him before us as a painter, the latter more especially as a man.

William Etty breathed his first breath, nearly at the close of the last century, in an obscure street in York. He was the seventh son of a small miller and confectioner who worked hard to support his family, and strove manfully to enable himself to give his sons a start in life. The elder boys were launched into the world with the usual modicum of instruction, but the future painter was not suffered to acquire more than the barest rudiments of reading and writing. Bandied from one dame-school to another from his fourth to his twelfth year, condemned occasionally to carry round the bread-basket to his father's customers, and yet exhibiting the usual precocity of great artists, he had not entered his "teens" when he was sent away from home as apprentice to a Hull printer. For seven weary years, with scarcely the rest of a single Sabbath, he struggled to serve his master faithfully, spending his time, says his biographer, "in close and uncongenial toil among those who could neither understand, nor sympathise with, his slumbering faculties: he picking up stray crumbs of knowledge at his printing-press, and cherishing the dream of one day being a painter." He needed no monitor to tell him his destiny, and he

strove by every lawful means to work it out, so that, when his drudgery was over, he was able to handle his pencil with considerable ability and still more considerable promise. His imploring entreaties prevailed upon a prosperous uncle to allow him to practice his chosen art, and accordingly he proceeded to London. The world was before him; he knew that success rested with himself, and that although he could always count upon the assistance of his uncle and his uncle's partner—both gold-lace merchants in the city—yet eminence in his adopted vocation depended, under God, on his own assiduous and unflinching application. After a year's careful study, he was introduced to the studies of Opie—a great name in those days. "Opie forwarded him on his road to the Academy, passing him on to Fuseli, the keeper, 'another great and powerful genius,' who, with 'eagle eye,' and with 'a flannel vest tied round his waist,' received the trembling candidate, 'amid that magic wealth of unearthly creations peculiarly his own.'" Here his life as a painter properly begins: henceforward to the end of his days he was solely and entirely devoted to his art. He breathed the atmosphere of the Academy with fellow-students, whose noble efforts might well serve to stimulate his own. Wilkie, Haydon, Leslie, and Constable, were already gaining for themselves some share of celebrity, either within or without the school walls; Etty was slower in the race, and did not come before the world at all until five years had elapsed. His progress was retarded by the mistaken kindness of his friends, who advanced a hundred guineas as a fee to Sir Thomas Lawrence for a year's permission to copy his pictures. His fine imagination was enslaved for a time to conventionalism, and although it ultimately burst the shackles, the marks of his bondage were not easily erased. At last, by dint of perseverance in spite of previous failures, he saw one of his pictures on the walls of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy—a misty, dark piece of idealism, unworthy of his subsequent greatness, and strangely contrasting with the magnificent paintings with which his contemporaries, Haydon and Wilkie, had first revealed their powers. But he was not disheartened; he gradually rose to a sense of where his weak points lay, and mastered them one by one. Another important aid to his speedy improvement was a tour, which, by the liberality of an elder brother, he was enabled to make, about eleven years subsequent to his first arrival in London. The passages from Etty's journal describing this tour are by no means uninteresting, since they show us that he really endeavoured to watch Nature in her beauty, and to

learn from her the lessons which she teaches. The immediate effect of the journey was the production of paintings which won applause, not merely from newspaper critics, but from even the magnates of the Academy; who in one case expressed their high approbation, although, from too strict adherence to a bye-law which Etty had violated, they were unwilling to bestow a more substantial mark of favour. He was now more than thirty years of age; he could look back on more than ten years of patient, unwearing study; but in spite of the power which he felt within him he was conscious that his successes had been few and trivial. And yet he worked on, undaunted in his energy by the thought of failure, unbaffled in his earnestness by the knowledge that his inferiors were preferred before him. He soon made a decisive step; he exhibited a picture which was beautiful enough to command the admiration of all who gazed upon it. Mr. Gilchrist's description of it will shew the nature of Etty's conceptions:—

"The unveiled queen,—her full, half-recumbent form gleaming at the stern of the fancifully-wrought boat,—presides in calm dignity of sovereign loveliness. One arm is laid around the boy Cupid; who nestles at her side, and holds the helm. Two younger Beauties garlanded, sit embracing, at the other end: one, bright-eyed Pleasure herself, the other looking down in careless *abandon*. A slender youth pushes with his oar. A winged child scatters roses from above. Two loosed-haired sea-nymphs looking back, float before the radiant prow, which glides gently through the calm water toward the temple-crowned shore. A glimpse of painter's dream-land is the scene, reviving a long-since vanished belief of human fancy, having still its fascination; revives it as no 'scholar' —only poets—can."—Vol. I. p. 91.

This must serve as an example of the general character of Etty's imaginations, for of course we cannot pretend to make our Review, as Mr. Gilchrist has made his biography, a vehicle for advertising pictures, and for panegyrising nudities. To resume, however, the thread of the memoirs; we find their subject enabled, in a few years after his first tour, to revisit the continent, where he remained for more than eighteen months. Mr. Gilchrist has favoured us with a tolerably minute account of his journey, drawing his data chiefly from Etty's own journal: we really wish that his extracts had been as copious in other parts of Etty's life, for it is very wearisome, especially to travellers, to find every trivial incident and petty annoyance detailed at large in a biography, while more important and pertinent facts are slurred over

carelessly. We have elaborate accounts of (O mirum!) *teapots*, café nymphs 'in white and blue and silver;' the qualities of Italian cheese, eggs and bacon; not to mention other things equally beneath the dignity of a book-maker. But we should not quarrel so much with these things if Mr. Gilchrist had not been so chary of giving us those parts of the journal which bring Etty before us in his real character as a painter, zealously devoted to his art, and earnestly striving to benefit mankind. And again, we must express our regret that the pages of a biography should be filled up with such phrases as the following, which are meant to apply to the Apollo Belvidere. "There he stands in his sanctuary—every inch a God. Majestic he moves! What nobleness in his gait; what godlike proportion of limb; beauty of countenance! in his nostril, prowess and disdain." And yet we could tolerate even such wild absurdities as this if the splendid descriptions of nature in which Etty frequently shewed no small poetic power had not been so grievously mangled and curtailed. One or two incidents in the journey are rather amusing: he tells us how he performed the feat of walking to the summit of Vesuvius, and how at last when wearied with toiling up the rugged passes he halted at the Hermitage, half-way to the mountain-top:—

"The guide, Salvadore, knocked and called for 'Father Francesco!" Father Francesco snored. At last the ponderous door grated on its hinges. A dark old monk, with glimmering lamp, appeared, and led me to a room where two hard couches offered themselves. I was dreadfully fatigued, and as if I had been dipped in the sea with profuse perspiration. The monk was astonished when told I had walked. He scarce knew an instance of a traveller having done it. I was not aware of this. * * * A bit of cheese, a few scraps of bacon, a bit of bread, some *Lachrymæ Christi* wine, and water, were set before us. I drank—ye gods! how I drank; but cautiously. The last monk is accused of intoxicating travellers for his own purposes. So I took largely of water; threw off my coat, and, hard as was the couch, fell asleep, but kept my lamp glimmering. It was a curious scene, one I can never forget. Figure to yourself a miserable-looking room, a lamp, an Italian sailor, an old monk wrapt up in his brown mantle, a mountaineer-guide; the explosions of the mountain above, like those of artillery, or the rolling of thunder. I took a good stout knife with me, as I had no pistols; and thought I would have a dig at some of them, if they thought fit to meddle with me." —Vol. I. pp, 124, 125.

At another time Etty was love-smitten, haunted by thoughts of a fair English girl, who was by no means disposed to reci-

procate his passion. The painter, in the anguish of his disappointment, conceived the strange idea of entering a Capuchin convent, that he might never more be allured by woman's smile. However, he speedily cooled down, and wedded himself to his art so firmly as to shut out all other considerations. Soon afterwards we find him in England again, and with his usual industry, on the next night after his arrival he resumed his post at the Academic bench. The Academy at length deigned to smile upon him; and in 1824, gave him a public mark of their admiration, by electing him to the dignity of Associate. "A tardy concession!" says his biographer. "It could not be regarded, pertinently observed the *Times*, as an honour *conferred*. 'If it were, he has deserved, and should have obtained it, long ago.'" One of his most celebrated pictures "The Combat," or "Woman interceding for the Vanquished," is recorded to have been painted about this time; but it met with the usual fate of most large paintings, in finding admirers much sooner than a purchaser. It was followed by another great picture, the "Judith," which was first conceived, we are told, in York Minster, when the solemn tones of the organ were rolling through the aisles. These, and other paintings of lesser note, swelled his fame immensely, although no alteration is perceptible in his mode of life, or in his general conduct: he was as unmoved in prosperity as he had been in adversity, he was still a faithful friend, an affectionate son, an earnest student. He had now not long to wait before he was elected to the long-coveted dignity of "Royal Academician" in place of Flaxman, and in opposition to Constable. His election is thus humorously announced to his first patrons and supporters:—

"My dear owners,—This is to inform you, that your good ship, the 'William Etty,' arrived safe, and came to anchor in this Bay to-night at half-past ten, after beating about so many years in the *Arte* (not Arctic) Ocean. After being nearly wrecked on the coast of Italy, we put into Venice, and were well caulked with Venice turpentine. After combating many hard gales from Cape Difficulty, and being nearly upset on Rejection Rock, on nearing land a *Constable* got on board some of the royal ships, and came out with five or six guns (swivels). But a broadside of eighteen long forties sent him to the bottom. And our ship, the 'William Etty,' came in triumphantly, in full sail and colours flying, under a royal salute from forts Mulready, Chalon, Hilton, and Collins, and the shouts of the spectators on shore."—Vol. I. pp. 242, 243.

His new title was productive, not merely of dignity, but

also of profit in a pecuniary point of view; for his "Judith" was almost immediately purchased by the Royal Scottish Academy, to which, as a Scottish Academician has said, it has ever since been "a source of power, progress, and prosperity."

Etty's character as an archæologist soon began to develop itself; he had always a peculiar liking for fine architecture, for old historical monuments, castles, towers, abbeys, and the like. As a native of York, he took especial pride in the magnificent cathedral which adorns that city, and he took the destruction of its choir by fire, almost as a private calamity. "My heart," he writes, "has been almost broken with this sad intelligence of our dear cathedral. But I thank God, though injured, it has escaped much better than might have been expected at one time. And there it stands! though partially desolated, yet in majesty, yet in glory. I am only just recovering the shock." He contributed very liberally towards its restoration, but when the Dean and Chapter proposed to turn iconoclasts by employing Wyatt and Smirke to complete the work of destruction, which the fire had only begun, his zeal scarcely knew any bounds. He was for a time, as we shall see, successful. But he was pressed down just now by the burden of two heavy woes; one, the death of his old master Sir Thomas Lawrence; the other, in the preceding year, the death of his aged mother. His affection is worthy of a Christian. He writes thus to his niece—his companion during the last half of his life:—

"She went off quiet as a lamb,—or, as she is now, an angel. God bless her! At five to-day we saw her dear body laid, according to her anxious desire, near our dearest father; and thus accomplished her long-cherished hope, and with it dear father's also. They are happy, believe me, for they deserved it. *Rest their souls in the peace of God! till we all meet again.* Mr. Flower, who christened me, read the prayers. The clerk sang a hymn. That she was beloved, and deeply beloved by all, the tears and sighs that flowed plentifully proved. A last sad sight, and then adieu my beloved, sainted mother! Adieu! Adieu! And now, my dearest, be cheery. Dry thy tears and be happy. *Our beloved is blessed.*"

How different is the tone of these remarks from that of Haydon's soliloquy on the same subject, which we give here for the sake of contrast; the former is the utterance of a Christian, the latter that of a mere man of feeling; and yet the one was meant for the eye of a relative alone, the

other was written that the world might read it. Haydon says—

"He tried to calm the agony of my poor sister, but that 'first dark day of nothingness' is dreadful: with its consciousness of having lost the dear being, whose voice in sickness or sorrow, like a guardian angel's, has been heard with gladness from birth to manhood—dead—gone—*past away! and whither?* Oh, the acuteness of that first pang of separation from a MOTHER! It is as if a string of one's nature had been drawn out, and cracked in the drawing, leaving the one half of it shrunk back to torture you with the consciousness of having lost the rest. That, which as children we hardly conceived possible, had happened—a parent dead!"—(*Life*, vol. I. p. 79.)

In 1830 Etty again quitted the shores of England for a brief sojourn among the art-treasures of the continent, which was rendered remarkable by the celebrated "*trois jours.*" His sketchings in the Louvre were interrupted by the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry in rather close vicinity; but, on the whole, he displayed the utmost *sang froid.* He describes the revolution with the vivid truth of an eye witness, although, artist-like, he shews that he evinced much greater care for his "studies" than for the French monarchy. On reaching home again, he was involved in a fresh controversy about York Minster, and shortly dispatched thrilling letters to the Yorkshire newspapers, one of which we feel compelled to give, not merely on account of its position in the controversy, but because of its sound sense and forcible style.

"When the finest choir in Europe," he writes, "with all its majestic accompaniments was laid in ashes, we thought the measure of our calamity was full. We were mistaken: a heavier doom hangs over us. That gorgeous screen—the admiration of all who beheld it—that noble screen, which escaped the fire as by miracle, is destined to be torn from the foundations on which it has stood for three centuries: broken up and mutilated it must of necessity be—is to be placed where it must, from the situation of the windows, be mostly in shadow, and some of it entirely lost.

"This is not all. That noble choir, of which this beautiful screen forms the gate; and, like the 'Beautiful Gate' of the Temple of Jerusalem, is the opening only to greater beauty, greater splendour—that noble choir is destined to be curtailed and cramped in its lengthened, its grand proportions. Leading from the gate to the distant steps, from the steps to the distant altar; then the light and elegant altar-screen; another graceful withdrawing space behind (the 'chapelle of our Ladye;') and towering above all, at the end, the east window, like a splendid mass of diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds; forming altogether a *coup d'œil*

unequalled in the world, I am proud to say. I have seen many of the finest cathedrals in Europe: I never saw one to equal it. All this is to be *improved*—the cant phraseology of the day—that is, spoiled by tasteless, unfeeling innovators: all the feeling of auld lang syne brought down to the steam, gas, and 'iron age' of the nineteenth century. God and Nature forbid the vile attempt, and save our noble building from ruin!"—Vol. I., p. 317.

For some time the strife waged hotly between the Dean and Chapter on one side, and Etty and his supporters on the other. At last a reconciliation was effected by means of the Archbishop, who counselled his clergy "to cultivate peace rather than gratify taste." Accordingly, when Etty made his journey into the north, he was delighted by the thought that his efforts had not been altogether ineffectual in the case of the cathedral, and he was inspirited to attempt a protest against the wholesale demolition which was threatened to nearly all the other ancient ornaments of his city. In part he was successful, and his archæological zeal rested awhile in his studio, soon, however, to be laid quite prostrate by illness. For six months he had to lie peacefully in harbour, yearning all the time to set forth again on his voyage. When at length he was quite convalescent, he found that his mind as well as his body had been refreshed, for now the period of reaction from classicalism fairly commenced. This reaction, however, in its results was far from fulfilling the promise which it gave at first: instead of leaving altogether the subjects which Mr. Ruskin so justly depreciates—"dances of nymphs in red and yellow shawls,"—he still adhered to them in part, or only gave them up for subjects equally bare. His true sense of natural beauty appears now more strongly than ever: his diaries are full of rapturous adorations of sunshine, trees, and flowers; but he strangely neglected to employ the powers of his pencil in unveiling to mankind the beauties which he saw with so keen an eye around him. "When I lose my admiration," he exclaims, "of what is grand or beautiful in Nature and her great Creator, let me die the death." And yet he thought nothing worthy of his canvas but subjects which, however faithfully delineated, are, to say the least, questionable.

We saw at the beginning of our sketch how Etty had to overcome in his earlier years the defects of his education: we have now to notice how well he triumphed; how well his energy broke down every obstacle which neglect had placed in his path. He was now able to write, and even to

lecture, with no mean success: so far, in fact, as we can judge from the fragments which are preserved, he was almost as graphic in his verbal as in his painted descriptions. We feel compelled to give our readers another extract from one of his compositions on the same subject as the one which we gave before—the destruction of York Minster by fire—(this, however, refers to the second conflagration, the other referred to the first):—

"The sun which had sunk behind the hills had scarcely ceased to gild it with its holy light, ere it was illumined within by a far more fearful glare—the light that lit it to ruin and destruction. Those beautiful bells, that so often had given the tidings of joy, congratulation, and triumph—that little bell that used to hang in the lantern tower, and had led us so often willingly to prayer, morning and evening (whose sound I recollect from a child); that noble and sonorous clock, that so often has given warning of the rapid flow of the tide of time to the ocean of eternity—all these things, so dear to our hearts, so wedded to our affections, in a few short, dreadful hours, whelmed into one mass of ruin, molten ore, and rubbish! The noble nave—that perspective of splendour—finished by the glorious west window, resplendent like a mass of living gold when we left the church after evening prayers, with the gorgeous windows of the side aisles; windows unexampled in richness, unrivalled in any cathedral in England—is now open to the winds and rain of heaven."—Vol. II., p. 113.

During the last ten years of his life he floated calmly down the stream of time, with a favorable breeze to speed him, and a bright sunshine to cheer him. There are but few events which call for especial mention: occasional trips to the Continent, yearly sojourns in York, constant presence at his post in the Academy, and increased occupation in his studio, served, with one or two additions, to fill up the whole of his time. His energies latterly were devoted to the production of his chief picture—the "Joan of Arc"—for which he made a journey to Rouen and Orleans. In most of his paintings he had availed himself of realities where they could be met with, abstaining from any unnecessary employment of the imagination, and striving so far as possible to depict facts. On this, which to our minds is the greatest of all his works, he bestowed unusual care, and his efforts have been singularly successful. The heroine's devotion, her victory, her death, form each the subject of a compartment; and in each the tale is told as only a great painter could have told it. The last of the series is equally magnificent as a painting and pathetic as a story: Mr.

Leslie's words aptly describe the feelings which it is well calculated to excite:—

"I can call to mind," he says, "no picture I have ever seen, of a subject similar to the death of Joan of Arc, approaching to it in pathos, and so entirely free from the morbid taste with which such scenes are often treated. In looking at it I could think only of the heroine and her fate, so disgraceful to two great nations. The mind is not drawn from this by any studied elegance in her attitude, or in the dark drapery that invests her: we seem to see herself, not a picture, as she stands appealing to Heaven with a faith which does not yet conquer her terrors of a fearful death. The careful manner in which the quaint old houses in the background are painted gives a dreadful reality to the scene; and instead of the usual common-place accompaniment to such subjects, of a lurid sky, Etty has shown the heavens clear as the soul which is about to wing its way from a cruel world: and like a true poet, he has availed himself of the reported incident of the dove rising in snowy brightness. Though this picture, and the others from the same story, are inferior in completion to the magnificent series from the history of Judith, yet they place the painter higher, to my thinking, as a master of sentiment; perhaps, because the subjects are of more interest."—Vol. II., p. 230.

For a year before his death, Etty's thoughts were centered on one absorbing subject—the exhibition of his collected works in the rooms of the Society of Arts. It was the greatest, as it was the last triumph of his life; and its character was such as quite to justify the elation which it inspired. His friends and patrons responded, in most instances, very liberally to his appeal for the loan of his pictures; and the Prince Consort paid him the compliment —we can scarcely say did him the honour—of a visit. The painter felt a natural pride, not merely in the presence of the productions of his lifetime, but in the praises which were lavished upon him by the popular voice. But the glow of his triumph was as the glow of a setting sun: he went to his rest in the fulness of his glory, without a single cloud intervening between the moment of his brightness and of his departure. The exhibition of his paintings had barely been closed for three months, and he had scarcely had sufficient time to settle himself in his York home, when a sudden attack of disease laid him prostrate: his biographer shall tell the rest:—

"He became conscious he was dying. 'I don't know,' exclaimed he to his physician, after the usual enquiries and replies, 'but I never felt so in all my life! Never, never!' To his female servant he spake of death as a 'great mystery:' 'wonder-

ful, wonderful, this death!' Through his window, commanding the river and an extensive horizon, a glimpse was caught of the sun setting, blood-red, in beauty and majesty, as he had so often seen, and was no more to see it. The familiar sight, so soon to be unfamiliar, smote at the heart of the impressionable artist, suggesting much on earth to which he was bound by closest ties; all he was formed so vividly to apprehend and enjoy—which was now for him to pass away. Death was hard to understand; and for a painter, whose whole life's happiness and occupation have been drawn from visible nature—as for all who have tasted life fully and vividly, to whom the capabilities of life are great—hard, perhaps, to reconcile himself to. Still serene, however, he consoled the servant by telling her, 'You will have me there,' pointing to his portrait."—Vol. II., p. 296.

The following day he ceased to breathe: he had breathed for sixty-two years—printer, student, artist.

So lived and so died William Etty. We fear that this bare *resumé* of the facts of his life has proved rather uninteresting from the barrenness of exciting incidents, and we therefore the more readily recur to the consideration of some points in the history of his soul. We must again express our regret that Etty's autobiography and journals have not, like Haydon's, been presented to us as nearly as possible *in extenso*: we have frequently to deplore the scanty nature of the fragments which Mr. Gilchrist has been pleased to extract, but which give us very high notions of the character of the remainder. We can only deal, however, with what we have: we trust that our estimate will not be the less correct, because it has been based on a moderate foundation; in other words, that our filling up of the picture will not be the less true, because we have it but in outline.

The first feature which developed itself in his character was one which he carried with him to the grave—patient, devoted earnestness. What he did, he did with his might; there was no wavering, no shrinking. In the height of his youthful ambition, in the first upsoaring of his imagination, this patient industry made him content for a time to repress the gushings of his soul, that he might faithfully perform the work which God had set before him, although that work was but the setting of types for a country printer. He knew as well then as he knew afterwards that he was destined for a painter—perhaps a great one,—and that his craft would not then in the least avail him; but for all this he acted himself on the principle which he so often urged upon others, that the only secret of real success is an overwhelming sense of duty. Earnestly and patiently he toiled on—spending the

flower of his years, as we saw, in lowly obscurity that he might master the rudiments of his art—content with the merest modicum of praise—undaunted by the most signal failures. In one of the darkest hours of his life—the hour when the aspirations of his youth, and the anticipations of his studentship, were alike blasted by the rejection of his pictures at the Academy—even then he was not irrecoverably cast down, even then he did not quite succumb to despondency. It has been the sad fate of numberless young students, especially in art, if baffled in the first object on which their whole souls have been bent, so utterly to give way as never again to lift up their heads. But Etty's principles enabled him to stand firm even against the sirocco which had swept away his hopes: defeat served only to invigorate his energies, and to ensure him more certain victory at the last. And, subsequently, when success was no problem, the same principle still stood him in good stead; it prevented him from sinking in a moment, like the Glendoveer in Kehama, down the height which it had taken years of unflinching industry to attain; it kept him from lying quietly on his oars when his little boat had at length made head against the stream. The analogy and contrast between his case and that of his contemporary, Haydon, is too palpable to be passed over; we have adverted to it already, we must now touch upon it once more. They were both actuated by unusual earnestness and great devotion to their art, but the difference between them is the difference between the flow of a quiet streamlet, and the rushing of a mountain torrent. Haydon was, if possible, even louder than Etty in his professions of earnestness, and commendations of fixed principle. Listen to the language of his autobiography:—

"Let every student thus see the consequences of a fixed resolution, where conviction of right is rooted. Had I timidly yielded on the first persecutions of my family, no such advance in life could have happened to me. It was only by *incessant industry, by a masculine command over myself* in avoiding all the seductions and allurements of pleasure, by observing prudent and economical habits, never spending much except on my professional wants and necessities, by virtuous conduct, and by a never-failing trust in God, and a constant morning and evening appeal to him, that I first attracted the interest of my fellow-students, then the attentions of my superiors in art, and lastly the kind consideration of great patrons, who, from one quarter and the other, heard of the repute of a young and determined student, who had high objects in view for the honour of his country's art, and who certainly had some talent for the trial."—*Life*, Vol. I. p. 109.

And, again, we meet with the following remarkable sentence:—

"A man who has a fixed purpose to which he devotes his powers, is invulnerable. Like the rock in the sea, it splits the troubles of ife, and they eddy round him in idle foam."—*Life*, Vol. I. p. 188.

Such was the style of Haydon's professions, and we think with Mr. Ruskin that he was undoubtedly honest in making them. But there was this defect—that his principle was only guided by impulse. He needed the lessons which Etty learned in his apprenticeship—lessons of patient perseverance under all circumstances, in spite of every disadvantage. He was not content, as Etty was, to bide God's time; he must needs stand out suddenly before the world with a huge historical picture, and thus purchase early fame at the expense of future greatness. He fell into the snare which has entrapped so many young minds: conscious of his own splendid abilites, he was eager to make them known—possibly to let others have the benefit of them—before he was sufficiently tutored, or before he had made his ground firm beneath his feet. Haydon is thus a warning to young students, while Etty is in this respect both an example and an encouragement. We are far from accepting the maxim of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that industry can effect anything in art, as it mostly can in science: a man must assure himself of his abilities before he works, however energetically; but if he feel that God has given him the talents, he may work contentedly on, in the full assurance that he will also, in his own good time, give him the means and the opportunity of using those talents well.

This spirit of earnestness, which was Etty's lamp in his darkest and in his brightest hours alike, though in one sense constant, in another was not so; it became parent of other principles as noble as itself, and its development thus exhibits a new phase in the history of his mind. It led him to paint not so much to please others as to express his own thoughts; to act his part faithfully and honestly, careless to a great extent of the applause or the disapproval of the spectators; to go on steadily, regardless of what others might think, provided that he satisfied his own sense of duty. This was one of the most admirable features in the character of mediæval painters and builders: they were content with simply expressing, in most instances, the thoughts which God had put into their minds, without thinking much of the ulterior effect on the beholder. Etty went with them so far,

but he stayed not to ask himself, as they had done, is the thought worthy of expression? are there not other nobler and holier thoughts which demand a preference? Here lies the great error of his life: we grant that his pictures were not the offspring of an impure and an unholy soul; we admit the truth of his reiterated maxim—"To the pure all things are pure;"—but we wish that he had more frequently remembered the many who need the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation:" we regret that he constantly painted in such total oblivion of those who are sorely tried, as well as of those who have fallen.

We think that Etty is open to animadversion, not merely for what he has done but for what he has not done. We have contrasted him with Haydon on the one hand, we must contrast him with Turner on the other. They were both men who had worked their way up from the ranks by the most unwearying industry, and they both felt that their true function was to interpret Nature; but how different were the works which this feeling inspired in the case of each. The one result was its use, the other its abuse: the one showed how it is possible for a single mind to make up for the neglect of ages; the other showed how the misuse of a simple principle can distort the work of a life-time. Turner painted Nature as he found her, and wherever he found her: Etty's efforts were confined to a remote, possibly a forbidden, corner of her dominions. Turner unlocked the gates of light and lifted up the veil from the universal face of Nature: Etty forgot altogether the lessons which God has written with a pen of sunshine on clouds and flowers, and was content for nearly forty years with merely showing how well he could imitate real flesh and blood. Whatever ground is taken, Etty is equally reprehensible: admitting, in the first place, that his pictures were painted with no improper motive, we must assert that frequently, whether the beholder will or no, they have a most improper effect: or admitting, in the second place, that it is right for a painter to depict the beauties of God's most perfect work, we must regret that "the majesty of the hills and forests received no interpretation, and the clouds passed away unrecorded from the face of the heaven which they adorned, and of the earth to which they ministered."

There was another feature in Etty's character which grew in strength as he grew in years—we mean his piety. At first it spent itself in emotions, but afterwards it became strong and true. It contrasts very favourably with Haydon's

religion, which, so far as we can judge, was purely emotional, producing mere passionate bursts of enthusiasm, and floods of rash vows. Etty's piety corresponded to the general tenor of his life—it was as a river, flowing gently down, widening, and deepening, and gathering strength year by year, until it lost itself at last in the ocean of eternity. We must not pass a harsh or a hasty judgment upon him because he was disposed occasionally to coquet with Romanism: this did not disturb the general character of his piety; and his fondness for a dilettante prayer-table with other knick-nacks of devotion (as Kingsley calls them), may easily be ascribed to his indulgence in poetic fancy, rather than to any real attachment to Romish doctrines. A few extracts from his journals will shew the real nature of his faith; we add to them no comment.

"My soul pours itself out in grateful adoration to Him, the bountiful Giver, that he has given me so much when I deserve so little; that he has added 'the mind's calm sunshine,' and that heartfelt ease, without which all is vapid and spiritless. May He teach me to use them as becometh me! . . . . . to feel the frail tenure by which I hold these blessings; how thin the partition that *divides us from* eternity."—Vol. I. p. 313.

"O Father of every good and perfect gift! do Thou be pleased to assist my blindness; and grant that in this and all other advances to knowledge, I may be ever conscious of Thy goodness and use them to the advantage and good of society. For Christ's sake. Amen."—Vol. I. p. 58.

His religious temperament was very obvious in one respect—in the deep veneration which was excited within him by sacred architecture and sacred music. He had the soul of a poet as well as of a Christian, and he loved to see man's best gifts offered to his Maker. He rejected with scorn the prejudices that have lingered amongst us since the time of the Puritans, and which hold beauty in religion to be either Popish or devilish, or both: he had no sympathy with those who think that man's piety is always so pure and heavenly as to receive no aid from holy music or holy temples. Gothic architecture was his especial favorite; his enthusiasm on behalf of Westminster Abbey and York Minster was almost unbounded. To the latter church he was especially attached: even in his early boyhood he had loved to worship there; in the fulness of his manhood he loved to worship there still, and he has left us not a few records of the delight with which it filled him. We quote a few, as a specimen of many, and we cannot avoid noticing the striking

testimony which they afford to the truth of the principles which were laid down in the preceding number of our Review, as to the effect of Gothic architecture on the mind.

"Who shall say," he writes, "that architecture is of no importance after coming out of York Cathedral? Who shall say when the anthem swells in notes of glory, that music is not? . . . . . When I listened to the inspiring sound of the organ, and looked at the sublime building, above and around, and the glorious colours in the painted saints, martyrs, and sacred 'storia' in the windows —chastening in rich and solemn hues the light of heaven—I felt *three* additional arguments for my principle of giving the highest moral elevation to the Fine Arts, by enlisting them in the cause of our holy religion."

"Oh that I could have seen my country," he exclaims, "when her brows were crowned with gems, like what our abbeys, our cathedrals, and churches once were! when schism had not split the Christian world into fighting and disputing fanatics; when the dignity of Christ's holy temple, and of his worship, were thought improved by making the Fine Arts handmaids thereto; and the finest efforts of the soul of man were made subservient to His glory."

And he cannot refrain from praising the men who

"whatever corruptions might have crept into their worship . . . . could apply the best, the most glorious of Arts to the service, honour, and glory of Him who made and sustains us; and—by thus applying them, and drawing nearer to Him in prayer and praise—soften, sweeten, and ameliorate the ruggedness, selfishness, and barbarity of our nature."

We might dwell upon other qualities which Etty possessed in no mean degree; we might extol his gentleness, his sincerity, his kind-heartedness, his tender feeling, but our space compels us to draw our remarks rapidly to a close. We have placed him before our readers as a painter and as a man: as a painter we have found some points for animadversion, as a man we have set him forth as an example. There are few lives from which we could learn so much, for we learn positive as well as negative lessons; we learn not merely what to do but what to avoid. We learn what to do —to be patient, to be earnest, to be undaunted; we learn what to avoid—giving any cause of offence to the weak and tender-souled. The most fitting moral to Etty's life, and the best counsel which we could offer to any artist, whether poet, painter, or builder, is wrapt up in the words of one who has just arisen amongst us, and who has developed our own theories on art more fully than any one who has preceded him:—

" O Artist! range not overwide,
Lest what thou seek be haply hid
In bramble-blossoms by thy side,
Or shut within the daisy lid.

" God's glory lies not out of reach,
The moss we crush beneath our feet,
The pebbles on the wet sea-beach,
Have solemn meanings strange and sweet.

* * * * *

" While yet about us fall God's dews
And whisper secrets o'er the earth,
Worth all the weary years we lose
In learning legends of our birth.

" Arise, O Artist! and restore
Their music to the moaning winds,
Love's broken pearls to life's bare shore,
And freshness to our fainting minds."

ART. III.—1. *Reports of the Evangelical Alliance.* 1848-1854.
2. *The Knot of To-day and a Hand to Undo it.* Seeleys. 1853.
3. *Cautions for the Times.* No. XXVIII.
4. *The Paris Conference of Christians.* August, 1855.

THE Royal visit to Paris, however interesting in its political aspect and historical interests, and fascinating in the splendour of its entertainments, has been followed by an event less conspicuous to the general eye, but perhaps of equal importance in the results to which it may lead. Exactly three centuries after the famous massacre of St. Bartholomew, Protestant evangelical Christians of France, Switzerland, Belgium, Germany, Great Britain, and America, have met in Paris, on occasion of the Industrial Exposition, to confer together on the state of religion throughout the world, and the best means of counteracting the danger of the times in our several countries, and helping forward the progress of the Gospel. The meeting itself is a pledge of the advance already made, through the Evangelical Alliance and kindred efforts, in the practical cultivation of Christian union, and an augury, perhaps, of more cheering and extensive triumphs of brotherly love. It will furnish a suitable occasion for examining a question of high importance, which has, perhaps, seldom

been treated thoroughly, in reference to our actual circumstances—the duty of the Church of England, whether publicly in the person of its authorities, or more privately in its individual numbers, to cultivate Christian union with other orthodox Protestant churches, and true Christians of every name.

The Evangelical Alliance, it is well known, was instituted a few years ago with the express objects to promote brotherly intercourse and union among British and Foreign Christians who hold firmly the great truths of the Reformation. Its principles and constitution have been warmly defended, and vigorously assailed. In spite of the mistakes of friends, or the fears and suspicions of enemies, it has made a silent, steady progress; and the late conference at Paris is one proof and sign of its growing success. But there are still many excellent men, of cautious temperament, who have an undefined and mysterious dread for all such efforts. They own the object to be highly desirable, if it were attainable, but condemn the effort as Utopian. Schemes for Christian union, in their eyes, are either bubbles, sure to burst, however they may rival the rainbow in their fiery colours, or else explosive mixtures which threatens the foundation of our whole ecclesiastical polity. We do not share these fears or scruples. On the contrary, we believe that the highest expediency, the lesson of the calmest wisdom, no less than the warm and zealous instincts of Christian love, should prompt English churchmen, sound in faith and piety, and sincerely and firmly attached to our own Church, to take part in such efforts. We are not aware, however, that the subject has ever received a full discussion, on Scriptural grounds, with a direct reference to the position of the Church England. The object of the present article will be to supply the omission, and we believe that few topics of higher importance, or more seasonable at the present time, could find a place within the pages of our Review.

Apart from all questioms of truth or falsehood, of schism or superstition, it must be owned that the Church of England and Ireland now holds a place of influence and historical importance, second only among professedly Christian bodies, to the Church of Rome. The number of its habitual worshippers, there can be no doubt, considerably exceeds that of any other Protestant body. But this fact would alone leave a very imperfect impression of its real claim to superior eminence. It is the national Church of England and Ireland, and of the British sovereign. By this means it shares in the influence

and eminence of the British empire, confessedly the first of Protestant European powers; and it would hardly be too much to say, when all the elements of parties are fairly weighed, the first of all powers on the face of the earth. Inferior to many states in its home territory; to France, in central position and continental influence; to Russia, in military power and massive range of territory; to the United States, its own daughter, in rapid and gigantic growth; its world-wide commerce and colonial empire, throw a weight into the scale, which in point of moral influence for good or evil throughout the world, enable it to outstrip every rival and defy competition. The keys of all parts of the earth are in its hands. The sun is always rising and setting on its dominions. From the West to the East Indies, from the Arctic snows of Rupert's Land to its Antipodes in New Zealand; every region of the earth bears witness to the ascendency of British enterprise. The oldest and the newest of political societies, the vast peninsula of Hindoostan, and the island continent of Australia, own the sway of the queen of Great Britain; and the Church of England indirectly, in her person, may be said to bear sway over the north of America, the circuit of Africa, the whole of India and Australia, and not less than two hundred millions of souls.

Viewed historically, through the course of the three centuries since the Reformation, the English Church may claim a hardly inferior eminence. Though slightly later in its origin, as a Reformed Church, than its foreign sisters in Germany and Switzerland, it soon took the lead politically in the contest with the Church of Rome, and yielded its full share to the stores of modern theology; while, in common with its island offshoots, it surpassed them before long, in the practical and social labours of Christian benevolence. And though the faults and sins of its rulers, conspiring with the temptations of a destructive and unquiet time of religious turbulence, robbed it of a large proportion of the piety and zeal which might perhaps, with wiser counsels, have continued to be its strength and honour, it has retained to the present hour, by the blessing of God, abundant tokens of spiritual vitality; and has, perhaps, rather gained than lost ground of late years, in the relative place which it occupies among other Protestant bodies, at home and abroad; its sisters or daughters, its rivals or friends. In all our Colonies it has begun to lengthen its cords and strengthen its stakes, and the Episcopal Church of America, virtually one with it in doctrine and discipline, has been rapidly advancing to

influence and honour amongst the numerous denominations of the great republic, which owns to this day the authorised Bible of the English Church for one of its most powerful bonds of national unity.

The Church of England is strong then, at this hour, in years, in numbers, in foreign and colonial offshoots, in public honour, in world-wide influence, and marks of the continued favour and blessing of God. But it is not so strong that, even as a matter of expediency, and still less as one of Christian duty, it can afford to fold around it a mantle of selfish isolation. Its great traditionary rival, the Church of Rome, outnumbers it, perhaps tenfold, in the number of its nominal adherents; and can count, probably, not much less than half as many within the British Islands themselves. The various dissenting bodies, which have grown up around it, present collectively a number of weekly worshippers only slightly inferior to its own; and although their proportion of nominal members may be considerably less, the membership which is disconnected from habits of worship is an addition of weakness and dishonour, rather than of real strength. Its sister Church of Scotland, though rent and torn by recent division, and inferior in numbers, has a sturdy strength of principle, and has latterly developed an amount of spiritual zeal and energy, and has links of union with foreign Presbyterian churches, which must render it a formidable rival, unless it can be claimed for a sister and a friend. The effect of wide continental intercourse on the upper classes, must tend to deprive a merely island church of their exclusive sympathy; while among the middle and lower classes, forms of worship, and modes of faith, less fettered by rubrics and acts of uniformity, have withdrawn many from its bosom, and made them renounce, for homely melodies more suited to their unpractised ears, the sublime strains of devotion in her solemn liturgy. A noble mission is still before her, if she rises in faith, prayer, and wisdom, to the claims of these eventful times; but a timorous, narrow, selfish policy,—a mere standing on fancied rights and ancestral claims in cold isolation,—might cast her down from her high eminence, and leave her a blighted corse, an unpitied ruin.

It is a question, then, of the highest importance, by what principles the members of the Church of England, placed in a position of such immense responsibility, ought to be guided in their conduct towards other bodies of Christians. Ought they to hold themselves aloof, with a jealous exclusiveness, from all spiritual contact with Christian sects at

home, and foreign churches? Ought they to undo the work of the Reformation, and to fraternize with the Greek and Roman churches in their actual form, as the joint and exclusive inheritors of apostolic succession; or, accepting Rome for their natural and lawful mistress, to return, like Hagar to Sarah, and submit themselves to her hands? Ought they to cast aside all dogmas like antiquated and superfluous lumber, and merge themselves on a broad Church of the future, with no creed but general philanthropy, and a vague religious sentiment of "earnest-men" of all varieties of opinion, from which all faith in the miracles and the authority of the Bible is passing away? Or, lastly, while holding firm to the great outlines of orthodox faith, and the doctrines of the Reformation, and adhering with warm, but not idolatrous attachment, to the Church of their fathers, hallowed and endeared by a thousand precious memories, ought they to follow after peace and unity, by growing sympathy, and more friendly intercourse, with all Christians who hold the Head, and love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity? And ought this sympathy to express itself openly, by every means at present available, and even prompt them to remove every needless hindrance to its fuller development, which the traditions of their own Church, the prejudices of others, and their own and their fathers' sins may have interposed?

The first course is that which, in the course of the last century, high churchmen of a worldly stamp were willing to pursue. The interests of Christian life were almost dead among them, and its place was supplied by a spurious, narrow form of insular patriotism. The favourite toast of "Church and King" too often stood proxy for the love of Christ himself, and all his people. The Church of Rome was hated and feared; the sects at home were hated and despised; the foreign Protestants almost forgotten. The Established Church of England, in their view, had alone escaped the opposite dangers of priestcraft and superstition, or schism and fanaticism; and having been taken in tow by the civil power, had subsidized into a quiet, gentlemanly, and dignified institution: a valuable "supplement to law, and aid to police." Purity of doctrine, devoted holiness of life, activity of Christian zeal, missionary labours abroad, earnest grappling with vice and ignorance at home, and efforts to regain the lost unity of the Church of the living God, were ideas foreign to their torpid school of faith and practice. Measured by the conduct of the profane squires,

and of fox-hunting, preferment-hunting clergy, who at festive boards were loudest in proclaiming their attachment to its cause, the Church of England would have seemed ready to sink into a worldly establishment of advowsons, tithes, and offerings, which had discounted the hope of heaven for "vested interests" of a far meaner kind. And even high churchmen of a higher class, who maintained habits of religious conscientiousness and reverence, had very little of that lively faith and strong sympathy, which would have stirred up to prayers and efforts, reaching beyond their own narrow circle of thought to Christians of other bodies and of foreign lands.

The course of events has disclosed the weakness and folly of this negative course of selfish isolation. So far as it has prevailed, it has left the national Church like a stranded vessel, high and dry on the sands, while the growing masses of the people have ebbed away from her communion. Unless other more powerful influences had arisen within her bosom to revive her hold upon the affections of her members, the description of the decay of Turkey might have been transferred to her with a very slight change, and the Church of England would have perished for lack of worshippers. Just so far as the bishops and clergy have rested idly upon their inherited rights and dignity, those rights and that dignity have slipped away from beneath. A new population have grown up, who own no traditional reverence to the watchwords of their grandfathers. Dissent has enlarged its dimensions, and multiplied its adherents, till those who worship without, approach nearly, if they do not equal, the number who worship within, the national pale. Statesmen, imbued with the spirit of the times, have stripped the Church of constitutional traditions, and, reserving a few vested rights, have learned to look practically upon the Establishment as merely one among several theological parties, whose disputes are a wearisome distraction to their political duties. It is plain, from experience, that if the policy of inaction and selfish isolation on the part of the English Church had been carried a little further, and lasted rather longer, it would have consigned the whole institution, with its archbishoprics, bishoprics, archdeaconries, ecclesiastical courts, spiritual baronies, academical status, vested interests, and venerable traditions of the past, to an early and dishonoured grave.

Within the last five-and-twenty years, a more active school of thought has arisen within the Church of England, of which

one main standard has been an openly proclaimed desire for the restoration of Catholic unity. In this respect Tractarianism may claim a nobler intellectual and ecclesiastical ideal than the torpid high-churchmanship which it has so largely replaced of late years. Its leaders felt keenly how anomalous was the actual position of the National Church, tied to the State by so many ligatures, which hardly allowed the life-blood to circulate freely, at a time when political power, instead of being weilded by her warm friends, had passed into the keeping of slippery neutrals, or open adversaries; of Roman Catholics, Dissenters, Unitarians and Churchmen so liberal as to count it wisdom to propitiate her bitterest enemies by transferring a large part of her revenues into their hands. The Oxford Movement began in a vigorous reaction against these striking anomalies. Its first aim was to extricate the idea of the Church of Christ, as a visible institution of the Lord himself, with inalienable spiritual prerogatives, from under the tinsel trappings or accumulated rubbish of the National Establishment. But there was wanting, from the first, that genuine heart religion, that living experience of the gospel, that exercise of the senses to discern good and evil, that wise application of the powerful lessons of history in the corruption of the middle ages, which alone could have guided these efforts to a really prosperous issue. It was an aggression on worldly liberalism and cold ecclesiastical routine like that of early Christianity or Paganism; but refusing to learn the lessons of caution which the fore-corruptions of the faith, for long ages, through the exaggeration of priestly power, ought to have impressed so deeply on every mind, they escaped from Scylla only to plunge into Charybdis; and in proportion as they stirred up the minds of Churchmen from the lethargy of a formal, common-place, lifeless profession, hurried them rapidly into the vortex of Romish superstition and idolatry. It was soon discovered, by the leaders of the new movement for Catholic unity, that the Reformation was a limb badly set, which must be broken again; while one of them soon proceeded to the startling avowal of his conviction, that "the English Reformation was the most immoral event on the page of history." No wonder, then, that the result before long of this misdirected effort to strengthen the stakes of the English Church, was to ripen a thick and growing harvest of enthusiastic converts for the Church of Rome.

It required no great discernment for the English clergy to perceive from the first, if the love of power had not, in too

many cases, blinded their eyes, that this Tractarian movement could never add real strength to the Reformed Church of England, but only distraction and weakness. The reason is plain. From the relative position which that Church bears towards the Church of Rome, its more recent origin, and more limited extent, the standing it occupies must be one either of ceaseless and manly protest, or of unconditional submission. Every palliation of Romish will-worship and idolatry must recoil in a charge of inexcusable schism against the English Reformation. Now the English Church was constituted on the footing of a calm, clear, full, national and ecclesiastical protest against the corruptions and usurpations of the Church of Rome. Consequently a movement which aimed to bring out in full relief all the common features of the two churches—episcopal order, descent from the apostles. the maintenance of the creeds and first councils—and thrust into the shade all the differences between them, in order to revive the claims of clerical authority and habits of sacramental reverence,—could only succeed and perfect itself by a total revolution, that would place the Church and the nation as humbled penitents at the feet of the pretended Vicar of Christ. It was well to have an ideal, beyond the actual state of the Church, and to strive and labour for its attainment. It is no mark of wisdom or loyalty to hold our own communion to be in a state of perfection, and worship its abuses and defects. It is rather the sign of a dull, sordid, selfish spirit, incapable of all high and holy aims. But the mischief lay here, that the ideal they chose was not only wrong in itself—the despotism of a mediating hierarchy, rather than a triumph of vital godliness—but was irreconcilable with nearly all the distinctive features of the Church they undertook so confidently to restore. A protest, sealed by the blood of so many martyrs, and so deeply wrought into the national mind by centuries of dear bought experience, could not possibly be turned into a friendly league, or dutiful submission, without a struggle so intense as to peril the whole structure to its foundations, whether it were to succeed or fail. The project has failed, assuredly and miserably failed, but the temporary mischief wrought has been immense, in spite of some partial compensations. The ship of the National Establishment still creaks in every timber from the strain of the opposite forces to which this Tractarian movement has exposed it; and we owe it much more to the plain good sense of the pious laity, than to the clear-sightedness of the majority of our bishops, if the helm be still kept, on the

whole in the track of gospel truth and Protestant fidelity, instead of our sailing backward into the darkest whirlpool of Popish abominations.

It is needless to dwell on the third alternative, to which some would invite our acceptance—the plan of a purely latitudinarian league, with every shade of religious opinion, and every fancy of modern speculation—by casting to the winds all formularies of doctrine, and making religious earnestness, in whatever direction, and for whatever faith, the sole test for our new and philanthropic style of Christian communism. There is probably too much good sense, and too much depth of real and serious conviction, in the clergy and laity of our Church, to give such a scheme, at present, the chance of many proselytes. Yet so long as more cautious and wiser steps are not taken to promote a true Catholicity of temper and conduct, in reference to Christians of other bodies, the instinct will break out, even in irregular and dangerous forms. In recoiling from the worship of barren uniformity, the petty despotism of rubrics, and the imposition of the thirty-nine articles, by wholesale, on every youth who enters a college, some will be prone to rush to an opposite and perhaps a still more dangerous extreme; to vainly flatter themselves that a Church of the future, by filling its sails with some undefined truth of religious earnestness, though unloosed from the moorings of all definite historical tradition, and deprived of all ballast of fixed dogmas and discipline, will be able to live in the stormy seas of a troublous world. Such a project, in which the Christianity of the Apostles and Reformers was exchanged for the high-flown phrases of the "absolute religion," would soon resolve itself into a more infidel confederacy against the unchangeable truth of the Word of God.

What other course, then, remains open by which the faithful members of the National Church of England may discharge the weighty trust which Providence has committed to them? How may they, without sacrificing their special duties to their country and the Church of their fathers, strive upward into that region of catholic fellowship with all true Christians of every outward form, which is the home of moral strength and spiritual fruitfulness, a Hermon which receives the richest dews of the Divine blessing?

The maxim which ought to guide every church and every Christian, is plain; and the only difficulty is in its wise application. Union ought to be cultivated with all other bodies of Christians, and their members, in proportion as

they bear the marks of real faith and genuine love. Wherever, under the Christian name, these first symbols of the Christian profession are grossly contradicted, there ought to be a faithful, and, it may be, an indignant protest against the evil. Wherever lighter inconsistencies and defects appear, there is a call for temperate and loving remonstrance. Our zeal for charity ought never to betray us into silent complicity with habitual sin. On the other hand, those sins of ignorance and infirmity into which the best and wisest of men may fall, must never be confounded with flagrant immorality, or open departure from the foundations of Christian faith, and the first essentials of holy worship.

There are some results of this maxim which ought to be plain at once to every sincere and attached member of the Protestant Church of England. And first, unless we contradict one half of her Articles, and the whole tenor of her constitution, we must own that the Church of Rome is so corrupt in doctrine, so impure and idolatrous in worship, so tyrannous, debasing, and oppressive in practice, that union is impossible, without a public repentance on her part, which seems hopeless; or a fatal treason to the claims of Divine truth. There may, doubtless, be many private members of her communion who cleave to those great doctrines of the faith she still retains, and sit comparatively loose to the corruptions which have overlaid them; and wherever such can be found, who have genuine marks of the fear of God and the love of Christ, the great law of brotherhood and sympathy will apply to them. But with the Church itself, compromise is cowardice, and sympathy is sacrilege. To eyes which are truly enlightened by the Spirit of God it will rather appear the most dangerous adversary to the cause of Christ on the face of the earth; a Babel of spiritual harlotry and delusion, whose downfall will waken songs of high rejoicing in heaven.

Again, with regard to foreign Protestant churches, the same maxim points clearly to the duty of a friendly intercourse, wherever the blight of dangerous heresy has not swept over them, and carried them away from the rock of faith into gross neology and unbelief. Some traces of this early intercourse still remain—from the days of Bucer and Peter Martyr, to the recent service of the Oratoire in Paris—and it would be a mutual benefit if they were greatly increased.

But the application to our religious divisions at home has greater difficulties, and must encounter stronger preju-

dices. How far is communion practicable, without sacrifice of right principle, with the Presbyterian Establishment of Scotland, or with those dissenting bodies in England, of which the very existence must either be a sinful schism itself, or else imply a charge of false doctrines, corrupt discipline, or unlawful imposition against the National Church, whose communion they disown?

Now here everything must depend on our convictions of the relative importance of the various parts of Divine truth, of the clearness or dimness with which they are revealed, and the comparative guilt which is implied in neglecting them. For instance, if we believe that episcopacy, or the government of the visible church by three distinct orders of ministers—of which the highest has the exclusive right of ordaining the others—is of Divine institution; and further, that it is so plainly enforced in the word of God, or its necessity so clearly proved by experience, that it cannot be denied without wilful and conscious rebellion against the command of God; we are bound, at whatever sacrifice of feeling, to keep aloof from every Presbyterian church, and to protest against its infraction of a plain and clear command of our common Lord and Master. But if no such clear and explicit command exists in the New Testament, and the evidence for episcopacy, however weighty, is still merely inferential and presumptive; and if experience, while it has shown its worth in many cases, has in others presented bishops as the ringleaders in maintaining the grossest corruptions of the faith; then a difference of view on this matter, while it may be a lawful subject of regret, ought to be no hindrance to the friendly and brotherly intercourse with Presbyterian churches, or their attached and conscientious adherents. By standing entirely aloof from them, while they agree with us on all the vital doctrines of the faith, and are not inferior in the practice of Christian morality, we really bear false witness against our neighbours. We convert a pardonable error of judgment, from which none are exempt, into a wilful and open rebellion against the plain commands of Christ; and expose ourselves to the same condemnation under that righteous maxim of the Gospel, "With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

The same principle will clearly apply to decide on the course which the Church of England, either its rulers or private members; is bound to pursue towards the orthodox

Dissenters of our own country. If we believe that the conduct of Charles II. and his advisers, when they passed the Act of Uniformity, and expelled at one stroke two thousand clergy, who would not affirm their unfeigned assent and consent to every word of the Prayer-book, was wise, Christian, and forbearing; that scruples about the lawfulness of any part of the Service, or the truth of any clause of the Articles, were a wilful rebellion against God, and a sufficient cause for excommunication from the Christian church, or at least from the Christian ministry; that to fear a false oath was an intolerable schism; and that to bind heavy burdens on scrupulous consciences was wise policy in the rulers of the Church, and consistent with one of the plainest laws of Christ (Rom. xiv.): or, again, that the zeal which led Whitfield and Wesley to preach the Gospel in chapels, highways, and market-places, was an irregularity far more to be condemned than the mercenary selfishness which allowed souls to perish by thousands, without an effort for their recovery; then, with such views, it must be our painful duty to establish a cordon of moral quarantine, and in pledge of our sound churchmanship, to shun all communion with Dissenters and Wesleyans, as men infected with some fatal plague. But if we believe, what calm and thoughtful observers will be prone to do, that the balance of guilt in the sight of heaven lay rather with a profligate king and his dissolute court, and that whole generation of the Church of England, which harboured quietly in its bosom the foulest immoralities, than with the two thousand ministers and their disciples, who for conscience' sake endured the severest hardships, under laws which in these days would awaken one universal cry of righteous indignation; and that Whitfield and Wesley were chosen instruments to rouse the whole Church out of a shamefnl torpor of worldliness, we must then view the question with very different eyes. We shall rather be disposed to say, when pained or dispirited by the irregular working, or in some cases, the factious opposition of modern "dissenting interests," and the disorganized state of religious feeling to which these divisions have led—"We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul when he besought us, and we would not hear, therefore is this distress come upon us." If we believe that Doddridge and Fuller, Carey and Marshman, Hall and Hughes, Bogue and Morrison, and Williams, were wilful rebels against a plain and clear duty, when they preferred

the communion and ministry of the Independents and Baptists to that of the National Church, such a faith must work by non-intercourse, since it can hardly work by brotherly love. But if, while we adhere firmly to the Church of our fathers, delight in its excellences, and grieve over its failings, we still admit that the Christian tone of the Canons, the infallibility of all the Rubrics, of the apostolic succession, and of the *congé d'élire*, are by no means self-evident truths, and those who reject or deny them, may still be sincere believers in Christ, and members of his mystical body, the admission involves a plain obligation. We are bound to think of them, to speak of them, to hold intercourse with them, according to no artificial code of ecclesiastical quarantine; but, so far as we can discern it, according to their moral and spiritual character in the sight of God. The sins and errors of former rulers of the Church, in the days of the Stuarts, have no claim to be embalmed, like the body of Joseph, and made the companions of our pilgrimage to the end of time, at the price of a perpetual infraction of a plain command of Christ, and the continual maintenance of heartburning and bitterness among the true disciples of our common Lord and Master in heaven.

A fuller and more friendly intercourse, in private and in public, with foreign Protestant Churches, with the Scotch Presbyterian Establishment, and with English orthodox Dissenters, if these remarks be well founded, is the plain and imperative duty of English Churchmen. They may, from conviction, prefer episcopal government, whether as the most expedient, or as a divine ordinance; they may feel the obligation of a national allegiance to the Word of God, recognize the value of a fixed creed, and delight in the sacred associations of her time-honoured Liturgy; but their attachment to the special features and privileges of their National Church cannot free them from the claims of a still deeper obligation—the love of the brethren. It cannot warrant them in framing for themselves artificial definitions of that brotherhood in Christ, which is tied down to no one form of discipline, and, where vital truths are retained, to no one shade of doctrine; but reconciles a thousand minor diversities, of tribe and language, of rank and character, of taste and feeling, in the sublime unity of the one mystical body of the Son of God. To churches and to individuals, obedience to the commands of Christ is strength; and disobedience is weakness and decay. A proud isolation provokes envy and hatred, but can procure no true honour;

and the special privileges of our National Church would never be so free from danger, as when its rulers and its members are forward to recognize and honour the fruits of the Spirit, and all things pure, lovely, and of good report, in whatever part of the Lord's vineyard they are found.

There seem to be only two ways by which this great duty can be fulfilled—by corporate action, or by the private efforts of individual members of the Church.

The former method is clearly the more desirable and complete. So far as present evils are occasioned by the public faults of the rulers of the Church of England in former years, they can be fully healed only by a repentance as public as the original grievance. But the difficulties are also far greater. The *vis inertiæ* of any corporate body of Christians, and more especially of every national institution, is immense. To effect any organic change in the Church of England, whether for good or evil, there must usually be a large concurrence of the bishops, the clergy, the laity, the Cabinet of the Queen, and the Houses of Parliament. What is gained in steadfastness must be proportionally lost in mobility; and we know that even if Archimedes could have found his fulcrum to move the globe of the earth, the motion itself would have been imperceptibly slow. So long as the question is only mechanical, like the building of churches, the subdivision of parishes, or the better distribution of revenues, useful changes, though still slow in their progress, are comparatively easy. But no sooner is any principle involved, than those who dread all change, and those who desire to move in some opposite direction,—the interests that might be disturbed, and the convictions that would be crossed,—create a resistance insuperable, except to the very strongest impulse.

Whether we ascribe it to the wise caution of our bishops, or to timorousness and spiritual dimness of vision, it is certain that none of the important movements in the National Church of late years have begun with its official rulers. The evangelical revival, under Whitfield and Wesley, instead of being encouraged and guided, was frowned on and maligned, and a large proportion of its energy diverted beyond the pale of the Church. The revival of missionary zeal at the commencement of this century, found little or no countenance in high places. Archdeacons stormed and fumed against the Church Missionary Society, long before the bishops lent their tardy patronage. The Tractarian movement which has stirred the Church so powerfully in

an opposite direction, began, and was continued, by simple presbyters; and episcopal countenance and disfavour have been pretty evenly balanced. The efforts to overtake the masses by the Pastoral Aid Society, the ragged and industrial schools, the Irish Church Missions, the open-air preaching, all the mightiest influences within the bosom of the Church, have owed their rise to the zeal of private clergymen and laymen; and when official patronage has been gained, it has been sometimes after fruitless opposition, and usually after a season of cautious delay. Our bishops, almost inevitably from the mode of their appointment, are the drag or the fly-wheel of the Church, and not its motive power. They may often hinder a blind and hasty zeal from running headlong into mischief; they may usually temper and equalize, with great advantage, earnest and unequal efforts; but they are also in danger of hindering much that is useful, and cooling down Christian zeal to a worldly level, unless when signal strength of character or earnestness of piety, raises them above their average position. Aristotelians, and not Platonists, their definition of ecclesiastical virtue is the accordance of extremes, rather than the resolute aim after a high, noble, and unworldly ideal of Christianity; and the vision of the prophet, and the ardour of the apostle, if vouchsafed at all, must commonly be sought rather lower in the scale of preferment. Those who refuse, then, to do anything to promote the true catholicity of the Church of England, by increase of friendly communion with Christians of other bodies, till the whole bench of bishops, and all the deans, and chapters, and archdeacons take the lead, in reality adjourn the fulfilment of an urgent and weighty duty till the Greek Calends.

But there is no such hindrance in the way of humbler efforts, by private Churchmen, to lessen the asperities of strife, and cultivate openly a spirit of brotherly fellowship with pious Christians of other bodies. The Evangelical Alliance was founded with this express object; and the conferences of 1846, 1851, and again this autumn in Paris, are proof that the end has, in some good measure, been attained. A very brief notice of its principles and institutions, and the steps which led to its formation, will prepare the way for the practical enquiry, whether it has not a strong claim on the clergy and laity of the English Church, for a much fuller support, and more active co-operation, than it has hitherto received.

The formation of the Alliance grew out of the felt need

for closer union among Protestant Christians, suggested by the Maynooth endowment of Sir Robert Peel, and deepened by later acts of Papal aggression. Among those who took a leading part in convening its first meeting, or in its later progress, are the honoured names of Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Gordon, of Bickersteth and Wardlaw, since called to their rest. At the invitation of more than fifty Christians in Scotland, of seven denominations, and among whom Dr. Chalmers worthily took the lead, a preparatory conference was held at Liverpool, in the autumn of 1845, when more that two hundred Christians, many of them well known to the public, were present, from more than twenty different bodies, sects or churches. Arrangements were then made, after a period of intercourse refreshing and delightful, beyond the hope of the warmest friends of the movement, for a larger gathering, to include Christians of other countries, the following year in London. It met August 19th, 1846, and its report has been published in an octavo volume. More than nine hundred persons were present, gathered from fifty different bodies of British and Foreign Christians. The Church of England and Ireland was represented there by about a hundred and sixty names, or rather more than one-sixth of the whole number. The preliminary maxims had been laid down in the first conference:—

"1. That no compromise of their own views, or sanction of those of others, on the points on which they differ, ought to be required or expected on the part of any who concur in it; but that all should be held as free as before to maintain and advocate their own views, with all due forbearance and brotherly love. 2. That any union or alliance to be formed should be understood to be an alliance of individual Christians and not of denominations or branches of the Church. 3. That the design of the Alliance should be to exhibit as far as practicable, the essential unity of the Church of Christ; and at the same time to cherish and manifest in its various branches the spirit of brotherly love."

The Alliance itself was formed with a general preamble expressive of its leading design, a doctrinal basis, and a practical law or constitution. The preamble was as follows:—

"That the conference, recognising the essential unity of the Christian Church, feel constrained to deplore its existing divisions, and to express their deep sense of the sinfulness involved in the alienation of affection by which they have been attended, and of the manifold evils which have resulted therefrom; and to avow their solemn conviction of the necessity and duty of taking measures in humble dependence on the Divine blessing, towards attaining a

state of mind and feeling more in accordance with the Spirit of Christ Jesus. That they are deeply convinced of the desirableness of forming a confederation on the basis of the great evangelical principles held in common by them, which may afford opportunities to members of the Church of Christ of cultivating brotherly love, enjoying Christian intercourse, and promoting such other objects as they may hereafter agree to prosecute together, and they hereby proceed to form such a body, under the name of the Evangelical Alliance."

The doctrinal basis included nine particulars:—

"1. The Divine inspiration, authority and sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures. 2. The right and duty of private judgment in their interpretation. 3. The doctrine of the Trinity. 4. The utter depravity of mankind through the fall. 5. The incarnation, atonement, intercession and reign of the Son of God. 6. The justification of the sinner by faith alone. 7. The work of the Holy Spirit in conversion and sanctification. 8. The immortality of the soul, the resurrection, and eternal judgment, both of the righteous and wicked. 9. The Divine institution of the Christian ministry, and the obligation and perpetuity of Baptism and the Lord's Supper."

The practical basis included eight resolutions of a simply spiritual character, and a few others with reference to internal and collateral objects. It will be enough here to quote a few of them, as marks of the spirit which animated the whole movement:—

"1. That the members of the Alliance earnestly and affectionately recommend to each other in their own conduct, and particularly in their own use of the press, carefully to abstain from and put away all bitterness, wrath, anger, discord, and all evil speaking, with all malice; and in all things in which they may yet differ from each other, to be kind, tenderhearted, forbearing one another in love, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven them; in every thing seeking to be followers of God, as dear children, and to walk in love as Christ hath loved them.

"2. That as the Christian union which this Alliance desires to promote can only be obtained through the blessed energy of the Holy Spirit, it be recommended to the members and absent brethren to make this the subject of simultaneous weekly prayer.

"3. That in seeking the correction of what the members of the Alliance believe to be wrong to others, they desire, in humble dependence on the grace of God, themselves to obey, and by their practice and influence to impress on others, the command of Christ, to consider first the beam in their own eye; that they will therefore strive to promote, each in his own communion, a spirit of repentance and humiliation for its peculiar sins; and to exercise a double measure of forbearance in reproving, where reproof is needful, the faults of those Christian brethren who belong to other bodies than their own.

"4. That when required by conscience to assert or defend any views or principles wherein they differ from Christian brethren who agree with them in vital truths, the members of this Alliance will aim earnestly, by the help of the Holy Spirit, to avoid all rash and groundless insinuations, personal imputations, or irritating allusions, and to maintain the meekness and gentleness of Christ by speaking the truth only in love.

"5. That while they believe it highly desirable that Christians of different bodies, holding the Head, should own each other as brethren by some such means as the Evangelical Alliance affords, they disclaim the thought, that those only who openly join this society are sincere friends to the cause of Christian union; that, on the contrary, they regard all those as its true friends who solemnly purpose in their hearts, and fulfil that purpose in their practice, to be more watchful in future against occasions of strife, more tender and charitable towards Christians from whom they differ, and more constant in prayer for the union of all true disciples of Christ."

With regard to external action, the chief resolution was to this effect:—

"That the Alliance will endeavour to exert a beneficial influence on the advancement of Evangelical Protestantism, and the counteraction of infidelity, Romanism, and such other forms of superstition, error and profaneness, as are most opposed to it, especially the desecration of the Lord's day; the different parts of the Alliance being left to adopt such methods of prosecuting these objects as appear most in accordance with their respective circumstances, in the spirit of tender compassion and love."

The Prize Essays on Popery and Infidelity, and the Working Men's Prize Competition on the Lord's Day, including the Pearl of Days, and many valuable productions, have been among the direct fruits of this resolution.

The later conference in the year of the Exhibition proved the deep root which the Alliance had taken in the affection of its members, and the growing, though silent and unobtrusive, influence it had begun to exercise throughout the Christian world. More than two thousand members of various bodies, home and foreign, attended its sessions, being twice the number who were present at the original conference five years before.

"There were present," it has been truly said, "some distinguished by profound learning and sound philosophical acquirements, lights and ornaments of their respective countries; but the distinction which all coveted, and by which he sought to be known to the rest, was that he was a Christian in the sense of the name which attached to its first use at Antioch. It was an assembly of Christ's disciples, many of them his ministers, some of them confessors and

sufferers for Christ, all loving him, and for his sake loving one another. From the east and west, from the north and south they came, speaking diverse languages, but every distinction was merged in the common brotherhood of Christians, while they took united counsels for the common Christian cause."

A selection of the papers read at the meeting has been published in one of the volumes at the head of this article—"The Religious Condition of Amsterdam;" and contains an amount of valuable and interesting information which it would be difficult to obtain elsewhere in the same condensed and instructive form.

A society formed for so noble and weighty an object, and on a basis so cautious, temperate, and Christian, was well adapted to attract the lively sympathy and hearty affection of devout Christians of almost every name, and not least within the Church of England, the proper and natural leader in every great Protestant movement for the promotion of the work of Christ on the earth. During the nine years since its origin, this end has been partially attained. An increasing number of Churchmen, both clergy and laity, have joined it openly; while many more have unlearned the suspicions they once entertained, look on it with friendly eyes, and are almost persuaded to become active members. Yet it cannot be denied that strong prejudices still survive in many quarters. Soothed by low murmurs of contingent and possible mischief to follow, many consciences are lulled to sleep; and thus the Church of England loses, to a great extent, a noble opportunity for honouring Christ, and asserting her rightful place among all the Protestant churches, as the foremost in every work of Christian love. We believe that the cause of the gospel, and the special interests of the Church of England, suffer alike from these untimely scruples, and shall therefore spend a few pages in shewing their groundlessness, even when dressed up with logical skill, and commended by arch-episcopal authority, in the well-known production of the Archbishop of Dublin, and his no less able chaplain, Dr. Fitzgerald, "The Cautions for the Times." In No. XXVIII. of that clever and instructive series of papers, the Evangelical Alliance is denounced by name. Let us see whether the grounds of censure will bear examination.

Party feeling, we are there told, is nothing else than social feeling, a portion of human nature which it is impossible to eradicate. But we ought to keep it in its proper bounds, and curb its abuses. Now it is an abuse when men's regard for some smaller knot or band within a society swallows up or

interferes with the interest they ought to take in the whole body, or weakens the tie of fellowship which should bind ALL the members of it together (p. 486). It is allowed that when gaps are left in the constitution of a society, and no regular means of supplying them provided, they must be provided for by means more or less irregular. But that such gaps should be left is a great evil, and such voluntary supplements require two or three cautions to prevent them from being absolutely mischievous. First, there should be some plain and definite object, and a plain and definite way, settled beforehand of carrying it out. It should not be an association for the vague, general purpose of carrying out such and such principles, or counteracting such and such a class of evils, in whatever way may be hereafter determined on by the leading members. If this caution be neglected, it will be almost sure to become a dangerous faction; since in every organized combination there is a strong tendency to prefer the immediate interest of the combination to the remoter end for which it was originally formed. Where this ultimate end is vague, general, and incapable of being effected at once, it may disappear entirely from men's thoughts, while the parties are still held together by the magic of some watchword which is supposed to describe their object, but of the meaning of which few of the partizans have any accurate conception. The weight and power are thrown into the hands of a few managing leaders, who may use it for such purposes as they choose.

The other caution is that the object and structure of the association should be in harmony with those of our own Church, and one for which the Church's present machinery is inadequate, however faithfully worked. The foundation should not be narrower than that of the Church itself, or include men only disliked by particular members of it; and every care should be taken to procure the aid of the official rulers of the Church, and secure them the foremost place of weight and influence. These principles are then applied in the following pointed manner:—

"The so called Evangelical Alliance is an instance of a body framed with a total neglect of both the cautions we have laid before you. Its object is indefinite; and for that object no distinct method of useful co-operation has ever been laid down; and so far as it was an association within our Church it was attended with all the evils we have noticed as likely to result from a neglect of our second warning. For in this case the bond of connexion was subscription to a set of peculiar articles of faith, put forward apparently as the

sum and substance of evangelical truth. The direct tendency of such an apparent assumption is to stamp all who refuse to join such a body as persons opposed, or at least strangers to, the gospel.

"We are aware, indeed, that all intentions have been strenuously denied of refusing to reckon as *Christians* even those who are accounted inadmissible into the Evangelical Alliance. But it is very difficult to maintain a distinction where there is, in the received use of language, no difference. By a Christian is understood one who receives the gospel—*evangelium*—of Jesus Christ. A man may be more or less imperfectly evangelical, imperfectly Christian; but to whatever extent he is Christian, to the same extent he must be evangelical. . . . Those therefore who draw a distinction and insist on it as important, though certainly not recognised in Scripture, between Christianity and evangelical religion, lay themselves open to the suspicion of putting forth as a gospel, some devices of their own which are distinct from Christianity. It is deeply to be regretted that any who bear the Christian name, should either deserve such an imputation, or by indiscretion lay themselves open to it, if undeserved.

"In the case of the Alliance, indeed, the vastness of its bulk, and the incongruity of its materials, have hitherto prevented its assuming the appearance of an active faction; but its machinery may yet fall into the hands of some more powerful workmen than have hitherto appeared, and be turned to very dangerous purposes. Meanwhile the very existence of such a body, so utterly powerless for its professed objects, and yet claiming ostensibly to represent the whole fraternity of orthodox Protestants, affords an occasion of scandal which it would be well to remove. It looks like a vain effort to keep up the semblance and shadow of an unity which does not exist in substance; and for the real agreement which exists among Protestant churches in the most important articles, that is far more strikingly brought out by their separate and independent testimony, *without* mutual *concert*, than it would be by any compact to uphold and profess them."

It is a familiar maxim of logic, that more cannot be found in the conclusion of a lawful syllogism than is secretly implied in its premises. But in the above reasoning, the alleged facts, which form the minor premise, are a strange series of misrepresentations; while the abstract principles, the major premise, so far as really true, may be effectually retorted by the friends of the Alliance.

The abuse of party feeling is well explained. It is "when men's regard for some smaller knot or band within a society swallow up, or materially interferes with, the interest they ought to take in the whole body, or weakens the tie of fellowship which should bind ALL the members of it together." The warmest friend of the Alliance could not describe more

pointedly the evil against which it is aimed, and for which it provides a partial remedy. The Church of England, as "a congregation of faithful men, among whom the Word of God is preached, and the sacraments administered," is only the part of a greater whole, "the mystical body of Christ, which is the blessed company of all faithful people." But the actual position of the English Church, hedged around for centuries with high walls of canons, rubrics, articles, formularies, spiritual peerages, rights of patronage, ecclesiastical forms, and acts of uniformity, has tended painfully to engender an abuse of party feeling, or to "swallow up, or seriously interfere with, the tie of fellowship," which its members ought to feel towards *all* the members of Christ's body, whether in foreign churches or dissenting communions. Some partial remedy, like the Evangelical Alliance, had become almost essential to its welfare, to arrest the progress of this fatal disease, this palsy in the nerves of respiration, by which the living body receives the quickening breath of heaven. The charge of aggravating party spirit is one of the last which can be brought against it with any show of truth. An opposite reproach would be more plausible: that by fusing together materials from fifty or sixty various bodies, its tendency was to replace doctrinal soundness by some vague religious sentiment, and to change party zeal into the creed of Gallio, the cold torpor of spiritual death.

It is, doubtless, an evil that "gaps should be left" in the fulfilment of great Christian duties by the public rulers of the Church, and filled up, if at all, irregularly by private hands. We agree that the tendency of such a defect is to reduce "the ancient authorities of the Church,—our archbishops, bishops, and rectors,—to mere names of dignity, mere pieces of official pageantry, like the archers of the last days of the Athenian republic." But we submit that the only true remedy is, for these rulers and dignitaries to take up heartily their own share of the work, and not to quarrel with those who do their best, however imperfectly, to repair the mischief of official backwardness or negligence. The previous sentence of the "caution," alludes to the case of the Church Missionary and Pastoral Aid Societies. Now these might well have suggested a caution of a very different kind,—that simple presbyters and laymen, even when few in number, may sometimes see further before them, and set to work earlier in the right direction, than bishops and archdeacons themselves. Stars can be seen, in the day-time,

only from the bottom of a well. It is just possible, that high official rank, large revenues, and seats in parliament, may sometimes hinder the quick perception of spiritual wants, or moral duties, of the Church of England; when humbler eyes, not stronger in themselves, but less unfavourably placed, may be more prompt to discern them. Where would the cause of Church of England Missions now have been, if Cecil, Venn, Goode, Pratt, and Simeon, had waited till twenty bishops had put their shoulders to the wheel, and roused the Church with a trumpet voice to the claims of the perishing heathen? Where would lay agency now have been, with all the good it has wrought in the last twenty years, if the timid fears and scruples of Church dignitaries, shut in with high walls of precedent, had prevailed over the plain good sense and upright zeal of Christian laymen? It is just serious mistakes like these, due to the want of simpler faith or clearer vision in questions of such vital moment, which really tend to degrade "the ancient authorities of the Church" towards the level of "mere pieces of official pageantry." It may well be doubted, whether these vehement censures from one of the high places of the Church against a simple and honest effort to obey the great command of Christ, and promote Christian union in the most practicable way, are not a third instance of the same grievous want, among our Church rulers, of practical wisdom and spiritual discernment. However just a cause for regret, this ought to awaken no surprise. We do not read, in early times, that it was the high-priests, or the princes of Ephraim, but the children of Issachar, who "had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do."

But the Alliance is charged with the want of "a plain and definite object." The charge reminds one of Plato's description of philosophical Titans, who believe in nothing that they cannot grasp with both their hands. The promotion of brotherly love among Christians, separated by diversity of discipline, and alienated by ecclesiastical strife, is an object no less definite than the sub-division of parishes, or the building of new churches. The spirits of men are less tangible than brick and stone, but their nature is not less defined. Christian love may not be a very abundant, but it is a definite grace. Ecclesiastical strife and separation are equally definite evils; and personal intercourse, acts of united worship, the common confession of great truths, and conferences on the wants of the times, and the practical duties and hopes of Christian men, are very definite, and have proved very effectual

means of uniting many, who scarcely knew each other but through hostile names, in bonds of close and loving sympathy. There is not a Christian society on the face of the earth which can justly claim a more precise and definite object than the Alliance. "The Protection of the Right of Conscience," without disparaging the value of the Archbishop of Dublin's own favourite, is much less clearly defined. For conscience is a moving star. Its extremes may be high as heaven, and almost as deep as hell. But Christian brotherly love is a pole-star which abides always the same, and never sinks below the mists of the horizon, or dips in the ocean wave.

The Alliance is further charged with professing a vague purpose of carrying out such and such principles, and counteracting such and such evils, in whatever way may be hereafter determined by the leading members; and a parallel, to describe its probable issue, is drawn from the troubles of the Great Rebellion. Here, again, the facts are quite mis-stated. No body, formed for a specific object, could profess to define in detail, from the first moment, all the means, and the only means, by which it was to be attained. The counteraction of Infidelity, Popery, and kindred forms of error, opposed to evangelical Protestant religion, especially the desecration of the Lord's Day, was certainly included in the professed aim of the Alliance. But, first of all, it was clearly expressed that this was to be only subsidiary and subordinate to the chief design, which was the direct promotion of Christian unity and love. In the next place, it was to be carried on by the separate parts of the Alliance, with reference to local circumstances; and there was no hint nor purpose of delegating the collective authority of all who might join it to the hands of a few designing leaders. It certainly needs the eyesight to be sharpened by logic into preternatural keenness, to see the probable germ of a new civil war in the united resolution of some thousands of Christians to join their efforts in counteracting Sabbath-breaking and Infidelity. The Argonaut who could see through rocks, was surely less gifted with wonderful power of vision.

The way in which this evil is to follow is then described. "All the sentiments of zeal and respect proper to some important purpose are insensibly transferred to the engine by which it is to be accomplished. Hence the maintenance and strengthening of the party become soon the first object of all its members." Now, first of all, this is a danger to

which every association, however wise its plan, and laudable its object, nay, the State itself, and the visible Church, are equally liable. All idolatry has its rise in this very process, which turns the means into an end, and the symbol into a direct object of worship. And, in the next place, no modern association has taken such care to guard against the common danger as the Alliance itself. Its resolutions embodied a warning of this possible evil, and a formal antidote, in its original constitution. No prophecy of evil, also, has been more signally disproved by experience. We may safely affirm that no other religious association, within the same period, can produce so many distinct proofs of a settled aim in its managers to keep the growth of its own constituency strictly subordinate to that great object of Christian union its founders had in view. The management of the Conference of 1851, of the Missionary Conference, and of the late meetings at Paris, are ample evidence of the fact to every candid mind.

A charge even more startling is that which is based on the fancied contrast between the terms, Christian and Evangelical, and the meaning put on the admission that the Alliance was not designed to define the limits of Christian brotherhood. A more utter and groundless misconception was never made the premise in a grave argument. In this case there is neither a giant nor even a windmill, but the knight runs a tilt against a spectre of his own dreams. No such contrast appears on the face of the resolutions, and we have the best means of being assured that none was intended by those who formed, and the meeting which accepted, them. The real purpose is plain on the face of the documents, that while the basis and resolution were to define the parties whom it was thought desirable to admit into the Alliance, there was no wish to pronounce against the Christianity, in the best sense of the word, the genuine faith in Christ and love to His name, not only of those who forbore to join, but of many whom the basis and other features of the constitution would directly exclude. The limit was to be viewed as a question of expediency with a view to the practical advancement of the desired object, and not at all as a decision on the proper terms of Church communion. We believe that not one member of that numerous Conference ever dreamt so absurd a misconception was possible, as that they were willing to include unbelievers in the gospel in the honourable title of Christian brethren.

But while it is needless to vindicate the Alliance from

a charge which rests only on a strange blunder, the objector overleaps the truth in his own statement. There is a real distinction between the two terms, though it has little or nothing to do with the constitution of the Alliance, or its recognition of Christian brotherhood in those whom its basis may include. Christianity sums up and includes all former revelations; but the Gospel is emphatically the good news of pardon and grace, through the death and resurrection of our Lord, for the lost and guilty. Now it is quite possible that a man may have a strong faith in the truth and authority of the Christian revelation, and only a dim and imperfect apprehension of that message which is its crown and its peculiar glory. His conscience of duty, his instinct of reverence, may be much deeper than his apprehension of the need of forgiveness and lively gratitude for the atoning grace of the Saviour. In this case, he is more distinctly Christian than Evangelical. On the other hand, there may be a clear apprehension of the Gospel, as a message of mercy through the atonement of Christ and a contrast to all notions of human merit, and only a feeble hold on the truths which underlie and sustain it, the responsibility of men, the deep obligation of reverence towards the moral Governor of the world, in short the whole class of Christian truths, of which the Sermon on the Mount is so full an exhibition. Such persons may be called, with justice, more Evangelical than Christian. There may be members of the Alliance, perhaps, among every body of Christians, who have need to guard against the latter danger; but we think that the cautioners have at least equal need to be cautioned themselves of danger on the opposite side; and seem ready to substitute a clear, cold, moonlight, almost any form of Christianity, for the warm and quickening sunshine of the blessed "Gospel of the grace of God," the tidings of a love so deep and wonderful as to kindle the harps of seraphs into songs of praise.

But to return, it is a further mis-statement that the Alliance "claims ostensibly to represent the whole body of orthodox Protestants." The exact reverse is true. In express words, and by a fundamental resolution, it disclaims this character, and affirms that "it is not to be considered as an alliance of denominations or branches of the Church, but of individual Christians each acting on his own responsibility." No principle was more frequently repeated in the course of its prolonged meetings, than that its members neither claimed nor possessed a representative character, beyond

what was inseparable from the fact that they were known as attached members of such and such a connexion. If the power of prejudice were not well known, it seems incredible how clear-headed logicans could thus reason gravely on premises, not only destitute of evidence, but opposed to abundant evidence that lay plainly before them.

Equally strange, because equally opposed to the plain facts, is the assertion, that the Alliance "looks like a vain effort to keep the semblance and shadow of unity which does not exist in substance." Reverse every clause and epithet, and the statement will become accurately true. The substance of unity happily does exist among all sincere believers of every name which the Alliance brought together. The wisdom and duty of such an effort is based entirely on this fundamental truth, which is deeply rooted in the heart and mind of those Christians of every name, who have been taught by the Spirit of God.

Next, so far is the Alliance from being "a vain effort to keep up the semblance and shadow of unity," that it is rather an open confession of its previous absence, where no substance was really present, and an effort to restore it. Its aim was not to preserve an actual possession of the Church, but to supply, however imperfectly, an acknowledged and terrible void. And this effort, instead of being vain, has been greatly prospered. It has done far less than is needed, because rulers of the Church have openly frowned upon it, or stood aloof, to whom the larger share of the duty clearly belongs: until their eyes have been purged "with euphrasy and rue" to take a clearer view of the great law of Christian love, the wants of the times, and the true interest and honour of the Church of England, the work must be very imperfect, and the greater part remain undone. But the earnest of these grapes of Eshcol has been sufficiently abundant and refreshing to shew what a goodly land of promise lies before us, if the leaders of our Israel would think less of those terrible Anakims, of sectarian strifes and feuds that have grown up for ages into great size, and more of the blessing which the God of truth and love has promised on every honest effort to overcome evil with good, and build the walls of the spiritual Zion.

The object of such associations, we are told, "should be something for which the Church's present machinery is inadequate, *however faithfully worked.*" Alas! these italics are sad, unconscious tell-tales. If the Apostles and first converts had forebore to preach Christ, until it was settled

that the gospel could not be spread by the chief priests, and sanhedrim, and rulers of the synagogues, and the synagogue system of Palestine, and the whole empire, however faithfully worked—we might, perhaps, have been a nation of Druids or heathens to this day. If no good work was to be set on foot, except on the hypothesis, that all the world beside are doing their duty, there will be a sudden stop to nearly all Christian benevolence whatever. The Church of Christ itself is a remedial institution. The Reformation had no object which the machinery of the Roman Church might not have attained, if it had been faithfully worked. The misfortune was, that the working *was* unfaithful; and an irregular cure was better than the regular and unchecked progress of a fatal disease.

It is perfectly true that the archbishops, bishops, and dignitaries of the Church of England, ought to be the first to recognize the marks of true faith and love in multitudes who do not belong to the national communion, and to use their best efforts in healing the breaches which have arisen; and to restore the internal communion of love, and the outward communion of worship, among all who love the Lord in sincerity. The difficulties would be great, and the prejudices to be overcome formidable; but they could propose to themselves no worthier object; none more acceptable to Christ, more favourable to the true interests of the Church itself, and none which would bring a richer reward of real honour and influence. But they are hampered with routine, distracted with secular employments, and weighed down with a vast amount of worldly and spiritual temptation. It needs the strength of a giant to surmount such adverse influences, and attain the noble ideal of successors of the apostles in a true and living episcopate of immortal souls. Those who even approach to this standard, in the midst of such hindrances (and examples are not wanting in present times, as well as in the past), are worthy of double honour: but weighted heavily as they are, it cannot surprise us if they are sometimes outstripped by humbler members of the Church, in the apprehension of particular duties imposed by the providence of God, and in practical efforts to fulfil them. Of all such duties, urged upon thoughtful men by the aspect of the times, the need of closer union and fuller communion between British Churchmen and all other Protestants who remain faithful to the great truths of the Reformation, is one of the most pressing and vital, for the honour of the Gospel, and the moral power of

Christianity, in the world. But it is one in which the eye of our bishops and church-rulers is most likely to be dimmed by the frosts of age, and their natural force abated by the instincts of priestly power, or the habits of official reserve and prudence. There would need a triple sacrifice of their taste, their dignity, their prejudices, and in many cases, perhaps, even a change of their conscientious convictions, before they would take any step in a direction which they might conceive to be full of dangers. Destructives, in times like these, are cheap as blackberries: even prudent conservatives are usually to be met with in abundance. But wise and temperate, yet earnest and zealous Reformers, are a rare and precious gift of God. The limbs of the Church of England do greatly need healing of the stiffness caused by the tight ligature of her canons and acts of uniformity—Papal, or at best, Judaical, rather than Christian in their tone. Some public sign ought to be given, that men like Robert Hall, Carey, and Marshman, Morrison, Howard, and Williams, are not still counted nothing more than wilful schismatics—excommunicated until they repent of their wicked errors; while a host of profligates live and die unchallenged and unrebuked, as good members of the Church of England. It is strange, it is unnatural, it is sinful, after the Bible and Tract Societies have worked in harmony for fifty years, and three or four Dissenting societies share largely with our Church the perils and the rewards of missionary enterprize; and while the divisions of Christians are the grand argument of infidels that the Gospel has lost its power—that members of our Church should dwell side by side with nearly an equal number of worshippers, as devout and moral, to all appearance, as themselves, and no effort be made to bridge over the gulf of separation, and to provide for occasional fellowship of mind and heart, until fuller union can be regained. The death of perhaps ten thousand soldiers, brave and loyal, was the price, last winter, of the want of a few miles of good road between the British camp and its naval supplies. Is there no resemblance to that sorrowful history in this narrow ecclesiastical quagmire, which separates, not widely but impassably, one half of British Christians from the rest, in all the main helps of sympathy, united acts of prayer and praise, and seasons of personal converse on the hopes and duties of Christians? Our bishops and rulers, with the help, if necessary, of our Christian statesmen, are the proper persons to make this road. True; but even with the best will to the work, they

have much upon their hands; and it may also be doubted whether the pride of official rank is friendly to the drudgery of road-making; and whether they have the spiritual foresight to see how vital it is to the success of the great moral campaign. It was said once, by a native wit, that the Church of England would die of dignity. There is some danger, in these days, lest it should expire under a plethory of cautions. In the history of churches, as in private life, honesty is the best policy, and convictions are almost worthless if they are stifled in the heart, through the fear of possible inconvenience in their expression. If we believe that Presbyterians and Dissenters—the earnest, and pious, and orthodox among them—are our brethren in Christ, members of one and the same mystical body, and fellow-heirs of heaven; then, whether we are archbishops, bishops, presbyters, or laymen, we ought to avow our conviction, and let no fear of canons or acts of uniformity, no censure or sarcasm from admirers of a Laudian policy, stand in the way. We are bound even to do more than simply avow our conviction: in some way or other we are bound to act upon it, and to show our sense of brotherhood in a manner which needs no Œdipus to expound it; but in a frank, open, direct recognition, which the Church and the world can understand. If our archbishops and bishops take part in the work in good earnest, we are bound to honour their office, and gladly to yield to their "godly judgment," with reference to the particular means by which the object may be attained: but should they, unhappily, neglect their duty, our own, as members of the Church of England, and still more, of the Church of Christ, whether clergymen or laymen, remains unaltered. The road is wanted and must be made. A railway might be better, if engineers and materials are at hand; but if the engineers are not in readiness, an imperfect road is better than none, better even than a long delay. It would be a joyful day for the highest interests of the Church of England, as a chosen handmaiden of Christ, when the need for an Evangelical Alliance should cease, by a cautious and wise relaxation of her restrictive terms of ministerial communion, so as to recover numbers who have seceded back to her bosom; and by opening wider the arms of charity, and own as brethren in Christ many faithful men, whose consciences might still forbid their return. But should this be too much to hope for, and the official guides of the Church be still too busied with questions of stocks and pipe-clay, of candles lighted or

unlighted on stone or wooden altars, to see the need that something be done to abate an intolerable evil, and pelt those with untimely cautions who do something earnestly, however feebly, to supply their want of true foresight—we may then be content to thank God, imperfect as its friends would own it to be, for the Evangelical Alliance. Till that happier hour shall arrive, we would earnestly invite all faithful members of our Church, whether clergy or laity, who prize the truth of God and the love of his brethren, to take part in its noble work, of endeavouring to heal the breaches of Zion, and thus to prepare the way for new moral triumphs of a reunited Church over the corruptions of Christendom, and the moral desolations of the heathen world.

ART. IV.—1. *Poems.* By ALEXANDER SMITH. Third Edition. London: Bogue. 1854.

2. *Balder.* Part the First. By the Author of "The Roman." Second Edition. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1854.

3. *The Ballad of Babe Christabel: with other Lyrical Poems.* By GERALD MASSEY. Fifth Edition. London: Bogue. 1855.

4. *Night and the Soul; a Dramatic Poem.* By J. STANYAN BIGG. London: Groombridge. 1854.

WE class these books together, not only because there is a palpable bond of union among them, but because they have frequently been thus classified, both for praise and blame. Now that the hubbub of gratulation on the one hand, and of deprecciation on the other, has subsided, we may be permitted, perhaps, to take a calm survey of those who were the occasion of both. Now that the combatants on both sides have withdrawn, we may be allowed to offer a few remarks on the merits of the question about which they contended.

In selecting these volumes for special remark and comment under the title of the present article, we do not wish to insinuate that they are the only recent works which have any claim to such consideration. In regarding the young poets whose names stand in connexion with the title-pages of the volumes which we have chosen for review, as poets of the present era, we do not wish it to be understood that our period has given birth to no other young poets. It is far from our purpose to be, or to appear to be, so exclusive.

But while Matthew Arnold has slided quietly into literary drawing-rooms, and William Allingham has had a patient and approving auditory for his "Day and Night Songs," and Owen Meredith bids fair to take his place by many an intelligent fire-side circle, without noise, and without commotion, it has fallen to the lot of our authors to meet with a very different reception. Everything in connexion with their appearance has been noisy. The plaudits and the hisses which awaited their entrance on the public stage, were very noisy plaudits and very noisy hisses. Critical lungs were distended to the utmost in shouts of approval and cries of disapprobation. Dismal, indeed, were the groans of the dissentients;—clear, and clarion-like, and triumphant the voice of the encomiasts. By some, they were regarded as the peculiar products of our own era, destined to be its representatives to all future generations. By others, they were treated as literary innovators, having very serious, and very sinister designs on the republic of letters. One critic gravely assured his readers that they were banded together for no less an object than that of corrupting the whole English language, and substituting in its stead a gibberish of their own,—somewhat after the fashion of Joe Smith's famous attempt at the Unknown Tongues. Another critic as gravely assured *his* readers, that England had been wanting in poets until now. They have generally been praised together, and blamed together; and have had more of both bestowed upon them than any other of their poetical contemporaries. In a word, we believe we are not exceeding the strict limits of truth, when we state that they have created more excitement among critical coteries, and have attracted more public attention, than all the other poetical aspirants of the last few years put together. It is our present purpose to see in what respects they may be regarded as worthy of the attention which they have received.

It may be thought, perhaps, that we have already said enough to justify us in speaking of these works collectively. But we wish to guard against the assumption, that they possess so much in common, that what may be affirmed of the whole, as such, may be affirmed of each; or that what may be said of one may, with equal truth and justice, be said of another. On the contrary, the tie which connects the volumes together is rather accidental than essential. It is true that they have many points of resemblance; it is no less true that they have far more points of difference. There

is a certain family likeness to be traced among them, undoubtedly; but each separate member of the family has a distinctive character of his own, for which alone he is responsible, and by which alone he ought to be tested. It may suit the purposes of indiscriminate or interested criticism,—as well for the object of undue praise, as for that of unmerited censure,—to class three or four writers together under one denomination, and proceed at once to pronounce a wholesale verdict upon one from the assumed character of the whole, or upon the whole from the characteristics—real or imputed—of one. A disaffected critic may thus summon around the central figure, on whom he wishes to cast ridicule, all the faults and absurdities, genuine or imaginary, of the "School" to which he is supposed to belong, and may thus make his merits bear a similar proportion to his demerits, which Falstaff's infinitessimal quantum of bread bore to his preposterous allowance of sack; or a critic of an opposite temper may, by the same plan, and with equal partiality, give some single favourite writer credit for beauties which are only to be found in the volumes of several, and may thus have the effect of hiding his defects in a heap of laurels, to scarcely one of which he is properly entitled. In either case an act of injustice is committed. In the latter, towards the public, who in this manner may be led to look for excellencies which they will not find; in the former, towards the author, who is thus charged with offences which he has not committed, and for which he is therefore not responsible.

We are painting no imaginary picture. In describing what "may be," we are only depicting what has been, again and again. This species of injustice has been repeatedly perpetrated towards the authors in question, and towards many other authors who have been spoken of collectively, in the form of schools and coteries. Its folly, as well as its injustice, ought however, by this time, to be fully apparent. As hate is generally even more indiscriminate than love, this kind of criticism has far more frequently been brought into play for purposes of undue detraction than for those of unwarranted and unmeasured laudation. Every one will remember the absurdities and inconsistencies spoken and written about the "Lake School," and the "Cockney School," of a former period. And every one, capable of reflection, will deprecate the revival of a similar spirit in the criticism of our own day. It is as senseless as it is unfair. It is charging Wordsworth with the want of profundity be-

cause Southey's poetical writings were not remarkable for that quality; and blaming Southey for "mystical maunderings," because Wordsworth *did* sometimes maunder, and Coleridge was at times undeniably mystical. It is killing Keats over again because of animosities in which Keats did not participate; and denying the poetical merits of "Hyperion," and the "Eve of Saint Agnes," because you do not approve of the political sentiments of Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt.

But while we would carefully avoid this wholesale apportionment of praise and blame;—while we would not pile on the shoulders of any single writer all the faults of his contemporaries, nor on the other hand, give him credit for merits which no more belong to him than do the honours of Waterloo to the hero of Sebastopol, or the bays of Cæsar to the Beys of Tunis;—while we would award to each his due meed of commendation, and bestow upon every one the amount of censure for which he alone is justifiably responsible,—there are yet sufficient points of resemblance among the poems before us, to warrant us, in the first instance, in speaking of them as one product, ere proceeding to enter more minutely into the characteristics of each.

They are all the works of very young men. They appeared, not exactly simultaneously, but at such brief intervals as to warrant the assumption that their authors were all busy on their several productions at the same time, and to afford a guarantee that they are not copies of each other. They are all distinguished by rare facilities of diction, by great power, breadth, and brilliance of illustration; and they are all characterised, more or less, by a certain exaggerated tone both of thought, sentiment, and expression. The essential spirit of poetry breathes in them, and beams out of them. The vast and the vague have attractions for all. Night and the stars in relation to the outer-world, death and eternity in relation to the destinies of man, and the deep, all-engulphing mysteries of existence, are the themes of each.

A melancholy music sounds along their pages, like the sobbing of the sea-waves in the hollow cliffs, full of a shadowy trouble at which they may hint, but which they can never fully utter. Over the pages of each, brilliant images pursue each other in dazzling and bewildering succession. They are all as rich in colour as the illuminated eastern window of a cathedral. They have all a horror, amounting almost to morbidness, of common-place and conventionalism; and are thus betrayed occasionally into extravagance and distortion. In each of these productions beauty is not unfrequently

sacrificed to grotesqueness. We have a sweet woodland scene presented to us, rich in all the essential elements of loveliness, gleaming with wings and full of music, with a low wind wandering warm and odorous through the tremulous gold and green of sun-touched foliage, with the rounded tree-bolls withdrawing themselves into long lines of indistinctness, or thrusting themselves out, in strong relief, from the surrounding shadows, and spiring upward in still and pillared stateliness; but, to complete the picture, instead of Una "making a sunshine in the shady place," we are treated to an uncouth dance of jabbering satyrs! There is also a striking resemblance among them in this,—that there is often a needless expenditure of poetic wealth, a boundless prodigality of illustration, whether the occasion requires it or not. Not only are their orchards thick-bloomed, but their very forest-trees hang down heavy-laden with flower-wreaths. They are as lavish in imagery as the shores of the Ganges in vegetation, and their birds not only sing like nightingales, but glimmer in opaline lustres like the feathered tribes of Polynesia. Everything is gorgeous, and everything is gorgeous alike. Their pictures are painted, as Queen Elizabeth wished her portrait to be, without any shadows. What Walter Savage Landor said of one of these poets may, with equal justice, be often said of the rest. "In many cases the flowers are crowded and pressed together, and overhang, and almost overthrow, the vase containing them." Not only are they alike in this lavish profusion of ornament, but they resemble each other in a too frequent want of tone and keeping. There is often a lack of due subordination among the images. This has a disappointing effect upon the mind. You are led to expect the advent of some regal thought, which either fails to appear altogether, or comes at the wrong time. The issue is not equal to the pomp and parade of the preparation. The throne is set, the banners are waving, the courtiers in full-dress surround the dais, but the crowned head, who should give meaning and significance to the scene, is wanting, so that the whole ends in an idle, though splendid, ceremonial. Into the very best passages of our authors, conceits are thrown, like tares among the wheat,—among them, but not of them; and their most resonant and long-linked bursts of eloquence are often marred and interrupted by these evidences of bad taste and immature judgment, as amid the clangour of trumpets and the shouting of multitudes, of chariots and horsemen, and ringing wains of trophies in a Roman triumphal procession,

was heard occasionally the wail of the slaves made captive by the vicissitudes of war.

Nor is this all. They have a certain structural similarity. The poems are neither dramas nor epics, although they are long enough—with the single exception of Gerald Massey's volume—to be either. We have here no gentle Ophelia, no maddened Lear, no jealous Othello, no murder-haunted Macbeth. Although the dramatic form is adopted, the poems are altogether destitute of dramatic action. Neither is there anything of epical or romantic interest. We have no sullen Achilles, only roused to war-heat by the death of his friend Patroclus, no wandering Enæas or Ulysses, no knightly Tancred, no Roderick about to fulfil his destiny in the Fated Halls, no William of Deloraine, "good at need," on his midnight mission to the tomb of Michael Scott for the weird Lady of Branksholm. Interlocutors are introduced it is true; but nor for the purpose of character-development through the ordinary modes of dramatic action; and exhibitions of certain phases of mind and feeling occupy the place of all objective incident.

Thus, then, while each of these works has a distinctive character of its own, it will be seen that they possess many characteristics in common. They have many kindred beauties, and many kindred blemishes. And they have many of both which would seem, to a certain extent at least, to be peculiar to themselves. For while some critics went the whole length of upholding vehemently both poets and poems, those even who were most savage in their iconolastic propensities, did not, so far as we are aware, deny to our authors the possession of the poetical faculty itself. What they *did* deny them was the power to use it effectively. They did not assert their general incapacity to write poetry. They denied that they had succeeded in writing poems. Now men do not in general quarrel very angrily about that which is established. An appeal to precedent, especially in a case like the present, would speedily have settled the question, had there really been any precedent to which to appeal. This fact, together with the vehemence and anger of the altercation, would seem to afford presumptive evidence that these young poets had, together, made some real or apparent departure from common usage; that they had introduced some element into their compositions which had either never been used before, or had been used so sparingly as to elude observation. And, accordingly, we find that whenever they are spoken of at all,—excepting where opprobrious

epithets are brought into requisition,—they are styled the "New School of Poets."

Before descending to spiritualities, we wish, in order to remove certain objections, which we consider either totally groundless or greatly exaggerated, as much as for the fuller expression of our own sentiments on the matter, to examine at some length the propriety of the terms "New School," as applied to recent poets. We intend enquiring, in the first place, in what respect this poetry is to be regarded as "new;" of course understanding the term in a very different sense to that of "recent;" and, secondly, if in any sense "new," to enquire, very briefly, to what its origin may be ascribed.

And first, it is urged, in the form of objection, that this party is new, because it is utterly destitute of aim and purpose. It has most of the elements necessary to constitute a fine picture; but the picture is nowhere visible. It has colour without form, motion without progress, and a certain kind of organization without any true vitality. We have here the hurrying cloud-rocks of Turner, but the accompanying landscape is wanting. Here is sunset burning in the west, but crimsoning neither mountain-peak, nor castle-wall, nor forest "deep and dim." It is the "Upholstery School," say some. It gives you costume, but neglects to provide figures to be arrayed in it. It is the "Spasmodic School," say others—all wrench, and twist, and fragment—strong in passages, but without any total strength: full of beauties in detached parts, but without any real or abiding beauty. The poems, it is said, abound in poetic wealth, "barbaric pearl and gold;" but it is squandered on unworthy objects. You are not reminded of the ordered pomp and splendour of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, but are introduced instead, into the concealed hall of Montezuma's palace, and gaze with Cortes and the Spanish soldiery on heaps of gorgeous feather-work, wheels of gold and silver, and all the accumulated store of barbaric cupidity. You have gems in heaps, instead of being woven into tiaras and diadems; whole webs of royal purple, but no Cæsar folding it about him as he dies. The poems, it is said, may have grandeur, but it is aimless grandeur, and they are therefore never grand; they may have beauties in profusion, but they are beauties without any definite object, and they are, therefore, seldom or never beautiful. There are fine poetical elements, but they are never made to answer any poetical purpose. This school of poetry is new, because

while hitherto all other schools of poetry have had some definite object in view in their creations, this last has none whatever. It not only has not a right aim, it has no aim at all: it not only fails because it does not propose to itself a right object, but it fails utterly, because, in fact, it is as vague as a summer-cloud, and has no object of any kind.

It is needless to say that this charge, if well supported, would be fatal. We have not now to enquire whether these poems are animated by a right purpose or a wrong purpose —a worthy aim or an unworthy aim—but simply to see whether they have any purpose, any aim or object at all. This is not a question of æsthetics, but a question of facts. It is a sweeping assertion which affirms that they have no aim of any kind, good or bad; and like many other sweeping assertions, it is, we think, simply untrue. What their aim is we shall shortly have occasion to consider, when we come to the treatment of some of the leading characteristics of the poems themselves. Meanwhile we may say, that *à priori*, and prior to any examination of the subject, it would seem almost incredible that the self-same judgment, and the self-same poetical instincts which enable the poet to create beautiful forms and images, should invariably prove themselves utterly inadequate the moment when he attempts to dispose these forms into effective groups: that the same faculties and instincts which enable him to select and arrange the integral parts of an image into a form of beauty, perfect to the "last trembling articulation," should all at once become paralysed when they are called upon to perform the self-same act on a somewhat wider scale, in the arrangement of these individual images into clusters and constellations.

It is true that in the mechanical world an artizan may be able to construct an instrument which he may be totally unable to apply to its proper use. The same hand that is able to fashion a sword skilfully, may not be able to wield it with equal skill. The mathematical-instrument maker, who is adequate to the manufacturing of telescopic lenses, may not be adequate to the practical application of the telescope to the purposes of astronomical discovery, because it is possible that he may be totally ignorant of the fundamental principles of the science itself. In these instances, however, two distinct classes of qualifications are essential for success in the attainment of both the objects proposed—those necessary for construction on the one hand, and those necessary for the successful application of the thing con-

structed on the other. But, in the case which we are supposing, the faculties desiderated are not diverse, but identical. It requires no less than a poet, with keen insight, sound judgment, and rich vitalizing instincts, to cull the necessary materials, and impress upon them the unique form of perfected beauty in the formation of a single fine image; and it requires no more than a poet, and nothing more than the exercise of the same faculties, to arrange the images thus culled and selected into groups or passages of equal perfection or equal beauty. And yet it is affirmed that these authors are equal to the one task, and are therefore poets; but are altogether unequal to the other task, and are therefore not poets at all. They can polish gems, but they cannot set them round a queenly brow. They can bring up pearls of price from the fathomless ocean of life, but they do not know how to apply the treasures which they *do* know how to discover, to any useful or any beautiful purpose: and, therefore, while we have exquisite beauties, we have no real beauty; while we have almost perfect materials, we have nothing but a very imperfect result. We have a chaos, not of rude and undigested matter, but a chaos of fine and well-digested elements—which sounds to us very much like a contradiction. Chaos, to be chaos at all, must be a chaos of materials as well as a chaos of results. Once introduce law, and order, and beauty, and chaos vanishes. Will not the same law, it might be argued, which governs the aggregation of elements into fragments, also govern and control the aggregation of fragments into parts? Will not the same principle which was active in the formation of primeval elements into beautiful nebulæ of imagery, be equally operative in the formation of perfected images into round and orbed passages? Once grant to an author the possession of the poetical, the shaping faculty, and the same powers which attend him in the elementary stages of construction, will continue to wait upon him throughout the more advanced processes, whether you see it, or are willing to admit it, or not.

We have ourselves complained, that some of the best passages of these young poets are marred by the introduction of incongruous elements, as some of their images are spoiled by conceits. That class of objectors whom we are now noticing, goes farther, and affirms that, while many of the separate images are exceedingly beautiful, scarcely any one of the passages possesses any beauty; that the elements of which the last consist, though fine in themselves, are jumbled aim-

lessly together, without any regard to harmony or proportion. And here the enquiry *will* suggest itself. Is it not possible that the fault may not rest with the artist after all so much as with his critic? Is it not possible that the genius of the latter may be of that microscopic order which enables him to detect minute blemishes, and minute beauties; but which prevents him from seeing either beauties or blemishes, as they stand inter-related, and tend towards an ideal whole? For ourselves, we believe that we shall be able to point out many passages which are as beautiful, and self-coherent, as the separate images and elements of which they consist, when we come to notice the poems themselves.

But, it may be said, that this charge of utter aimlessness, was never intended to apply to separate passages merely, which may be as beautiful as needs be, but to the general arrangement, or want of arrangement, of these passages in the construction of the whole poem; that it is not the passages, but the poems which are purposeless. This is certainly shifting the difficulty; but it by no means destroys it. We have only to extend our argument a little, to meet the new case, and we find that its force, instead of being diminished, is at least doubled. According to this latter supposition, we have a law of exceedingly eccentric and capricious operation. All the difficulties which we have just enumerated remain in full force, and new ones are superadded. If it was almost incredible that a poet should be so far penetrated with the principles of his art as to be guided by them in the construction of separate images of great beauty, and should yet be totally abandoned by them at the moment when he was about to group those images into passages; it is certainly far less credible to suppose that an author, who has been accompanied by the fine combinative genius of poetry throughout two of the elementary processes of construction, should be suddenly abandoned by it on the threshold of the third and final process; that he who had shown such care in the selection of the materials of which his images were to consist, and who had manifested such skill in the arrangement of individual images into passages, should be seized with a sudden recklessness as to the disposition of the passages so carefully and skilfully prepared, should dash them down with a kind of blind fatuity without any aim, object, or purpose whatever. The case against the objector, by the admission of this latter supposition, seems to grow worse instead of better. It is related that, at the time that Venice

was in the zenith of her power, a Brahmin was admitted into one of those mediæval chapels, whose walls were decorated by the works of the ancient masters, in illustration of the great leading events of the Gospel. His attention was immediately arrested by the individual pictures. He saw no reason for any special arrangement amongst them. Much less was he able to read off the sublime story which they were intended to illustrate and convey. Being somewhat given to dogmatism and false reasoning, he maintained stoutly that no story was intended to be conveyed by their arrangement; and he affirmed as obstinately that there *was* no arrangement at all, according to any definite plan. Did his ignorance and presumption alter the fact? We do not wish to draw any unwarrantable conclusions from this illustration; and if we did, we are very well aware that an illustration is not an argument!

If, however, these poems have been pronounced aimless, only because they did not pursue the particular aim in the objector's mind, and purposeless, because they did not develope that peculiar purpose which he had already predetermined to be paramount to every other, then we would hint that his conclusion is by no means contained in his premises. By the same arbitrary procedure, it may be proved that Solon and Lycurgus were no legislators; Alexander and Hannibal no warriors; and the greatest thinkers of Greece and Alexandria, from Anaximenes to Socrates and Plato, and from Plato to Philo and Proclus, no philosophers:—if you try the first by the Christian standard, the second by the modern mode of warfare, and the third by the inductive method, and the number and value of the sciences which they originated and perfected.

Another objection which has often been urged, and, as we think, in a tone of much exaggeration, is, that this party is not truly representative, either of nature or human life. This charge is, in itself, somewhat vague. It is, moreover, closely allied to that which we have just noticed. And, perhaps, both are fully embodied in the last objection which we shall consider,—that this poetry is without any definite plot; that no story is evolved out of it.

This, indeed, is true. Very little of the interest attaching to these volumes is to be derived from the story which they narrate, which is, in every instance, of the slightest. Those who read poetry—if indeed there are any such—for the sake of the incidents which it embodies, will be disappointed with these poems. The novels of Alexandre Dumas and Eugene

Sue are far more piquant than anything they find here! The heroes of the circulating library are, in this respect, far more "interesting" than Walter or Balder. But this is by no means a characteristic of the works before us only. Other poems, of at least equal length, have been equally destitute of any story. Young, Cowper, Thomson, and Wordsworth, are all alike delinquents, and must plead guilty to this charge. If the action of "Balder" and the "Life Drama" is slight, that of "The Seasons" and "The Excursion" is slighter still, while "The Task" and the "Night Thoughts" cannot make pretensions to a story of any kind whatever. And yet the former are read by tens, and the latter by hundreds of thousands.

This poetry is not therefore new, because it is destitute of epic or dramatic action. And here we might fairly leave the matter, and pass on to enquire in what respects it *is* new. But we wish to offer a few suggestions on the importance of a definite story, and of heroic action, in poetical compositions. It is an undoubted fact that poetry is not now read for the sake of its incidents. There are those, however, who maintain that, whatever the fact may be, it ought to be read for these, and for nothing else.

We are not about to attempt a definition of poetry. We have read scores of such attempts; but we never read one which did not lessen its author somewhat in our estimation. Whatever it may be, or whatever attributes it may possess, it is agreed, on all hands, that genuine poetry has the quality of pleasing those to whom it is addressed. This is indispensable, and a test of its genuineness. If it attains no higher object, it must at least attain this. If it preaches no sublime and holy doctrine; if it exhibits no example of heroic fortitude, or fails to melt the heart in deep and tender pathos; if it sends no swift electric shocks across the mind, like Alpine lightnings playing along the gray gorges at night-fall, and lighting up weird regions never seen before; if it teaches nothing new, and solves no mysteries, it must please at least. We are not aware that the brilliant hues that meet and mingle in the plumage of the bird of paradise, the peacock, or the humming-bird, contribute in any way to the comfort or convenience of the animals which they beautify; or that the delicate tints, and exquisite graces, of stalk, and leaf, and petal, are necessarily connected with the vital organism of flowers; or that clouds would rain less plenteously if they hung black, and angular, and leaden, instead of bulging out loose gold, and fantastic crimson, and

floating away ærial "Isles of the Blest," over the deep blue abyss; or that the line of demarcation between sea and land would be less strongly drawn, if islands and continents did not take the sweep of beauty, and nod with pine forests, with silver ash, or rich and sombre oak; but this we *do* know, that the whole universe is one consummate flower of loveliness, that utility is not its only aim, that it appeals to the sense of the beautiful in man, and awakens within him full throbs of pleasure and admiration. True poetry makes similar appeals, and aims at producing similar impressions. It seeks to supply not only beauty, but the sentiment of the beautiful, and endeavours to transform the fair into the lovely. It should be to nature what Tell is to the Swiss valley which gave him birth, what the Three Hundred are to the heights of Thermopylæ, what the issue was to the field of Waterloo, what the great event which was enacted there was to Marathon. It has to supply the moral to the fable, to give expression and vitality to the fair features of nature. It takes beauty as Thetis took Achilles, and converts it into invincible and immortal truth. It is delightful because, like nature, it is beautiful; and it is even more interesting than nature itself, because it is the beauty of nature mirrored and reflected in the soul of man. How may the objects which poetry proposes to itself be best attained? The purest poetry is to be written, say some, only by ignoring human action. This is to be achieved, say others, only in connexion with human action. Action, says a third, is the soul and substance of poetry. Let this be fairly developed, regarding everything else as an intrusion and an impertinence, and then you will necessarily have true and lofty poetry. Let this be wanting, and poetry is an impossibility. With this last, and extreme view of the importance of action in poetry, we differ altogether.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, in the Preface to the first and second edition of his collected Poems, upholds this theory. We say, in all kindness, that if his practice had not been better than his theory, his poems would never have reached a second edition.

"What are the eternal objects of poetry," he enquires, "among all nations, and at all times? They are actions—human actions; possessing an inherent interest in themselves, and which are to be communicated in an interesting manner by the art of the poet." And again, he emphatically reiterates the doctrine, that "all depends upon the subject. Choose a fitting action; penetrate yourself with

the feeling of its situations; this done, everything else will follow." If, it may be asked, the pleasure to be drawn from the perusal of poetry is to be derived solely from the exhibition of noble character through appropriate action, and everything which is not subordinated to this, however beautiful it may be in itself, is to be regarded as an intrusion and an impertinence; why should not verse itself, which imposes unnecessary restraints on the artist in the execution of his purpose of character-development, be also treated as a like impertinence? If all the pleasure is to be attributed to the story itself, and none to the manner of telling it, why not tell it in the directest possible way—in simple prose? If, as Mr. Arnold maintains throughout his Preface, the poet is successful or unsuccessfnl in his efforts to please, in proportion as he is the exhibitor of striking situations, of interesting incidents, of high heroic actions, then we would suggest that either the poet or the novelist is a superfluous personage, for their functions and objects appear to be identical.

Besides, if "*all* depends upon the subject," then all the poets who have had great subjects, and endeavoured to unfold them, regardless of supposed poetical accessories, must have been great poets, and must have written great poems. This conclusion is inevitable. Is Mr. Arnold willing to submit his theory to the test of fact? We will assume for a moment that it is true—and what follows? Why, that those whom we have always been in the habit of regarding as our greatest bards, are, in reality, nobodies; while a mighty race of Titans, of whom nobody has heard this century, are, in reality, the magnates of our poetical literature. Gentle reader! You are courteously requested to revise your poetical calendar, omitting all the names with which you happen to be familiar, and substituting in their stead the names of those "Great Unknown," who have written on great subjects, and who have derived their inspiration solely from the themes on which they wrote. Wordsworth, Young, Byron, Shelly, Keats, Thompson, Coleridge, Cowper, great poets? Nothing of the kind! A *fico* for Shakspeare and Milton! Make way for the real grandees—the successors of the mighty bards of old—and keep silence while the herald shouts their names—Cowley, Wilkie, Glover, and "Poor Pye!" With these "the subject was everything:" and this theory being true, it follows that our artisans are nightly in the habit of regaling themselves with the "noble action" of the Davidics; our political writers

quote their "wise saws and modern instances" from the pages of Pye's "Alfred;" Mr. James and Mrs. Gore embellish their chapters with mottoes chosen from "Leonidas;" and Professor Wilson must have been quite mistaken, when he supposed the well-thumbed volume in the cottages of the Highlands to be a copy of Thomson's "Seasons"—it was, doubtless, a dog-eared copy of Wilkie's "Epigoniad!"

We agree with Mr. Arnold, in thinking that an action that is based upon the primary affections of humanity can never become antiquated. We assent also to his assertion, that the date of an action has nothing whatever to do with its interest; and that a great action of antiquity will strike the mind more forcibly than a trivial action of our own times. Nay; we may, without detriment to our own position, concede that "Hermann and Dorothea," "Childe Harold," "Jocelyn," and the "Excursion," leave the reader cold, in comparison with the effect produced upon him by the latter books of the "Iliad," by the "Orestea," or by the episode of Dido. But what then? Does it follow that because Prometheus, Achilles, Clytemnestra, Orestes, Alcmæon, are more interesting personages than James Jones, John Smith, Thomas Johnson, or John Thompson, that "action—human action alone"—constitutes the sole attraction of poetry? By what species of logical legerdemain is this conclusion established from the foregoing premises? Because Homer, Æschylus, and Sophocles evince consummate skill in the development of poetical action, it no more follows that this is the prime requisite of poetry, than it follows that all poems must be epics or tragedies.

It is always dangerous to impose the restrictive canons of one people or of one period, on another people or another period, unless it can be demonstrated that the two distinct nations or eras are, in all essential respects, duplicates of each other. Whatever is universal in art and literature, is of necessity universally acceptable; while that which is restrictive in criticism, is generally local, accidental, and temporary. Literature and the arts are not foreign to the soil which cherishes and sustains them. They are the flower and perfection of that era or people among whom they are born; but as nature and humanity are radically the same everywhere, and at all times, and yet are full of endless variety of detail, so that no two scenes, no two nations, no two men, are exactly alike in every particular—so poetry and the fine arts, though working on the same materials, and aiming to produce the same general results, will vary in

their characteristics in accordance with the peculiar circumstances amid which they derive their origin.

Now no two nations of equal culture, can possibly be more dissimilar in almost every respect, than the England of to-day and the Greece of two thousand years ago. This difference extends to almost every particular of climate, scenery, religion, education, morality, polity, and pursuits. The Greek intellect was fond of abstractions, and established its principles of art as it established its philosophy, by processes of deductive reasoning, more frequently than by direct observation of the operations of nature. The Teutonic intellect is eminently concrete:—it deals with things, rather than with qualities; and its artistic peculiarity is a careful and sedulous imitation of nature. We should be sorry indeed to endorse what Johnson said to Mrs. Thrale, that "the Athenians of the age of Demosthenes were a people of brutes,—a barbarous people." But the Athenian gentleman described by Mr. Macaulay, "who might pass every morning in conversation with Socrates, and might hear Pericles speak four or five times every month; who saw the plays of Sophocles and Aristophanes; who walked amid the freizes of Phidias and the paintings of Zeuxis; who knew by heart the choruses of Æschylus; who heard the rhapsodist at the corner of the street reciting the shield of Achilles or the death of Argos"—was, after all, a very different personage from the English gentleman of our own times, who breakfasts in Belgravia, and sups at his shooting-box in the Highlands; and is sipping chocolate to-day by the Falls of Niagara, and in a week is seen walking along Bond-street; who knows what is transpiring throughout Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and has a summary of the world's passing history laid upon his table every morning—from an accident at a coal-mine in Durham to the bombardment of a city in Russia—from a strike among the operatives of Lancashire to a rising of the insurgents in Kaffraria; who knows more of physiology than Aristotle, of geography than Strabo, of history than Herodotus and Plutarch; whose library contains more books than Plato ever saw; who sends messages to his friends before Sebastopol, and receives replies in the course of a few minutes; who wanders amid reliques from Nineveh and Babylon, and is surrounded by the arts of every age and every nation under the sun; who is led by one science down interminable vistas of time, past the abode of the first man, out into a howling wilderness of strange vegetation, alive and trembling in the tramp and

roar of gigantic monsters more terrible than "Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire,"—or beyond the confines of organic life, where the desolating foot of death has therefore never been planted, and out into that appalling silence never broken save when the primeval thunders spake to each other, when the labouring fires hissed in red and tossing seas of lava, and the earth shook and quivered like the forests of the ancient oracles when the spirit of prophecy was on them; who is transported by another science across great gulphs of space in which suns and systems and constellations roll for ever and still find ample room—a palpitating wilderness of stars—world on world, system on system, and galaxy on galaxy, until the reason reels and imagination flags, and the eye of faith alone beholds the pavilion "dark with excess of light" of that God whom the Greek never knew!

Mr. Arnold, after censuring the style of Shakspeare, and citing Guizot and Mr. Hallam in corroboration of his verdict, says very truly, in reference to the Greek drama,—

"A few actions eminently adapted for tragedy, maintained almost exclusive possession of the Greek tragic stage; their significance appeared inexhaustible; they were as permanent problems, perpetually offered to the genius of every fresh poet. This too is the reason of what appears to us moderns a certain baldness of expression in Greek tragedy; of the triviality with which we often reproach the remarks of the chorus, when it takes part in the dialogue; that the action itself, the situation of Orestes, or Merope, or Alcmæon, was to stand the central point of interest, unforgotten, absorbing, principal; that no accessories were for a moment to distract the spectators' attention from this; that the tone of the parts was to be perpetually kept down, in order not to impair the grandiose effect of the whole. The terrible old mythic story on which the drama was founded, stood, before he entered the theatre, traced in its bare outlines upon the spectator's mind; it stood in his memory, as a group of statuary faintly seen, at the end of a long and dark vista; then came the poet embodying outlines, developing situations, not a word wasted, not a sentiment capriciously thrown in; stroke upon stroke, the drama proceeded; the light deepened upon the group; more and more it revealed itself to the rivetted gaze of the spectator, until at last, when the final words were spoken, it stood before him in broad sunlight, a model of immortal beauty."

Why, we would ask, should Shakspeare be censured for not adopting a practise whose adoption depended upon circumstances over which the immortal bard of Avon had no control? Sophocles wrote in accordance with the spirit and

requirements of his age, Shakspeare with those of his. Why should the example of either be cited against the other? Prominence of details was unnecessary in the case of the Greek dramatist, and would have tended in the eyes of those who beheld it to condemn the whole piece:—prominence of details was essential in the case of the English dramatist; and without it, his whole performance would have appeared vague and unsatisfactory to his audience. A few electrical words addressed to an enraged mob, or an ordered army already trembling with excitement, might be sufficient to raise the whole to a pitch of ungovernable fury; but an elaborate speech, entering into minute details, might be insufficient to produce a similar effect on a multitude not similarly prepared. The outline of the story to be portrayed by the Greek poet, was already in the mind of his audience. To adopt Mr. Arnold's image, the whole was as a group of statuary dimly seen. What the poet had to accomplish was to throw light upon it. But a very different task was allotted to Shakspeare. He had to hew out the forms, and to provide the drapery. Attention to "accessories" was therefore in his case indispensable.

But if it could be shown that Greek poetry furnishes the modern poet with the best examples of the mode in which action is developed in poetical compositions, this would do nothing towards establishing the theory of Mr. Arnold, that action or story is the prime essential, the one thing needed, in all such works. This reasoning on the matter is an argument of limitations, proceeding from the particular to the universal. It should be borne in mind that the ancients wrote poetry to be recited; the moderns write poetry to be read. With the former, therefore, their worthiest poetry inevitably took an epic or dramatic form, and the development of the plot was a matter of prime importance. Undoubtedly "human actions" are indispensable both to plays and epic poems; but unless Mr. Arnold can furnish reasons sufficient to establish the proposition that all poetry is, or should be, epic or dramatic, he will fail to establish the other proposition that "human actions" are essential to all poetry. But this he does not attempt to do. His assumption is therefore just as groundless as that of Rymer, who said that "Shakspeare ought not to have made Othello black; for the hero of a tragedy ought always to be white." His criticism is just as narrow as that of the other critic, mentioned by Mr. Macaulay, who said that "Milton ought not to have put so many similies into his first book; for the first

book of an epic poem ought always to be the most unadorned. There are no similies in the first book of the Iliad." And his logic is, we think, worse than that of the mad player who reasoned thus:—"All plays are, or ought to be, poems;—therefore all poems are, or ought to be, plays!" For without attempting to prove that all poems should be plays, Mr. Arnold would impose upon all poems dramatic restrictions, whether they are plays or not.

It is easy to see whence Mr. Arnold has derived his theory. Indeed he makes no attempt to conceal it. We have already said that no two nations could possibly be more dissimilar in the mode and extent of their civilization; that no stronger contrast could be presented by any two nations, of both of which it might be affirmed that they were civilized, than that which subsists between Greece and England. And yet, because the Greeks—to whom the art of printing was unknown—wrote poetry to be publicly recited, or for popular representation, and adapted their poems to the purpose which they were intended to serve, the English author, who writes poetry to be read, must adopt the limitations imposed upon the Greeks by the state of their society, and adapt his poetry to a purpose which it was never intended to serve, out of slavish imitation of the Greek masters. The absurdity of such a demand is fully apparent the moment it is stated. Let us extend the same principle a little and see what will come of it. Baron Humboldt remarks, that the genuine and genial love of nature for its own sake, first manifested itself in the writings of the Semitic, Indian, and Iraunian nations; and in Europe, in those of the early Christians, such, for instance, as those of Basil and Gregory of Nyssa, while the Greek and Roman bucolic, idyllic, and didactic poems are utterly destitute of it. Is the love of nature therefore a thing to be reprehended in the moderns? Landscape painting, as we understand it, was wholly unknown among the Greeks and even among the Romans. It is true that pictures of natural objects were necessarily introduced into scenical representations, and that in the Augustan age, landscape painting passed from the theatre into Roman and Grecian halls; but from the excavations made at Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabia, it appears that they were merely a kind of bird's-eye views of seaport towns, public edifices, and villas; and were more like maps than paintings in which the features of landscapes are carefully elaborated. Are we therefore, because the Greek painters, like their poets, lavished all their skill on historical and mythical subjects, to burn our Claudes

and Poussins, our Rembrandts and Turners, and acknowledge poor Haydon to be the greatest painter since Zeuxis? This, we would suggest, is surely carrying admiration somewhat too far! Boswell, we know, in the heat of his enthusiasm, strove hard to acquire the Johnsonian roll and general ungainliness; and we have heard of certain slender young gentlemen of the last generation—now possibly grown into plethoric aldermen,—who carried broken hearts beneath gay waistcoats, and not only cherished Byronic misanthropy, but also carefully cultivated the Byronic limp. Similar enthusiasm, carried into the serene region of art, would certainly seem somewhat startling; and it might be quite as edifying as it is ridiculous, if it were only a little less intolerant, and not quite so full of vanity and affectation.

The truth seems to be, then, that action in the all-dominant sense in which it has recently been advocated, is no more essential to the purposes of poetry than the unities of time and place are essential to the development of character in the drama. Those who wish for a story of the absorbing kind spoken of by Mr. Arnold, will not seek it in poetry. They know very well that they may find it occasionally in plays and metrical romances; almost always, and without the needless encumbrance of verse, in modern novels. The lover of poetry reads poems for something more than the mere excitement of the story. The lover of exciting stories need never read poetry at all.

Rosselini said, that "the people who invented painting and sculpture were impelled towards those arts by the desire of writing." An eminent critic of our own day resolves poetry, painting, and sculpture into various forms of imitation. All the fine arts are undeniably imitative; and this definition is therefore true so far as it goes. Understood in the enlarged sense in which it was doubtless intended, as including, among the objects of imitation, not only the features of nature and the actions of men, but also—for poetry at least—his passions, impressions, and transitory states of mind, it goes very far. But genius, in all its modes of manifestation, is so pre-eminently combinative that we are scarcely satisfied with this definition. The painter, who is a perfect master of his art, does not seek to imitate the features of any single face, but strives to embody the last fine result of many; and his Madonna or Transfiguration may, as a whole, have no counterpart anywhere but in his own mind. The musician does not imitate any of the sounds of nature; but simply endeavours to give expression to those feelings within himself which he wishes to excite in others. And the poet

does not merely seek to describe the landscape which has impressed him with its beauty, so much as to give life and colour to those forms of loveliness which have been awakened within him by its contemplation. We therefore prefer the statement of Rosselini,—that the fine arts had their origin in a desire to give *expression* to that which was in the mind itself—to that of Macaulay, which affirms, that their final aim is to imitate that which is without, and beyond it. Poetry, painting, and sculpture are all undoubtedly imitative; but probably neither sculptor, painter, nor poet would be willing to admit that imitation was the sole, or even the principal, object he had in view in his creations. The true poet is not a laborious copyist, whose task it is to produce a faithful representation of that which is before him; but a gifted artist, burdened with the beauty which he has beheld, and striving to body forth and give expression to the features of the fair ideal which has gradually grown up in his own mind under its influence.

Now this "New School of Poetry" is not new, as we have endeavoured to show, because it is altogether aimless, and therefore seeks to express nothing; nor because it is untrue to life and nature, and therefore what it does express must of necessity be totally destitute of interest; but if there is really anything new about it, it is because its aim is different from that of previous poetry, and because it exhibits phases of life and experience not hitherto exhibited. While other poets have inevitably been affected by the peculiarities of their country and period, this poetry is a deliberate attempt to give utterance and expression to those peculiarities. It is an echo, however faint and imperfect, of the voices and powers which are agitating society in our own day. Its morbidity and introspective tendencies are all indicative of our time. Its characteristics are, to a certain extent at least, the characteristics of the period which it seeks to typify and exhibit.

The influences of their age and country are apparent in the writings of all true poets, whatever may be the extent of their culture and civilization,—of Homer and Dante, as well as Shakspeare and Milton,—of Virgil and Camoens, as well as Sadi and Firdouzi; but in poetry which professes to give utterance to the aspiration, the doubt, and difficulty of the young and imaginative of its era, those influences will naturally be more prominently apparent. And, accordingly, we have here represented the ardour and haste, the strength and weakness, the high hope and deep doubt, the bold and daring speculations, and the blind gropings after light, which,

are perhaps characteristic of youth in all ages, but in none so intensely as in our own. The marvellous success which has attended the application of the "Baconian method" and the inductive sciences to the purposes of life, and the rapidity with which discovery has followed discovery, and invention has succeeded invention, have been almost paralleled, on the other hand, by the speculations of a philosophy more subtle, more profound, more daring and comprehensive than any the world has previously witnessed. The practical man points with pride to the spinning jenny, the steam-engine, the railway, the electric telegraph. The speculative man points with equal pleasure to the schools of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. But, alas! in neither case has this amazing activity, physical as well as mental, been productive of unmixed good; and the result of the latter has been hitherto almost an unmixed evil. The former has generated a species of scientific materialism, which has developed itself in many forms; and the idealism of the latter has effloresced into various schools of rationalistic scepticism. The contest between two such opposite principles reminds one of Dante's adaptation of the fable of Laocoon, where there is a mutual metamorphosis between the man and the serpent in Malabolge, and where both are known to be so bad that it becomes matter of indifference which should assume the human form; and you are reconciled to the issue, when at last the serpent rises into the man, and the man wriggles away in the form of the serpent. It is the object of these poems to exhibit a young and ardent mind brought into contact, not only with the passing doubts of the day, but with the grand questions of all time, which those doubts have served to bring into greater prominence. The great facts connected with the soul and its destiny, loom large and lurid in the dense atmosphere of perplexity by which they are surrounded. And although the clouds of doubt and difficulty may be local and transitory, yet the objects which they partially envelope can never pass away, and can never become uninteresting.

It is high-time, however, for us to bring these general comments to a close, and take a rapid survey of the poems themselves. And first on our list stand "Poems," by Alexander Smith. We shall not notice the "Other Poems," of which this volume consists, any further than to say, that they are few in number and slight in character; and that although they have a strong resemblance to the "Life-Drama," they are all much inferior to the principal poem in power and beauty.

Walter, the hero of the "Life-Drama," is a young poet full of strong yearnings for fame and bardic distinction, but appalled at the difficulties which stand in the way of their attainment. His lofty appreciation of the honours which attend the successful poet, and his distrust of his own powers, are finely contrasted in the first scene.

"Poesy! Poesy! I'd give to thee,
As passionately, my rich-laden years,
My bubble pleasures, and my awful joys,
As Hero gave her trembling lips to find
Delicious death on sweet Leander's lip.
* * * * * * *
I love thee, Poesy! Thou art a rock,
I, a weak wave, would break on thee and die;
There is a deadlier pang than that which bends
With chilly death-drops the o'er-tortured brow,
When one has a big heart and feeble hands,—
A heart to hew his name out upon time
As on a rock, there in immortalness
To stand on time as on a pedestal;
When hearts beat to this tune, and hands are weak,
We find our aspirations quenched in tears,
The tears of impotence and self-contempt
That loathsome weed upspringing in the heart,
Like nightshade 'mong the rivers of a shrine;
* * * * * * *
'Tis not for me, ye Heavens! 'tis not for me
To fling a Poem, like a comet, out,
Far, splendouring the sleepy realms of night.
* * * * * * * *
Naught for me
But to creep quietly into my grave;
Or calm and tame the swelling of my heart
With this foul lie, painted as sweet as truth;
That great and small, weakness and strength, are naught,
That each thing being equal in its sphere,
The May-night glow-worm with its emerald lamp
Is worthy as the mighty moon that drowns
Continents in her white and silent light.
This—this were easy to believe, were I
The planet that doth nightly wash the earth's
Fair sides with moonlight; not the shining worm."

And again:—

"O Fame! Fame! Fame! next grandest word to God!
I seek the look of Fame! Poor fool—so tries
Some lonely wanderer 'mong the desert sands,
By shouts to gain the notice of the Sphynx,
Staring right on with calm eternal eyes."

This state of alternate hope and fear, of generous aspiration and heart-sickening dread of failure and ridicule, so natural to youth, conscious of the fire of genius and of the possession of powers as yet untried and unattested, and knowing the cold and cruel scorn with which their self-assertion is often attended,—though perhaps presented in a somewhat exaggerated form,—has never, we think, been illustrated more happily than in the lines which we have just quoted.

In the next scene, Walter is discovered asleep at the roots of an oak by a Lady. Of course he awakes at the right time, after she has discovered his character from the verses which are scattered on the ground beside him. Her curiosity is excited, and she gives utterance to two beautiful images, ere the poet is aroused:—

> "Oh, 'tis a sleeping Poet! and his verse
> Sings like the syren-isles.—An opulent soul,
> Dropt in my path like a great cup of gold,
> All rich and rough with stories of the gods!"

A long, and somewhat desultory conversation follows, as gorgeous as a sky all rainbows,—if such a thing were possible. Perhaps we need entertain no scruples on *that* account, as its very impossibility renders it an apter illustration. At least we expect to witness the phenomenon some time before we expect to hear such a conversation! Mutual interest between Walter and the Lady is apparent; poems are exchanged; and a time and place of future meeting are appointed. The poet is already deeply in love, and the interval is filled with racking doubts and glowing anticipations. The Lady *must* have been aware of his passion, and yet she made no attempts to repel it. But *was* she aware of it? Time will show. Meanwhile he resolves to call in the muses to his aid, and reveal his passion gradually in the form of a story. In the next scene the story is told, and the mask is drawn aside; but alas! for youthful anticipations, the worst fears of Walter are more than realized:—

> WALTER.
> "What dost thou murmur:
> Thy cheeks burn mad as mine. O untouched lips!
> I see them as a glorious rebel sees
> A crown within his reach. I'll taste their bliss
> Although the price be death.
> LADY *(springing up.)*
> Walter! beware!
> These tell-tale heavens are listening earnestly.

O Sir! within a month my bridal bells
Will make a village glad. The fainting earth
Is bleeding at her million golden veins,
And by her blood I'm bought. The sun shall see
A pale bride wedded to grey hair, and eyes
Of cold and cruel blue; *and in the spring*
A grave with daisies on it."

Then follows a scene of unrest and unreason, drawn with great power. We are glad to see that certain lines which Walter was made to utter, in the first edition of the poem, are now expunged. Agony, however torturing and acute, is not necessarily blasphemous. Unhappiness tests a man. It does not change his character. The hard gripe of misery will wring out curses from no heart not already black and bad. While we are on this subject we may say that we should have been gratified to find another passage in the eighth scene either omitted altogether, or so altered as to be freed from what is decidedly objectionable in it. We are no affected purists, and we are very far from wishing to identify an author with his subject. But good taste and proper feeling will hesitate, at least, ere they put words, even into the lips of madness, which may shock the religious sentiments of many. Perhaps the whole has been preserved in its original form for the sake of the magnificent lines with which the passage closes, the conception of which was doubtless suggested by Aird's "Devil's Dream on Mount Aksbeck." In this case a youth, driven to despair and madness through frustrated ambition, climbs a mountain in the night-time to die; and in the heat of his frenzy he reproaches the Deity for bringing him into being, or for giving him an existence so broken and blasted. The contrast between his fierce and foolish ravings, the lava-like boiling and roaring of the bad passions in the Domdaniel abysses of this human soul, and the sweet and grand serenity of night is not only beautiful, as it is here presented,—it is sublime.

"His death did not disturb that ancient Night.
Scornfullest Night! *Over the dead there hung*
Great gulfs of silence, blue, and strewn with stars—
No sound—no motion—in the eternal depths."

In the seventh scene we find Walter seated with a friend in a balcony overlooking the sea, in a happier frame of mind. We learn incidentally that the lady of his love has been some time dead. Edward, the friend here mentioned, proposes, by way of recreation, a visit to Bedfordshire, and

instances, as chief among its attractions a certain beautiful lady of the name of Violet. The visit is made; and again the susceptible heart of Walter is touched, this time more deeply, if possible, than before. His conduct, however, towards Violet is to us altogether inexplicable. He wins her affections; and, without any conceivable excuse, seduces her. We suspect that this offence against morality was allowed, only because it afforded an opportunity to the poet for painting the terrible picture of remorse which follows, and in which Walter is represented on a bridge at midnight, begging, in the horror of his heart and the bewilderment of the hour, a passing outcast to pray for him.

In the eleventh scene we find Walter at the home of his childhood, to which he has returned after an absence of three years, a sadder, if not a wiser man. His reflections on regaining the scene of early and innocent endearments are very beautiful.

> "This is my home again! Once more I hail
> The dear old gables and the creaking vanes.
> It stands all flecked with shadows in the moon,
> *Patient, and white, and useful.* 'Tis so still,
> It seems to brood upon its youthful years,
> When children sported on its ringing floors,
> And music trembled through its happy rooms."

He devotes himself eagerly to the task of writing a poem. A more peaceful frame of mind again revisits him. Violet and he meet in mutual love; and the poem concludes, virtually at least, by Walter's utterance of this fine sentiment:—

> "I will go forth 'mong men, not mailed in scorn,
> But in the armour of a pure intent.
> Great duties are before me and great songs,
> And whether crowned or crownless, when I fall
> It matters not so that God's work is done.
> I've learned to prize the quiet lightening deed,
> Not the applauding thunder at its heels
> Which men call Fame."

It is said there was a report that the sun stood still at the battle of Wittemburg. The King of France asked Alva, who commanded the victorious army, whether it was true: his reply was, "Sire, I had too much to do upon earth to have any leisure for looking at heaven." Mr. Smith, we suspect, might return a similar answer, if he was asked what is the moral purpose of his poem. It is entitled a "Life-Drama." It is, in reality, a drama of the emotions peculiar

to a very small section of the entire circle of life, and not extending over a period of more than seven years—from eighteen to twenty-five. It is a picture of the vague hopes and aspirations, and doubts and fears, that haunt the borderland which separates youth from manhood; when the enchanted castles, the slumbering princesses, the dragon and the griffin, which guard the hoarded treasure of boyish anticipations, are passing away for ever, and giving place to a new order of things, to which the mind is not yet habituated; of that transition period, common to all men who have *ever* been young, when youth, with shorn locks, slips off its sleek and shining raiment, and prepares to don the helmet, and arm for the stern battle of life; and as such it is, we think, eminently successful. It is not enough to say that the poem abounds in beauties. It literally teems with them. It has original images enough to give interest to twenty dull epics, and fifty dreary dramas, with which the "subject is everything," and the poetry a few degrees worse than nothing; or which belong to the "very tolerable and not to be endured" order of merit. Nor is this all. Certain parts of the poem are conceived and executed with an intensity of purpose which—far more than single fine thoughts, and exquisite expressions—affords happy omen of future eminence. The poet wishes to produce a certain definite impression; and he *does* produce it—that and no other. The most remarkable instance of this, in the volume now before us, is the episode of the swarthy page and lady; which, from the first line to the last, is a creation as perfect and powerful as anything we recollect in modern poetry. From a thing so entire and organic, it may seem absurd to bring a limb as a specimen of the beauty and symmetry of the whole performance. We quote the concluding lines where the dusky page avows his love for his mistress—the haughty daughter of a "hundred earls."

> "The Lady cried, 'twixt laugh and blush the while,
> 'I'll swear *thou'st* been in love, my Indian sweet.
> Thy spirit on another breaks in joy,
> Like the pleased sea on a white-breasted shore.
> That blush tells tales. And now I swear by all
> The well-washed jewels strewn on fathom sands,
> That thou dost keep her looks, her words, her sighs,
> Her laughs, her tears, her angers, and her frowns,
> Balmed between memory's leaves; and every day
> Dost count them o'er and o'er in solitude,
> As pious monks count o'er their rosaries.

Now tell me, did she give thee love for love?
Or didst thou make Midnight thy confidant,
Telling her all about thy lady's eyes;
How rich her cheek; how cold as death her scorn?
My lustrous Leopard, hast thou been in love?'
The Page's dark face flushed the hue of wine
In crystal goblet, stricken by the sun;
His soul stood like a moon within his eyes,
Suddenly orbed; his passionate voice was shook
By trembles into music. 'Thou I love!'
'Thou!'—and the Lady, with a cruel laugh,
(Each silver throb went through him like a sword,)
Flung herself back upon her fringéd couch,
From which she rose upon him like a queen:
She rose and stabbed him with her angry eyes.
'Tis well my father did not hear thee, boy,
Or else my pretty plaything of an hour
Might have gone sleep to-night without his head,
And I might waste rich tears upon his fate.
I would not have my sweetest plaything hurt.
Dost think to search me with those blazing eyes,
My fierce and lightning-blooded cub o' the sun?
Thy blood is up in riot on thy brow,
I' the face o' its monarch, Peace! By my grey sire,
Now could I slay thee with one look of hate;
One single look! My Hero! My Heart-god!
My dark Hyperion, Bacchus of the Inds!
My Hercules, with chin as smooth as my own!
I am no sorry maid, I cannot wear
This great and proffered jewel of thy love.
Thou art too bold, methinks! Didst never fear
That on my poor deserts thy love would sit,
Like a great diamond on a threadbare robe?
I tremble for't. I pr'y thee come to-morrow
And I will pasture you upon my lips
Until thy beard be grown. Go now, sir, go!'"

Neither the "Life-Drama" of Mr. Smith, nor any other of the works on our list, will bear Coleridge's test of a fine and artistically perfect poem—in which the parts are as beautiful as the whole, and the whole as beautiful as the parts. Perhaps this was inevitable from the subjective character of the poems. They are not wholes, but fragments; although they are by no means destitute of purpose. Our young poets would do well, we think, to select some theme not quite so near them as their own experience; and although they might not write better poetry, they would assuredly write better poems if they mingled the objective.

element more liberally with the general texture of their compositions: not that we wish them to invade the province of the fictionist, and subordinate everything to the development of a plot; for, as we have already said, a poem is and will be read for the quality of its poetry, and not for the interest of the story. But surely the story might be more, and the poetry no less; the completeness of the whole might be more apparent, without marring the beauty of the parts. By the adoption of this plan all tendencies to exaggeration would be materially checked; everything would fall into its proper place, and nothing would be wanted. Mr. Smith's "Life-Drama" reminds us of those baskets we sometimes see in old paintings, not only filled with fruit, but with bunches of grapes dangling over the sides, and superabundant peaches rolling amid the grass and flowers. We intended to present our readers with a few of these luscious and errant dainties, but space forbids, and we forbear.

Of "Balder" we intend saying very little in the form of criticism. It is the first section of a poem, to be completed in three parts. When the whole is laid before us, we may be able to form an estimate, and pronounce a verdict on the scope and purpose of the poem. Until it is, we decline following the example of "all and sundry" who have sat in judgment on this very remarkable performance, and delivered an authoritative opinion on its merits as a whole. We do not pretend to see an author's design until he himself reveals it; much less do we intend to fabricate one for him, and proceed at once to stigmatise it as though it really were his, and not our own. On such parts of the whole purpose as are contained in the volume before us, we shall make a few very brief remarks, and then quote two or three passages as samples of the quality of the poetry. The best criticism that can be offered of a book like "Balder," is that which allows the poem to speak for itself through a few characteristic selections. Those who like what we shall quote, would doubtless relish the whole poem; while those who see nothing in it but words without any definite meaning, need never trouble themselves with the apprehension that they will ever be cursed with the faculty called "second sight!"

"Balder," like "Walter," is a poet, but of a totally different stamp: indeed the contrast subsisting between the "Life-Drama" and "Balder" is almost perfect in every respect. "Walter" is weak and vacillating; the creature of impulse and evanescent feeling: "Balder," has the will and the iron

resolution of Cromwell, and has little more feeling, even in the contemplation of his own sufferings, than a Spanish inquisitor had in regarding the sufferings of others. The "Life-Drama" is sensuous almost to a fault: "Balder" is spiritual, sometimes even to mysticism. The very style of the two poems is in direct contrast; that of the younger poet being rich, rounded, and polished as the gloss upon a plum; that of the elder being subtle and sharp as the blade of a scimitar. All the miseries of "Walter" are of the earth, earthy; they spring out of the peculiarities of his temperament, and affect nothing but his emotional nature. The agonies of "Balder" pervade his whole being—body, soul, and spirit—and arise out of the false relations in which he has placed himself towards God and his fellow-men. The moral purpose of the "Life-Drama" is nothing; that of "Balder" is permanent, and is never lost sight of from the first line to the last. It is true that that purpose is not yet developed, and that the present poem is, therefore, but a fragment; yet it is part of an organic whole; and like the mysterious part in the "Castle of Otranto," it is seen to be the living limb of a giant. The ornaments of the "Life-Drama" are generally supplementary, and not in any way essential. They are flowers, not only woven into the hair, but carried in the hand in the form of bouquets and nosegays, as the virgin beauties mingle in the dance to the sound of timbrel and harp in the purple light of an oriental sunset. In "Balder" they are altar-lights, by whose aid alone you behold the Passion on the Cross, and catch the gleam of swinging censers. Mr. Smith's figures are images, beautiful in themselves, but whose beauty is not relative but self-contained. Mr. Dobell's are illustrations, and are generally as necessary to the poem as torches in one of those abysmal grottoes, where they serve the double purpose of guiding the steps of the adventurous explorer, and revealing the gleaming wealth of stalactites by which their walls are encrusted.

"Balder" is proud and imperious; he has never learnt the value of that humility which Christianity inculcates, and of which Jeremy Taylor said, "humility is but a speaking truth, and all pride is a lie." He is representative of a large class of pseudo-pietists and philosophers of our own day, to whom Mr. Rogers has dealt such staggering blows in his "Eclipse of Faith." He is exhibited as an example to be shunned; and not, as some have supposed, a model to be imitated. He is the type of a man, according to

Carlyle and Emerson—faultless so far as externals are concerned, but utterly without God in the world. He is a specimen of that ultra self-reliance which has latterly been preached with so much eloquence; and he is, or rather endeavours to be, and to think himself, in all respects self-sufficient. He is not immoral, in the sense of one who refuses to yield obedience to any law; but he seeks to be a law unto himself—again reminding us of the teaching of the American philosopher whom we have just mentioned. With the "representative poet," as well as the "representative philosopher," man is regarded as the beginning and the consummation of all things; and human reason is represented as pontiff and supreme adjudicator on all questions relating to duties and destinies, for this world and the next. "Balder" is himself the microcosm of all things; and all nature and humanity are but the loose and disordered counterpart of the well-compacted unit—SELF. The outer world is as rich in symbols and hieroglyphics as the Belzoni sarcophagus: he has but to look into his own heart, and he will there find them all translated into familiar phonetics. And as power is his grand aim—power for its own sake, and not for that of "the applauding thunder at its heels, which men call fame"—he is determined to study and to torture himself until he is able to shake his counterpart, the world, to its very centre; to smite a thought athwart its path, and arrest it in its career, as the angel arrested Balaam in the days of old; to blind it into obedience with lightnings and rods of fire; or to win it by submission, as the sun wins planets to wheel about him for ever. He is a man, a *true* man, and therefore the flower and consummation of all things. All are contained by him; he has, therefore, nothing at all to do but "sit at home and think. To think is to act"—(*à la* Emerson.)—For according to our mode of interpreting it, this poem is a magnificent satire upon, as well as earnest protest against the preposterous pretensions of the transcendalism of our day.

One thing, however, he lacks. He has never yet been brought into familiar contact with death. This is essential to his self-development, and therefore to that of his epic, which is a picture of himself; that epic which is to make of the world a mere Morgana's car, to obey its behests, and carry it whithersoever it listeth. But the same powers that have hitherto attended him, and have built him up to his present stature, will not be wanting now at the eleventh hour. They *are* not; and his only child is taken from him. Alas

for Balder, the god, when the heart of Balder, the father, is wrung! He suffers intensely, but sternly puts his agony by, and proceeds with his epic. Amy, his wife, however, out of regard for whom we may be allowed to parody Wordsworth's famous line—

"Art thou a woman or a wandering voice?"—

is not so easily comforted. Her love for her husband is not a passion but a worship. She can derive consolation from no source, human or superhuman, as Balder occupies the place of God in *her* heart, and *is* a god in his own eyes—as indeed he is bound to be, as an orthodox and consistent transcendental poet and philosopher. Between her and her husband there is no real sympathy. She simply adores him at a distance. Her mind is full of him; but all her heart is now lone and empty. That one sole link which connected her worship with her love is broken and gone. The pathway between the ruined tower, where they dwell alone, and which is the Olympus of her husband, and the churchyard where the grave of her little one is green, becomes beaten as a common road. Her brain is touched. Her plaintive and musical wailings deepen down into half-articulate pleadings for dissolution. The aid of a certain Doctor Paul is called in; but he can administer nothing likely to effect a cure of the malady. Meanwhile Balder is miserable to the very core. The Christian reader will not ask why: the worldly reader may find an answer in the fact that the progress of his epic is arrested. His pride is also thoroughly abased. How shall he, who cannot take the spell of madness from the brain of his wife, whom he passionately loves, ever again hope to conjure off the scales from the world's eyes? Balder, the god and the transcendentalist, becomes merely Balder the man and the husband. He looks upon the universe no longer as its sovereign; and as his creed will not permit him to look to anything beyond the universe, he feels himself to be its slave. He looks up proudly to the heavens no more; and as he cannot bow the knee in worship, their very beauty is that of blank idiotcy, and their power is the crushing power of fate. He is in the path of the car of Juggernaut; but shall the wife, whom, after all, he loves better than himself, be subjected to a similar fate? He, the eagle, has taken the dove in his talons, and made a mate of her. Shall the same lightnings blast them both? Perish the thought! He will release her from the doom that is impending, and bear that punishment alone, which he alone has provoked. He

cannot struggle with the forces of the universe. Alas, no! He would if he could. He is not yet subdued. He cannot contend with them; but he can and will endure all that they choose to inflict. His pride is not yet crushed out of him. He will be another Prometheus; but shall his wife also—the delicate, ethereal Amy—be with him, the target of Jove's thunders? Oh! not in hate, but in deep human love—the last thing human that is now left in Balder—is the knife taken that is to release the bands of the poor insensate prisoner:—

" Heaving breast,
How oft have I undone thy weeds as now,
And very softly, very silently
As now—and not more tenderly, no, not
More tenderly, no, on thy bridal night,
No, not more tenderly. But oh, yon heavens,
Wherefore and wherefore?
Here, under her bosom,
It cannot fail here. Hide thee, hide thee, heart;
Poor fluttering bird, why wilt thou stir the lilies?
Dost thou not know me who I am? Soft, soft;
Thou hast so often struggled in mine arms
Asleep, and I have wakened thee with kisses,
I pray thee do not struggle now my child,
I cannot rouse thee from *this* dream.
Oh, God,
If she should clasp her hands upon her breast
And moan! If she should feel through this thin trance,
The cold steel ere it pierce and call on me
For help!—but I will hold thee fast, my child,
Fast in these arms, altho' thou start and cry,
And shield thee from myself! If I strike ill
The first stroke, and she wake and strive for life;
If she should ope her eyes but once too late,
And go forth to believe for evermore
I struck unkindly
(*Throws a kerchief over her face.*)
No, she shall not see me.
And now thy living face is gone for ever,
And I have murdered thee before thy time.
Nor God nor demon could have wrung from me
This moment, this last moment, only thou,
Oh, only thou.
(*Frantically lifts the kerchief.*)
Amy!
Thou, thou, all thou!
Help me, my child. Aye, look so beautiful.
'Tis well; if there be heaven this is not
To kill thee.—Now."

And so ends the first part of this terrible tragedy—this soul-drama—this apotheosis of pseudo-transcendentalism,—this unique result of "sitting in the sun and thinking," and striving to *be* a god, instead of worshipping "the only true and living God, and Him whom He hath sent!"

Let us cast a glance at the poetry of this strange and fearful exposure of human weakness. Balder the poet is looking at his epic, in the earlier part of the poem, and says complacently:—

> "I could look back on all that I have built,
> As on some Memphian monument wherein
> The kings do lie in glory, every one
> Each in his house, and forward to thy blank
> Fair future, as one gazes into depths
> Of necromantic crystal, and beholds
> The heavens come down."

And again, in the twenty-fourth scene, in a similar spirit he says to Amy:—

> "I have been like
> A prophet fallen on his prostrate face
> Upon the hill of fire. Mine hour is come,
> The earthquake has yawned by me, I have seen
> The seething core of nature, both these ears
> Are deaf with voices, I am blind with light,
> My heart is full of thunder! In the form
> Of manhood I will get me down to man!
> As one goes down from Alpine tops with snows
> Upon his head, I who have stood so long
> On other Alps, will go down to my race,
> Snowed on with somewhat out of Divine air,
> And merely walking through them with a step
> God-like to music like the golden sound
> Of Phœbus' shouldered arrows, I will shake
> The laden manna round me as I shake
> Dews from this morning tree. And they shall see,
> And eat, and eating live, and living know,
> And knowing worship."

In what sweet sad contrast to such lofty and unattainable aspirations is the real sorrow of the following little strain of Amy, which we quote more for the sake of its brevity than because it affords the happiest instance of that sweet and heart-searching pathos of which the author is such a perfect master.

> "Out of the dungeon comes the captive's cry,
> Whose no man knoweth and shall never know.
> The cry! the cry! out of the sealed cell
> That no man may look into, comes a cry!

"Up thro' the dumb sod of a churchyard green,
One of the undistinguishable dead
Below the many many graves complains.

"The Beloved and the Unbeloved are lying there,
The stifling earth on them. The cry is dull,
Whose no man knoweth, and shall never know.

"Thy cry, thy feeble cry, my little babe!
All the long day and all the weary night!
I bend me down over the sealed cell,
And strain my ears against the sodden grave,
And weep and know not, nor shall ever know."

Strains similar to the above run through the entire volume, where Amy voices her solitary sorrow in the room adjoining the study of her ambitious husband. There is one of a very different character, to which she gives utterance on the bright, brief day when all her sorrows were to slip off her like a mourning robe, and she is left free and happy, which, for the sake of its delicate beauty, we quote entire:—

"There grew a lowly flower by Eden-gate
Among the thorns and thistles. High the palm
Branched o'er her, and imperial by her side
Upstood the sun-burnt Lily of the east.

"The goodly gate swung oft with many gods
Going and coming, and the spice-winds blew
Music and murmurings, and paradise
Welled over and enriched the outer wild.

"Then the palm trembled fast-bound by the feet,
And the imperial Lily bowed her down
With yearning, but they could not enter in.

"The lowly flower she looked up to the palm
And lily, and at eve was full of dews,
And hung her head and wept and said, 'Ah these
Are tall and fair, and shall I enter in?'

"There came an angel to the gate at even,
A weary angel with dishevelled hair;
For he had wandered far, and as he went,
The blossoms of his crown fell one by one
Thro' many nights, and seemed a falling star.

"He saw the lovely flower by Eden-gate,
And cried 'Ah, pure and beautiful!' and turned
And stooped to her and wound her in his hair,
And in his golden hair she entered in.

"Husband! I was the weed at Eden-gate,
I looked up to the lily and the palm

"Above me, and I wept and said: 'Ah there
Are tall and fair, and shall I enter in?'
And one came by me to the gate at even,
And stooped to me and wound me in his hair,
And in his golden hair I entered in!"

Balder's reply to the flattery of this delicious little song very happily turns the tables on the gentle Amy, and is, we venture to say, one of the tenderest and most beautiful compliments ever paid by husband to the wife of his bosom since the world began:—

"Nay the poor wanderer, fallen from heaven, drew near
The guarded gate; but with his forfeit skies
Had lost his privilege and master sign;
And turned aside and plucked an asphodel,
And, wearing, passed unchallenged."

We might fill half a number with quotations from this wonderful performance, but to what purpose? Suffice it to say that the hand of a master is visible throughout it. With stern faithfulness is the lesson of despair recited, and with terrible power; striding on to the inevitable end, and swerving neither to the right hand nor the left, with a tramp like that of Doom, is this lesson illustrated and enforced from first to last. We shall hail gladly the appearance of the remaining portions of this thoughtful and splendid poem, which will doubtless exhibit Balder in a very different attitude; for we are convinced that notwithstanding all his faults, he is too good and too generous to remain a pseudo-transcendentalist for ever.

Turn we now, for the sake of one or two extracts to "The Ballad of Babe Christabel and other Lyrical Poems," by Gerald Massey. Surely a remarkable volume under any circumstances; but when the circumstances under which it grew are considered, something more than remarkable. In what bright and vivid contrast are the gorgeous descriptions in "The Bridal," "Wedded Love," or, "The Ballad of Babe Christabel," to the stone hut near Tring, Herts, "so low that a man could not stand upright in it," where the young poet first saw the light, and for whose miserable accommodation his father had to pay one of the ten shillings a week he earned as a boatman on the canal. Delicate and dainty in themselves are such passages as this:—

"The silver throbbing of her laughter pulst
The air with music rich and resonant,—
As from the deep heart of a summer night,
Some bird in sudden sparklings of fine sound
Hurries its startled being into song."

or,

> "How the love-lights did float up in your eyes,
> Like virgin stars from violet depths of night."

or,

> "My heart rings out in music, like a Lark
> Hung in the charmed palace of the morn,
> That circles singing to its mate i' the nest,
> With luminous being running o'er with song:"

but our admiration deepens into wonder when we know from what a long, low swamp of want and poverty, and haggard wretchedness such carollings have come. Step by step has Mr. Massey had to fight his way upward, from depths so black and Tartarean that none but a bold heart would ever have conceived the idea of rising at all, and out into an atmosphere of light and beauty to which few attain, even under the happiest circumstances. Other poets have had to contend with difficulties as formidable as those which beset the path of our author; but few have come from the contest crowned with such signal success, and bringing in their hand such brilliant and precious trophies of their victory. With Bloomfield, Tanahill, Clare, and many others, the wonder is that amid such adverse circumstances they should have been able to write respectable verses at all, rather than that they should have been able to write *such* verses. But with Mr. Massey, as with James Hogg, the value of the poetry is the matter of prime consideration, and the circumstances of the poets are forgotton in regarding the triumphant beauty of their creations.

Right genial is the spirit of this young bard, and his volume is full of sunny brightness. It is as glad as morn upon the hills; and while it is as rich in beauty, it gives similar promises of a golden harvest with a propitious June. Many faults have these poems undoubtedly, but they are mostly of a generous kind, and are to be attributed to the affluent exuberance of youth, rather than to that species of showy poverty which clothes itself in the cast-off finery of others. Even the political songs, such as "They are but Giants while we kneel," "The Patriot," and "Our Fathers are praying for Pauper-Pay," fierce as they are in their denunciations of all forms of oppression, have a heartiness about them which augurs well for the disposition of the writer. They are no more puling misanthropic whines against Fate and Destiny, but lusty shouts for freedom, with curses loud and deep on those who would hinder her progress. Nore healthy in tone, and more decided in purpose are the lyrics grouped together under the title of "Voices of

Our Own Time," many of which have been published separately, and are entitled "War Waits," There is the true lyrical fire which animated Scott, Campbell, and Macaulay in such stanzas as this:—

"Now, Britons, fight your ships today
As Granville fought the Spaniard!
And if war's bloodiest game they play,
Have at them grip-and-poignard.
One thrilling shout for England, Ho!
Then, naked for the fight, men,
Dash in like fire upon the foe,
And God defend the right, men!
And O! but a jubilant carouse
Awaits us in our far-land,
When we shall thrust up conquering brows
And take our country's garland."

More to our taste however are the love-lyrics which embellish this volume. Fresh and bright and pure as a maiden's dream of life and love are such poems as "Little Silybell," "To a Beloved One," "Love's Fairy Ring," and "Husband and Wife." Things so fresh and fair as these have sprung from no ungenerous soil. They may be recited with rapture by any young husband to his bride, whether he be rich or poor, high or low, and we are very sure that they will be listened to with a corresponding delight. The following little carol has been justly admired for its sweetness:—

"Ah 'tis like a tale of olden
Time, long, long ago;
When the world was in its golden
Prime, and love was lord below!
Every vein of Earth was dancing
With the Spring's new wine!
'Twas the pleasant time of flowers,
When I met you, love of mine!
Ah! some spirit sure was straying
Out of heaven that day,
When I met you, sweet! a-Maying
In that merry, merry May.

"Little heart! it shyly opened
Its red leaves' love-lore,
Like a rose that must be ripened
To the dainty, dainty core.
But its beauties daily brighten,
And it blooms so dear,—
Though a many Winters whiten,
I go Maying all the year.

And my proud heart will be praying
Blessings on the day,
When I met you, sweet! a-Maying
In that merry, merry May."

But incomparably the finest and completest poem in the collection is that which gives its name to the volume. "The Ballad of Babe Christabell." Many of the other poems, though full of promise, are somewhat crude; and are marred occasionally by incongruous conceits, by strange and *outré* expressions, and by considerable irregularity and roughness in the versification. But this poem, although not altogether free from the same faults, has fewer of them; and the whole is, we think, more finely conceived and better balanced than any other in the volume. It is merely a recital of the circumstances attending the birth, brief life, and death of an angelic child—one of those beings who seem to come into existence for no other purpose than that of hallowing the spots on which they trod, and giving to the next world an additional attraction to the survivors. And assuredly this "Poor Man's Babe" has gone to her rest in such a storm of splendour as never attended the obsequies of Princess or "Baron's daughter," and her little form and memory are embalmed in things more precious than Arabian spices and sumptuous apparel. Here are a few rich stanzas on the birth of the child:

"Babe Christabell was royally born!
For when the earth was flusht with flowers,
And drencht with beauty in rainbow showers,
She came through golden gates of Morn.

"No chamber arras-pictured, round,
Where sunbeams golden gorgeous gloom,
And touch its glories into bloom,
And footsteps fall withouten sound,

"Was her birth-place that merry May-morn;
No gifts were heapt, no bells were rung,
No healths were crown'd, no songs were sung,
When dear Babe Christabell was born:

"But Nature on the darling smiled,
And with her beauty's blessing crown'd:
Love brooded o'er the hallow'd ground,
And then were Angels with the Child!"

But, alas! on turning over a page or two, we read that

"At Childhood she could seldom play
With merry heart, whose flashings rise
Like splendour-winged butterflies
From hony'd hearts of flowers in May:

" The fields with blood flamed out and flasht,
The roses into crimson yearn'd,
With cloudy fire the wall-flowers burned,
And blood-red Sunsets bloom'd and blusht.

" And still her cheek was pale as pearl,—
It took no tint of Summer's wealth
Of colour, warmth, and wine of Health :—
Death's hand so whitely pressed the Girl !"

The stanzas descriptive of her death must conclude our notice of this gifted and promising young poet.

" Midnight was trancd solemnly
Thinking of dawn : her star-thoughts burn'd !
The Trees like burden'd Prophets yearn'd,
Rapt in a wind of prophecy :

" When, like the Night, the shadow of Woe
On all things laid its hand death-dark,
Our last hope went out like a spark,
And a cry smote heaven like a blow !

" We sat and watcht by Life's dark stream,
Our lone-lamp blown about the night,
With hearts that lived as lived its light,
And died as died its precious gleam.

" In Death's face her's flasht up and smiled.
As smile the young flowers in their prime,
I' the face of their grey murderer Time,
And Death for true love kist our child.

" She thought our good-night kiss was given,
And like a lily her life did close ;
Angels uncurtain'd that repose,
And the next waking dawn'd in heaven."

The last of the four whom we have selected is, we believe, the youngest, or at least the youngest save one; and while we have already spoken of him as likely to take alternately a higher rank than any of the others, we look on him rather as having given brilliant promise than as having achieved a satisfactory poem. We are not likely to turn round, and after having condemned a certain kind of criticism, practice precisely the same ourselves ; but we must affirm that we discern more power and less maturity in " Night and the Soul" than in the " Life Drama" of Smith, in " Balder," or in the " Ballad of Babe Christabell."

Nor is there anything extraordinary in this. The oak, which is destined to cover with its massy umbrageousness a plot of a

hundred acres, is a tree of slow growth. In its early stages it ranks with the firs and larches by which it is surrounded, and differs from them chiefly that it gives more unmistakeable proofs of its infancy. Years pass, and it does not appear to grow in proportion with their lapse, and thoughtless observers do not see in the comparatively puny sapling the future growth of the gigantic monarch of the forest. Now while we do not mean to apply this *simile* in all its harshness to the works of the poets at present under consideration, we do take it to be applicable both to the faults and to the beauties of "Night and the Soul." And first the end aimed at is manifestly higher; there is the indoctrination of a grander and loftier philosophy, and the grasp of theories which elude all but the first order of minds. All our young poets are Platonists, and happy is it for them and for us that they are so; but Mr. Bigg is a Platonist among the Platonists, one who has drunk deeply of the master's spirit; and he discourses on such themes as Plato himself, were his spirit unsphered, might rejoice to listen to and join in; and this he does with no niggardly utterance, no "hesitating speech or stammering tongue," but he speaks right on out of a full mind and a still fuller heart. His fault, or rather one of his faults is, that being familiar with the subject of his song he treats it too familiarly. He seems occasionally to forget that doctrines so august as those of which he is no unauthorized interpreter, require to be approached with "reverence and godly fear." Not that there is any profaneness in him, far otherwise, he is an earnest and devout believer, but he permits his disciples to come with covered heads into the presence-chamber of kingly theories and divine systems. We have said this is not profaneness but it is carelessness; and so far is this carelessness carried that it mars some of the finest passages in the poem by the incongruities it presents. The following passage is occasionally faulty in the midst of its many striking beauties. We break off abruptly because the faults accumulate in the latter portion so as to disfigure it:—

"Thus they stream on! And still the old world laughs
And calls them pigmies and ephemera.
Cycles of ages had bedeck'd her head
With coronals before their fathers were,
And she will laugh around the grave of all;
But the smile smites herself. For are they not
Her masters, not her slaves? Aye, are they not?
What, though they all go down to night and death,

While she still fans her in the [illegible]er air;
What, though whole millions drop into the dark,
While centuries hang round her like idle wreaths,
They are the orphans of Eternity,
And wait the term of their outlawry here,
Coming from out of shadow in a night,
And passing into it again at morn—
There to sleep on until the Birthday comes,
And they are call'd unto the courts on high,
Where they shall reign for ever, while the voids
And booming blanks are begging for a world.

" Thus they stream on! Each soul a universe;
Each man a microcosm of the whole,
Of all that is, or can be, here below,
Or in the great hereafter. Hell, earth, heaven,
All blended and concentrated in one,
And looking out of eyes that meet me now!
Cherub and Seraph—hierarchies of these
Lay slumbering in the compass of a soul;
Grand possibilities—Aurelias
Destined, perchance, to flash out into heavens!

" Thus they stream on! And tramp the world for pence,
With unclaim'd acreage of stars at hand;
With constellations waiting for a lord;
And God Himself, with bounteous eye and hand
Casting the seed into the eternal soil
For them to reap and garner evermore;
Their wealth still growing, like the universe,
From seedlings into suns; from suns to systems."

To show that this is want of care and not of power,—though the power be far from having reached its meridian, nor of skill, even though the skill be a long way from perfection, we take a theological fragment, worth all the " works" of the wrong Montgomery (as a cotemporary cleverly designates Robert) put together:—

" *Alexis.* For God is light; and all things dwell in Him.
And is it possible that He will let
The broad disc of His glory be obscured
By black spots dwelling with Him evermore?
Will He encasket darkness, and enshrine
The foul things of the earth in amber salts,
Conserves of sulphurous fire and flaming smoke?
Is sin a god that it should live for ever?
Or hath it a dark region of its own,
A dungeon empire where it reigns supreme,
Beyond the boundary line of God's dominions,
Out of the reach of His long sceptre, where

He is not known as King, but only held
An alien Monarch, and a rival? Ha!
Doth God brook rivals then? What, He! Nay! Nay!
The time is coming when that foul thing, Sin,
Shall, like a long distemper, vanish; and
From all the hearts of men the gory stain
Of its blood finger-prints shall be wash'd out.
The doom of sin is death. Dust unto dust!
Night unto night!"

Some of the lyric portions of the poem, too, for it is a melange of

"Songs, poems, tales, wherein the cloud, the blast,
Love, fear, and wonder make a heap perverse,"

some of the lyric portions are exquisitely beautiful. Sometimes they remind us forcibly of Tennyson, sometimes of a less powerful, but still sweeter lyrist, Barry Cornwall. Very successful is the following, full of choice gem-like thoughts, such as Italian poets would call golden conceits:—

"Thy hand! Thy hand! Thy lily hand,
It flushes all my brow.
Thy voice! Thy voice! Thy silver voice,
It thrills my spirit now.
A joy hath grown up in my heart,
It fans my life to bliss;
It is the infant of thy lips—
The baby of thy kiss!
And it hath ruffled o'er my soul,
And drawn forth all its powers,
Like July-winds upon the lips
Of golden-hearted flowers.

"Bend o'er me with those starry eyes,
Those eyelids milky white;
Sink on my storm-impassion'd breast,
Like a peace-giving night:
Bend o'er me with thy sky-like brow,
Which all the stars might seek:—
Bend o'er me;—let thy golden hair
Trail on my burning cheek.
My heart leaps towards thee, as the sea
Pants at the maiden moon;
A swimming haze comes o'er my soul,
Like a great sultry noon:
And all my life is lined with music bars,
Pack'd with sweet notes that tremble like the stars!"

There is a peculiar beauty of versification in this, much that reminds us of Shelley and Coleridge in the flowing

rhythm; and as the Germans have shown us that there may be beautiful songs without words, so do our better poets show us that there may be tunes without musical notation. Many of the finer odes of Horace possess this rhythm; they set themselves to music in the mind, and it is scarcely possible to refrain from singing them to music of their own suggestion; but by how much the more perfect such melody is, so much the more does it become needful to remove every uncongenial expression, every inharmonious tone. The music which we have just cited may be improved by a little care. We shall next exhibit another separate poem, taken from the middle of the book, more solemn, and sad, and tender:—

"I stand beside thy lonely grave, my love.
The wet lands stretch below me like a bog;
Darkness comes showering down upon me fast;
The wind is whining like a houseless dog;—
The cold, cold wind is whining round thy grave,
It comes up wet, and dripping from the fen;
The tawny twilight creeps into the dark,
Like a dun, angry lion to his den.

"There is a forlorn moaning in the air—
A sobbing round the spot where thou art sleeping;
There is a dull glare in the wintry sky,
As though the eye of heaven were red with weeping.
Sharp gusts of tears come raining from the clouds,
The ancient church looks desolate and wild;
There is a deep, cold shiver in the earth,
As though the great world hunger'd for her child.

"The very trees fling their gaunt arms on high,
Calling for Summer to come back again;
Earth cries that Heaven has quite deserted her,
Heaven answers but in showers of drizzling rain.
The rain comes plashing on my pallid face;
Night, like a witch, is squatting on the ground;
The storm is rising, and its howling wail
Goes baying round her, like a hungry hound.

"The clouds, like grim, black faces, come and go.
One tall tree stretches up against the sky;
It lets the rain through, like a trembling hand
Pressing thin fingers on a watery eye.
The moon came, but shrank back, like a young girl
Who has burst in upon funereal sadness;
One star came—Cleopatra-like, the Night
Swallow'd this one pearl in a fit of madness.
And here I stand, the weltering heaven above,
Beside thy lonely grave, my lost, my buried love!"

This is of a very high order; he who can write thus must ponder on the great gifts committed to his trust. To him nature is lifting up her veil, and he must meditate long and well on the wondrous beauties she is unfolding to him. Let him not be a rash hierophant, and yet let him not linger too long with an unstricken harp, lest truths pass away which ought to be photographed and preserved. We have said that Mr. Bigg is too familiar with his subject, and that the subject is a very high one: perhaps it is too high for so early an attempt, or, what may be more probably the case, the poet has not as yet acquired the "*ars celare artem.*" He wishes to teach us philosophy because he feels its beauty and its value, but he combines too much the professor with the poet. His characters talk, not dramatically but metaphysically, carrying on a disquisition by a dialogue in which each speaker does but advance the argument a step further. When that exquisite book, "The Ministry of the Beautiful," by Mr. Henry Slack, appeared, there was exactly the same objection made to its structure, but this was hyper-criticism; for there the book was in prose, the dialogues were all separate and independent, and there was no purpose to be served by bringing out the characters of Lyulph and Edith. Here the book is one continuous poem, the object the same throughout and Mr. Bigg will, in due course of time, find that if he lets his interlocutors do nothing but talk, they can at least better explain his theories by having strongly marked individualities of their own. The following passage is beautiful, as a specimen of didactic poetry, but it would not only lose nothing but would actually gain by being dislocated from the poem, and set like a lovely picture in a separate frame:—

"*Ferdinand.* Ay, Ferdinand, Alexis; come again
To take thee back unto thyself, my friend,
Ye will be strangers by this time I think!
"*Alexis.* Are we not always strangers to ourselves,
And strangers to each other? Evermore
We are insphered, like stars within ourselves,
And though we light each other in the dark,
There is no contact, no escape from self.
We are but torches gleaming here and there
Whose flames may never mingle. Here within
Is this self-conscious ME, and there without
Are others like me, who are yet unlike.
I am a world unto myself, and move
In my own orbit, whence I cannot stray!
And all without are distant stars to me,—
Between us wide-jaw'd darkness, hungry night!

"*Ferd.* I know not. There are holy laws which bind
The planets of one family in one.
Systems and suns are link'd together thus,
And all to God. It may be that one pulse
Sent from his central heart, runs through the whole,
Threading the chasms with sympathies."

There is in this passage more learning than would easily be suspected; there is a tone about it which leads us to think that the Neo Platonists are not unknown to the poet, and that he has found springing up in his own heart fountains like to those which overflowed in theirs. With one more quotation we shall close our remarks on Stanyan Bigg, and shall then glance briefly at the prospects of poetry among us:—

"Dost thou remember it—that olden time
When the woods whisper'd round us ere the Night
Had loosen'd her dark tresses o'er the world,
And a strange shadowy stillness, like a sleep,
Was settling on the Abbey's swarthy walls?
We had stroll'd from our friends, and stood beneath
The dark and broken arches, lichen-strewn.
We heard their talk far up the slumberous vale;
They seem'd a part of it, but not of us,
For we two were alone, and all the world
Seem'd dim and distant as some Siren-land
Moon-bath'd, and murmuring in an olden dream.
We were alone. I told thee of my love,
And question'd thee of thine. There was a hush
In which my being—present, past, to come—
Englobed itself into a moment's space,
And trembled like a dew-drop on the grass;
A hush so pregnant—such a hungry hush,
That I leapt startled at thy whisper'd 'Yes!'
Thy 'Yes,' my Flora, that one little word
That made me rich as any sun in heaven,
With a whole retinue of courtier worlds
Hanging upon his skirts to catch his smile.
It was as if a broken harp should thrill
Full-string'd and golden in a moment's space,
And give out music to the very winds.
That happy eve!—Dost thou remember it?
Flora. You lordly men live too much in your souls
While we poor maids live wholly in the heart.
You say 'My mind to me a kingdom is;'—
We place the seat of empire otherwhere!
And thinkest thou a moment such as this,
In which a whole life's destiny was pack'd,—
A moment, said I?—Nay, the heart of being,

Destined to colour all my future life,—
A moment from the which my after years,
Like to blood-globules should derive their tone,—
That like the soul of nebulosities,
Trembled with fate, and starry after-life—
Could be forgotten in my waking hours?
Thy words to me were doom, I heard them all;
I answer'd thee, and gave thee love for love:
And thenceforth I was thine in heart and soul!"

The extracts we have made will suffice to justify us in placing this poet high among those who are hereafter to adorn our literary horizon. He has been perhaps less read and certainly less understood than the other three; his faults are the same as theirs, and his powers, as we apprehend, greater; but the rank he is by and bye to take among those "familiar in our mouths as household words" will mainly depend on himself.

He has evidently studied deeply both nature and books, but he must now study the accessaries of poetry—phraseology, and rhythm, and condensation, and dramatic art. Nor do we doubt that his maturer works will warrant the estimate which we have deliberately made of him.

For poetry, it is, as mercantile men say, looking up. With Tennyson as poet laureat, and such men as Arnold, and Owen Meredith, and Smith, and Dobell, and Massey, and Bigg, and Taylor, and Bailey, and many more brightening on and evermore, we need not fear that poetry will become extinct among us, or that its utterances will pass away without effect.

ART. V.—1. *British Game Birds and Wild Fowl.* By BEVERLEY R. MORRIS, Esq., A.B., &c. London: Groombridge and Sons. 1855.

2. *Game Birds and Wild Fowl; their Friends and their Foes.* By A. E. KNOX, M.A., &c. London: Van Voorst. 1850.

3. *The Naturalists' Library.—Birds of Great Britain and Ireland,* Vols. III. & IV; *Game Birds and Gallinaceous Birds.* By SIR WILLIAM JARDINE, Bt., F.R.S.E., &c. London: Highley.

4. *The Naturalist.* Edited by B. R. MORRIS, Esq. Nos. 1 to 51. London: Groombridge and Sons. 1851-1855.

WE have here a wide subject to discuss; one that will take our thoughts far away from the fireside and the study to

wander where the prickly furze puts forth its golden blossoms, and the blue campanula swings its delicate bells in the fresh autumnal gale. On the wide, wild moorland and the heathy hillside; through ferny woodland, and through thorny brake; by loch and glen, and brawling mountain stream; by placid lake, and along the shore, where the rude waves dash and break, and scatter their spray far up the beetling cliffs, tenanted by innumerable wild fowl, that fill the upper air with shrill and piercing cries, responsive to the clang and boom of the boisterous waves below. A scene like that described by Charlotte Smith, at Beachy Head, whose base is lashed by the ever-restless ocean:—

"Those inmates of the chalky cliffs, that soar
The sides precipitous, with shrill harsh cry,
Their white wings glancing in the level beams,
The terns, and gulls, and tarrocks, seek their food,
And the rough hollows echo to the voice
Of the grey choughs and ever restless daws,
With clamours not unlike the chiding hounds."

Such are the scenes that we have, in fancy at least, to look upon; and such are the sounds that must for awhile fill our ears; not always, however, wild and dark and turbulant; not always harsh and discordant. Sometimes we shall press the velvet sward of the noble park, where the feathery fern waves free, and old ancestral trees cast shadows broad and deep far into the sea of golden sunshine; there the stillness will be only broken by the soft coo of the dove, the chatter of the jay, or the sudden whirr of the pheasant's wings, as it rises from the neighbouring thicket, and flies across the glade, in all the glittering splendour of its gold and russet plumes. Sometimes we shall linger by the flowery dingle, or the hedgerow bank, and see the speckled partridge lead her young brood forth into the clover patch, or corn-field, to hunt amid the green stalks for beetles and wire-worms, and such like "delicacies of the season." Sometimes amid the stillness and solitude of its mountain home, we shall mark the black-cock spread its glossy wings, or the red grouse bask amid the heather, as yet unscared by dog and gun; or, (rare sight!) perchance, catch a glimpse of that monarch of game birds, the capercailzie, in his now almost deserted home, amid the pine woods of Scotland, and,

"Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
Where the grouse lead their coveys through the heather to feed,
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed."

No great illustrated work, that we are aware of, had, previous to the issue of Mr. Morris's magnificent volume, appeared, of which the Game Birds and Wild Fowl of the British Islands were the exclusive subjects; hence it may well be presumed that this work will be warmly welcomed, both by the sportsman and the scientific naturalist, to whom it especially commends itself, alike by the beauty and truthfulness of its illustrations, and the correctness of the information which it contains. The author is evidently himself a thoroughly practical field naturalist, an enthusiastic lover of nature, and a close observer of the *Feræ naturæ* which he here so well describes; and not only so, but also a careful recorder of facts collected by others, and a diligent student of that particular kind of lore which relates to natural history, from the writings of Aristotle and Pliny, down to those of Yarrel, Macgillivray, Jesse, Thompson, &c. with all the intermediate and contemporary contributers to the store of knowledge which we possess on the conformation, habits, haunts, and of the various members of the great world of animated nature.

We have associated with this, the most beautiful and complete work on the subject with which we are acquainted, the fresh and vigorous chapters of Knox, the Sussex sportsman and naturalist (pity it is that the two characters are not always associated as in him;) four volumes of "the Naturalist's Library" by that accomplished scholar Sir William Jardine; and a periodical, blending pleasantly in its character the scientific and the popular, in which we find many new and interesting facts and particulars relating to birds of the *rasorial, grallatorial* and *natatorial* orders, which include all those species known as Feathered Game and Wild or Water Fowl, and are the especial objects of pursuit to the votary of the dog and gun. Many other authorities we might have cited, such as White of Selborne, "Rusticus" of Godalming, Waterton, F. O. Morris, *et hoc genus omnes*, with Daniel Johnson, and such like authors, great on game, and learned in sporting lore; but the above are amply sufficient for our purpose, which is to give just a brief and popular *resumé* of the best and most recent information, as to the natural habits, haunts, and appearance of the Game Birds and Wild Fowls included in the British *fauna*. Our subject naturally resolves itself into two heads or divisions, the members of which are quite distinct, in the modes of life, plumage, and general conformation. We will therefore take first, those usually called

Game Birds.

And let us at the outset enquire what is meant by the term "Game?" It appears to come from an Icelandic root, *gaman*, a jest or sport, and, as applied to living creatures, signifies, according to Johnson, "animals pursued in the field, or appropriated to legal sportsmen." When the ancients speak of "Game," they most commonly allude, not to the timid and retiring pheasant or woodcock, quail or partridge, or other creatures which invariably seeks safety in flight; but to the fierce and powerful denizens of the forest and the desert, such as the tawny lion, the gaunt wolf, the tiger, and the bear. The sportsmen of old were "mighty hunters before the Lord," true descendants of Nimrod; and such are they in many countries to this day, "bagging," like Gordon Cumming, their hippopotami and elephants, and other such "small deer." There is something manly, too, in this kind of "sport;" and in the destruction of the more fierce and rapacious animals, a great service is rendered to man. But it irks us much to read of the indiscriminate slaughter of meek and harmless creatures, that might be domesticated and rendered useful, or that, at least, were not injurious, and therefore might be allowed to roam their native wilds in unmolested enjoyment of the life which their Creator gave them. If their flesh, or their skins, or other portions of their frames, are required for the sustenance or clothing of man, or any other purpose of utility, slay them by all means; they were given for our use; but do not make "sport" of their agony; do not unnecessarily wound or destroy them. This is cruelty, which is contrary alike to the word of Divine revelation, and the natural feelings of the enlightened human heart. Against this we would lift up our voice, whether it is exercised in the wilds of Africa, or in the Game preserves of England, whose crowded denizens are sometimes surrounded by a circle of flaming tubes, which shower death and destruction among them, until they fall by hundreds and thousands, bleeding and mutilated by the hands of sportsmen, (?) who are too idle, or too effeminate, even to secure their game, or load or carry their guns, these offices being performed by liveried menials. And this is "sport!" Say rather butchery! for by this name only can we designate the "battue," such as Mr. Knox tells us took place on a well known manor of Norfolk a few years since, when upwards of two thousand head of game were killed in the course of four days' shooting. Bah! The

Oakleigh Shooting Code says, that "it is the rarity and difficulty of attainment of a bird, that renders the acquisition of it desirable to the true sportsman." Therefore such idle and wholesale slaughterers stand condemned by their own recognized laws; clearly, *they* are not true sportsmen.

But we have wandered from the question, "What is Game?" What are the animals included under this general term, and which have been the subject of legislation in this country from the Norman conquest to the present time? The last general statute which relates thereto, was enacted in the second year of the reign of William IV.; and it repealed twenty-four acts, no less than eight of which were passed in the reign of George III. Strictly speaking, the term "Game" only includes hares, pheasants, partridges, grouse, moor game, black game, and bustards. Snipes, quails, landrails, woodcocks, and conies, although not exactly game, are yet to a certain degree protected as such; no uncertificated person may kill or take them. The proprietor of an enclosed piece of ground, his tenant, or servant, may take woodcocks, snipes, and rabbits, in nets or snares.

The Game Laws of this country have ever been fruitful sources of crime and misery, as, had we time and space at command, it would be no difficult task to prove. But—

> "See from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
> And mounts exulting on triumphant wings.
> Short is his joy, he feels the fiery wound,
> Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
> Oh! what avail his glossy varying dyes,
> His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes;
> The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
> His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold."

It is thus that Pope introduces us to that gorgeous bird, the common or Colchian pheasant, whose scientific name is *Phasianus Colchicus*, so called, say the learned, because it originally came from the banks of the river Phasis, now termed Rion or Rioni, which ran through the ancient Colchis, in Asia Minor. The origin of the specific and generic names is thus accounted for, whether correctly or not we pause not to enquire, neither need we trouble ourselves to ask, whether this splendid bird, now so generally distributed throughout the whole of the Asiatic continent, aud found also in most parts of Europe, was originally confined to the particular country and district indicated by its name; the latter theory we may observe, *en passant*, is

scarcely reconcilable with its known hardiness and readiness to multiply in almost any climate.

Daniels, in his "Rural Sports," states, that the common pheasant was introduced into Europe 1250 years before the Christian era. The earliest English writer who mentions the bird is Echard, in his "History of England," date 1299; its market price was then 4*d.*; in 1512 we we find its value increased to 15½*d*; about fifty years previous to this latter date, Archbishop Neville made a great feast, of which two hundred pheasants formed a part; this reminds us of the luxurious repasts of the ancients, with whom, for a time, this bird bore the palm on account of its novelty and expense. Heliogobalus, in his ostentation, is said to have fed his lions with pheasant's flesh: right royal fare for the imperial brutes.

Scarcely is it necessary for us to attempt a lengthened description of the splendid and changeful hues which adorn the plumage of the male pheasant; most of our readers must be sufficiently familiar with its appearance; it is beautifully represented in Mr. Morris's work, with the little brown hen, in her prettily waved and mottled dress, crouched in the long grass beneath. There he stands before us, truly arrayed, "like Solomon in all his glory," the king of the English preserves.

"Splendid his form; his eyes of flaming gold
Two fiery rings of living scarlet hold;
His arching neck a varying beauty shows,
Now rich with azure, now with emerald glows;
His swelling breast with glossy purple shines,
Chesnut his back, and waved with ebon lines,
To his broad wings gay lines their radiance lend,
His mail-clad legs two knightly spurs defend."

We could not resist the temptation to quote these lines from Sir William Jardine's volume, although we have already given those of Pope, which well describe the noble bird in its death agonies. Will our readers pardon us if we append to these an original sonnet, which the beauty of the subject has tempted us to perpetrate?

"Bird of resplendent plumes, that lovest to take
Thy pleasure in the brown October woods,
Amid the feathery fern and tangled brake,
Where seldom foot of wayfarer intrudes—
Shy haunter of the leafy solitudes,
That with thy sober-suited mate dost dwell
In alleys green, where silence ever broods,
Till startled by the sharp report—thy knell!

Bright Asian bird, who brought thee hither, say,
From where the Phasis laves its yellow sands:
Was't he who bore the golden fleece away,
And led the argonauts to distant lands?
No golden fleece than thou more bright, I ween,
Lighting the sombre woods with iridescent sheen."

The pheasant is naturally an exceedingly shy and timid bird; and although ever since its introduction into this country largely indebted for its preservation to the watchful care of man, there is no instance on record, we believe, in which it has been perfectly tamed or domesticated: even when the eggs are hatched, as they frequently are, under a common hen, the chicks, or "poults" as they are called, will, as soon as they can fly and obtain their own food, betake themselves to the copse and thicket, to lead the wild free life they so much prefer. The favourite resort of the pheasant is, according to Mr. Morris—

"The thick bushy underwood, composed of small shrubs, bramble bushes, long coarse grass, and other wild plants, which is often met with through the whole of small woods and coppices, and in the outskirts of larger woods, or in those which have been cut down and the brushwood allowed to grow as it would. In such situations the pheasant remains quiet and concealed during the day time; but at sunset and sunrise it leaves this seclusion for the more open feeding-ground. It is singular that on these occasions it never walks, but, we believe, invariably runs from the cover to the place where it is accustomed to feed."

In spring and summer the pheasant feeds chiefly upon various kinds of roots, succulent plants, and all kinds of insects, of which it destroys immense numbers, thereby compensating for the mischief which it sometimes does to the crops of grain and pulse. In autumn and winter it feeds much upon acorns, hazel nuts, beech mast, hips and haws, and other fruits and seeds. It is very fond of buckwheat, which is often sown or placed in some spot in or near to the preserve, for its sustenance; beans, pease, oats, and barley are also given to it, with boiled potatoes and cabbages. The young birds are wholely insectivorous, and cannot be reared by a common fowl without a good supply of ants' eggs, or gentles (that is, maggots of the blow-fly). Many kinds of farinacious and vegetable food may be given to them, when they are partly grown, but the more insects they can have the better, at all times. Those who may wish to know more about the breeding, rearing, and preserving these birds, will find much good practical information on

this subject in the work by Mr. Knox, named at the head of our article.

The hen pheasant lays from twelve to fifteen eggs, smaller than those of the domestic fowl, and of a delicate olive colour; the nest is very inartificial, being composed of dry grass and leaves; it is usually placed in a clump of thick brush or underwood, or on a tuft of long coarse grass, generally in woods, but sometimes in clover or corn fields, or beneath banks near to woods; in these situations they are much exposed to danger from furred and feathered enemies, as well as poachers, who find no difficulty in disposing of the eggs at a good price. The time of incubation is about twenty-six days, and the hatching period from the end of May to the beginning of July: the young are under the mother's protection until August or September, when they begin to assume the adult plumage, which is completed in October; the shortness of the spurs is then the only, or chief distinctive mark of juvenility. The season for pheasant shooting is from the first of October to that of February. In sporting parlance, two of these birds are a brace, and three a leash. The brood is called "ni," "nid," or "nide," from *nidus*, a nest.

A curious circumstance connected with the natural history of the pheasant is, that the female sometimes assumes the plumage of the male, and when this is the case it is advisable to destroy her, as she is incapable of performing the maternal functions, and is generally fierce and mischievous, frequently destroying the eggs of the other birds, and tearing the young in pieces like a hawk. Yarrell, in his "British Birds," says, that such unsexed hens may be known by "their partial want of brilliancy of tint; the golden-hue feathers on the breast generally want the contrast of the broad, dark, velvet-like margin; the legs and feet retaining their smaller and more female character, and are without spurs." Another indication would be the smallness of size, and the absence of the short husky crow which distinguishes the cock, and which is seldom heard except at the breeding season. Usually, in going to roost on the larch, or some other tree whose branches project at right angles from the trunk, the male pheasant makes a noise which is called "cocketting," and which he repeats several times; the hen bird utters one shrill cry and then ceases. These are like notes of invitation to the watching poachers, who, thus informed, know exactly where to pitch upon their birds; indeed, the peculiar habits of this species of game afford greater facilities

for its capture by the midnight depredator, than those of almost any other, while its great size and value renders it especially tempting to the needy and dissolute. The general weight of the male bird is about two pounds and a half; it has been known to weigh as much as four pounds and a half.

The white ring which is observable around the necks of many of these birds, which are called on that account "ringed pheasants," does not appear to indicate a difference of species, although Temminck and some other authorities consider otherwise. Most modern ornithologists agree in looking upon this ring as but a mark of variety; in some particular districts it prevails to a very great extent, in others it is rarely seen; and the birds which have it, and those which have it not, breed together freely. It is the same with the pied and pure white pheasants, which are not uncommon.

Instances are recorded of the common pheasant having paired with the black grouse, guinea fowl, and even the turkey; a cross with the domestic fowl is by no means unfrequent; but the hybrid offspring is always unproductive.

There is no other member of the magnificent genus *Phasianidcs*, which can properly be called a British bird, although some others are known to us, and even breed in this country; such, for instance, as the Gold and Silver Pheasants of China (*P. pictus* and *P. nycthemerus* of Linnæus). A later introduction is the Horned or Impeyan Pheasant of the Himalayan mountains of India (*Lophophorus Impeyanus*); but these foreigners do not come within the scope of our present subject, which is confined to our own naturalised bird, which Mary Howett addresses thus:—

> "Oh! beautiful bird, in thy stately pride
> Thou wast made in a waste of flowers to hide,
> And to fling to the sun the glorious hues
> Of thy rainbow gold, thy greens and blues!
> Yes, beautiful pheasant, the birch-wood bowers,
> Rich many-formed leaves, bright tinted flowers,
> Broad masses of shade, and the sunshine free,
> In thy gorgeous beauty are meet for thee!"

Grouse.

At the head of this division of Game Birds, must be placed the Capercailzie, or Cock-of-the-Woods, called by Linnæus, *Tetrao urogallus*, the generic term meaning a bustard, and the specific being a compound of *urus*, a buffalo, and *gallus*,

a cock. The ancient Britains, to whom this magnificent bird appears to have been well known, called it *Ceiliog coed.* In the vast forests which formerly covered much of the land both of Great Britain and Ireland, it reigned lord paramount over the feathered tribes, by virtue of its large size and great strength only, for it is by no means a fierce or quarrelsome bird. "The Capercailzie" says Mr. Knox, "is essentially a forester. He shuns the open plain, and covets such a limited range as could be provided by any artificial plantation for which the heaths and commons of the southern parts of England might be adapted, while in the pine woods and extensive tracts of the Highland forests he can yet find space to roam comparatively at large." It is in the northern and wooded parts of our island then that we must look for the Wood Grouse, as it is sometimes called; and even there we shall but rarely catch a glimpse of its dark glossy plumes, or hear its peculiar cry. Indeed, until recently, the species had become extinct in our island: as the inhabitants increased, and the ground was cleared of timber, it gradually diminished in numbers, until about 1780, when the last recorded specimen was shot at Inverness. From the sister kingdom it had disappeared twenty years previous to this date: the woods of Tipperary being the latest spot about which it lingered. The first attempt to reintroduce this noble bird into Britain was made about the beginning of 1828, by Lord Fyfe; this experiment, although not altogether successful, was sufficiently so to induce another Scottish nobleman, the Marquis of Bredalbane, to renew the attempt in 1838 and 1839, during which years he procured as many as fifty-four adult birds, of which two-thirds were females, from Norway. Mr. Morris quotes a curious and interesting journal kept by Sir Fowell Buxton's Irish gamekeeper, who went to Sweden, to take charge of the birds collected by Mr. Lloyd, author of "Field Sports of Norway and Sweden," and bring them to Taymouth Castle, the seat of the noble marquis. The larch and pine woods about this mansion are now tenanted by the descendants of those birds. The hills of Drummond, Kenmore, and Croftmorraig, are mentioned by Mr. Knox, as their especial places of resort. Several, he says, migrate every season down to Strath Tay, Blair Athol, Dunkeld, and the woods about Crieff. So that the truly noble enterprize undertaken by Lord Breadalbane, has been crowned with success; and the king of game birds may be said to be restored to his hereditary dominions. The sportsman, who visits the northern moors and hills, and woods wherein the tall pines

stretch away on every side like shapely columns, and the lighter leafed larches whisper to the passing gale, may, when he shows his feathered spoils, and recounts his adventures, tell how

> "From the pines high top brought down
> The giant grouse, while boastful he displayed
> His breast of varying green, and crowed and clapped
> His glossy wings,"

as Gisborne has it, no doubt alluding to the capercailzie, as some authors call this bird. All through the forests of northern Europe, the great Cock-of-the-Woods is to be found, somewhat plentifully; the male bird sometimes measures as much as three feet in length, and weighs fifteen pounds; the prevailing colours of its plumage, which does not attain its full perfection until the third year, are brown, black, and grey, beautifully shaded and tinged with a rich glossy green and gold; over the eyes is a distinct arch of vermillion; the bill is of a brown colour, stout, strong, and of a comical shape; the legs are very thick and strong, and covered with brownish grey feathers; the toes and claws are black. The hen bird is considerably smaller, with plain brown plumage, having black crescent-shaped markings. These birds feed much upon the young shoots and cones of the pine, the catkins of the birch and larch, the berries of the juniper and those of other plants.

Like the pheasant and most other gallinaceous birds, the capercailzie is polygamous; early in the month of February the splendid cock may be seen perched on the top of some lofty tree, with his neck outstretched, the feathers of his head erected like a crest, his tail expanded, and his wings drooping to his feet, uttering his love call, which resembles *pelur, pelur, pelur,* interrupted every now and then with a deep *quck,* which sounds like a chuckle far down in the throat. It is answered by the hens within hearing, with a cry like the croak of a raven, or rather thus—*gock, gock, gock!* and for some time the woods are rife with these unmelodious sounds; they then cease; the female commences her work of incubation, and the male skulks away, as if ashamed of himself, to hide in the leafy covert, and renew his plumage, which soon begins to look dull and ragged; the two sexes consort not again until the next breeding season, on the hen devolves all the trouble of hatching and rearing her young, her rude nest is placed on the ground, in some quiet and secluded situation; and there on her eggs, from six to twelve in number, of a pale reddish brown, spotted over with two shades

of deeper colour, she sits her appointed twenty-nine days, and then leads forth her chicks, which run as soon as they are hatched, and remain under her maternal care until the approach of winter, when they leave her and begin housekeeping for themselves.

The capercailzie, although shy and timid, is not generally a difficult bird to shoot; its large size renders it an easy mark, and it may, especially when uttering its love call, or "play," as it is termed, be easily approached if due caution is used. It occasionally breeds with the more common species of grouse, called black game, producing a hybrid called *Tetrao medias*, thought by some authorities to be a distinct species.

The only other British representative of the genus *Tetrao* is the black grouse, or black game, the male of which is sometimes called the black cock, and the female the grey hen. This is the *Tetrao tetrix* of Linnæus, the origin of which name does not appear evident. It is a natural inhabitant of Britain, and may be found in many parts thereof, in the south as well as in the north, although it is more plentiful, and indeed can only be called abundant, in the latter portion of the island, where the traveller may say, with Burns, at Kenmore, Taymouth, &c.—

> "Admiring nature in her wildest grace,
> These northern scenes with weary feet I trace,
> O'er many a winding dale, and peaceful steep,
> The abode of covey'd grouse and timid sheep."

The habits of the black grouse, as Mr. Morris tells us, "being less arboreal than those of the capercailzie, lead it to select such parts of wild and sub-Alpine country as are naturally covered with a thick brushwood of alder, birch, hazel, and willow, along with the rank and luxuriant herbage, such as fern, reeds, rushes, and coarse grass, which is commonly found in such situations. Such districts as the above are commonly well supplied with marshy and boggy ground, which appears to have special attractions for the black grouse." If to these we add wild and sequestered woody glens, not uncommon in such untamed districts, we shall be able to form a correct idea of the usual resorts of this fine bird.

The legal time for shooting black game is, in England, from the 1st of September to the 1st of December; in Scotland, from the 20th of August to the 10th of December; and it is in that

> "Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,"

when the corn stands ripe and ready for the sickle in our valleys, and on our upland slopes, that there takes place the great annual rush of southrons over the Scottish border; and the moors and mountains of "The land of brown heath and shaggy wood," are invaded by an army of eager sportsmen, intent upon filling their game-bags, and proving that they have steady arms, and quick eyes. In the rocky glen, through which the

> "Whimpling burnie flows,
> Where the black cock sweetest sips it,
> And the latest fairy trips it."

there are they who lately dwelt in the gilded saloons of Belgravia, lounged in opera or club-house, or in the halls of legislature uttered words which ruled the destinies of a great nation, content now to rest beneath the shelter of a Highland shieling, on a bed of fragrant heather, and to accept of such coarse fare as the situation affords. Noble lord, and most noble marquess, becomes for the nonce, hail fellow well met with the private gentleman, and even the banker's clerk; and works and eats (how he does eat!) like a common man. Over the rough ground he goes (no carriage wanted now) from sunrise to sunset, feeling more strong, and fresh, and vigorous at every step; and ten to one but you may hear him break out every now and then in a song, shockingly loud and ungenteel in tone, something like that in Waverly—

> "Its up Glenburchan's braes I gaed,
> And o'er the bent of Killiebraid,
> And many a weary cast I made,
> To crickle the moor-fowls tail.
>
> "If up a bonny black cock should spring,
> To whistle him down wi' a slug in his wing,
> And strap him on to my lunzie string,,
> Right seldom would I fail."

But on the pleasures and amenities of grouse shooting we must no longer dwell, else might we take our readers to many wild and romantic scenes, and relate many wonderful exploits of sportsmen, aided by the well-trained dog, and beautifully finished instrument of death, of which the world-renowned Joe Manton claims the invention or improvement. "It is a somewhat curious circumstance," says Mr. Morris, "that the black grouse alone of all our game birds, not even excepting the noble capercailzie, should have been selected as worthy of the honour of being considered ROYAL

GAME; and whenever warrants are issued to kill game in the New Forest, the black cock is always excepted, along with the red and fallow deer." In sporting language, you are said to "spring," or "raise," grouse; you find a "brood" of grouse; you kill a "brace," or "leash," of black game; and when a number congregate together, as the males do in autumn, and the females also sometimes, although in distinct bodies, they are said to "pack." The immature birds are called "poults;" they resemble the female in plumage until after the autumnal moult; that is, they are of a brownish grey, barred and mottled with black. The weight of the grey hen is about two pounds; that of the black cock about four pounds. The plumage of the latter is a fine glossy black, having on the upper parts a rich purple tinge; the secondary wing feathers are tipped with white, which forms a bar across the wings when closed; there is also a patch of white about the scapulars, and one of bright red, as in the capercailzie, over the eye; the tail is large, and much forked, curving backward on either side like the flukes of an anchor; the legs are stout and strong, like those of all the grouse family; the tarsi are feathered anterially and laterally, but the insides and the toes are naked, and hereby is this bird distinguished from the red grouse, and the ptarmigan, which, from the peculiar nature of their feet, being entirely covered with thick short plumage, have been placed by naturalists in a separate genus, called *Lagopus*, from λάγος a hare, and πους a foot. *Lagopus Scoticus* is the most commonly used scientific name for the red grouse, red game, moor cock, gor cock, as it is variously called; over the border they say muir fowl; but why it should be called *Scoticus*, we cannot imagine, being found all over the British Islands, as well as in Ireland, where the black game has not obtained or preserved a footing. Mr. Morris suggests *Britannicus*, as the more accurate specific name, and as this is exclusively a British bird, nothing would seem to be more appropriate. This is *the* grouse, *par excellence*, the most delicate, and finest flavoured, of all feathered game, as many think; it weighs generally about twenty ounces, sometimes as much as thirty. When full grown, the plumage of the cock is a rich sienna brown, beautifully waved, mottled, and shaded with lighter tints; the throat assumes a coppery hue, the belly deepens into black, or nearly so; the tail is not forked like that of the black cock, it is much shorter; the feathers are very dark brown, barred and edged with red; it has the same rough scarlet spot over each eye as the other members

of the grouse family; and the legs are pure white, offering a strange contrast to the rest of the plumage. The female is smaller, of a paler colour, and has the scarlet spot less distinct. Various berries, heath tops, and other mountain and moorland plants, form the common food of the red grouse; when cultivated lands are near to its haunts, it will sometimes visit the stacks or cornfields, and make the unwilling farmer contribute to its maintenance. It is not a shy bird, except in districts where it has been much molested, and then it becomes most wary and difficult to approach; lying concealed amid the dark brown moss and heath, with which the colour of its plumage harmonizes well, it is not easily discovered, except by the sharp nose of the pointer.

Unlike the species previously described, these birds are strictly monogamous; they pair early in the spring; the nest formed of straw, dried grass, or leaves, is placed in some hollow under a heath tuft or low bush; the eggs, from ten to fourteen in number, are of a dingy white, spotted with brown; they are exposed to the attacks of many enemies, and often destroyed, although the old birds will defend them with great courage. The hooded crow, according to Mr. Knox, is the greatest depredator of the grouse's nest. Eagles, falcons, hawks, and owls also assist the sportsman's gun and the poacher's net, in keeping down the stock of this beautiful and highly prized bird, which we must now leave to speak of the Ptarmigan, or White Grouse.

This is the *Lagopus vulgaris* of Fleming and several other naturalists; by some it has been called *L. mutus*, from the remarkable change which takes place in the colour of its plumage, in accordance with the variations of the seasons. In summer, as Mr. Knox tells us, "it presents a mixture of black, yellow, white, and grey, exactly resembling the colour of the mossy lichen-covered rocks and stones where it lies concealed; and which, becoming gradually whiter as the season advances, at last nearly assimilates itself to the snows of winter." Thus the bird is often able to elude the pursuit of its natural enemies, as well as of man. The snow-covered peaks and bare rocks, far above the heathery region inhabited by its congener, the red grouse, are the principal haunts of the ptarmigan: and he must be an ardent and a hardy sportsman who endures the toils, and overcomes the difficulties of penetrating those alpine solitudes, where perhaps no other living creature is to be seen, except the mighty eagle, whose scream alone breaks the awful silence; or the grey hare, whose furry mantle undergoes a seasonable change

of colour, analogous to that of the plumage of the bird. Do our readers recollect those fine stanzas by "Delta" to a "Wounded Ptarmigan," which originally appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine?" Most graphically therein are the haunts of the shy wild creature described. We would fain quote the whole poem, but must be content with a single stanza.

"Sweet to all the summer time,
But how sweeter far to thee,
Sitting in thy home sublime,
High o'er cloudland's boundless sea;
Or if morn, by July drest,
Steeped the hill-tops in vermillion,
Or the sunset made the west
E'en like glory's own pavilion;
While were fixed thine ardent eyes on
Realms outspread in blooming mirth,
Bounded but by the horizon
Belting heaven and earth."

Such then is the ptarmigan, once, as Pennant asserts, a dweller amid the hills of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and some other parts of England, but not now to be found at all south of the Grampians. The farther north you go among the Highlands, the more plentiful does it become: it is also found in the Hebrides and other of the Scottish isles. It does not exist in Ireland; and although once known in Wales, has not been seen there for at least half a century. It inhabits most alpine regions of both the European and American continents, feeding on the tops of such plants as are to be found in those wild and desolate situations, and probably insects. "As a bird for the table," says Mr. Morris, "it is much inferior to the red grouse, like which, it is monogamous, and to a certain extent gregarious. The packs break up early in the spring, when pairing takes place, and the couples distribute themselves in situations suitable for their purposes." Macgillivray describes the cry of the bird as similar to the croak of a frog; others have compared it to the harsh note of the missel thrush. The hen makes a very rude kind of nest of a few twigs, or bits of grass and sedge; it is not easily found, being placed under some stone, or tuft of coarse mountain grass or heath; the eggs are yellowish or greenish white, blotched and spotted with dark brown; they vary in number from eight to fourteen. The young run about as soon

as they leave the shell, and are extremely quick and clever at hiding themselves when disturbed.

The ptarmigan has never been known to breed in confinement; it pines for the freedom of the hills, and soon dies. Its size and weight are somewhat less than those of the red grouse. In the white winter dress the male and female can scarcely be distinguished, nor is there much difference in the summer or intermediate plumage.

There is a bird called the rock ptarmigan (by naturalists *P. rupestris*,) which it appears likely is identical with this species in one of its varieties of costume: and this brings us to the end of the grouse family.

We have now to speak of the partridge *(Perdix cinerea)* —the best known, and, perhaps, most esteemed of British Game Birds—than which none is more widely and generally distributed throughout England; none more frequently brought into contact with man, and yet none more truly and essentially *fera naturâ*. A wild, shy creature, that never can be domesticated—and yet one sees it, or hears of it, continually—we say never, for the instances in which it has been induced to become at all tame and familiar are so few, in proportion to the attempts that have been made to reclaim the bird from its wild state, that they can scarcely be cited, but as rare exceptions to a general rule. We believe that it has been known, in one or two instances, to breed in confinement; and this, after all, is the grand test of thorough domestication. And yet the partridge, so wild and shy in its nature, selects for its haunts the most highly cultivated parts of the country, and seems to increase in exact proportion to the care and attention bestowed on the tillage of the soil. This is a curious circumstance, and one we believe without parallel in the history of any of the animals indigenous to our islands as the partridge is. Wherever cover is to be found, and but moderate protection is afforded, there will this highly-valued bird increase and multiply; and, as Mr. Morris observes, it only wants "fair play" to do so to almost any desired extent. But fair play it is not likely to get, while it is in such high request as an article of luxurious diet; its destruction, both legal and illegal, will go on at a rate that must keep down its numbers, however prolific and hardy the bird may be. The flesh of no Game Bird is so delicate and free from the strong and peculiar flavour, to which many object, as that of the partridge, hence its universal relish and estimation. According to the ancient couplet, it is but one point short of perfection.

"If the partridge had the woodcock's thigh,
'Twould be the best bird that e'er did fly."

We scarcely, however, think we should relish this delicacy, if served up in the way recommended by the old pastoral poet, William Brown :—

"Pheasant and partridge into jelly turned,
Grated with gold seven times refined and burned,
And dust of orient pearl."

Perhaps, like Dominico, the harlequin to Louis XIV., we should prefer the gold to the flesh of the bird, however delicious might be its flavour. That astute court fool was, we are told, once at supper with his royal master, and fixed his eyes so intently upon a dish of partridges, that the king, with whom he was a great favourite, said to the attendants, "Give that dish to Dominico;"—"And the partridges too, sire?" was the artful question. "And the partridges too," responded the monarch. It is added, that *the dish was of gold*. But we must not pause amid these gustative associations, curious and amusing as they might be to many of our readers, else might we cull many a passage from the elder English dramatists, and others, to show that the gusto for this kind of game is no new thing, either in this or other countries; such passages, for instance, as this from Ben Jonson's "Staple of News :"—

"Fetch me a pheasant, or a brace of partridges,
From good wife poulterer, for my lady's supper: "

or the modest demand of Prigg, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Beggar's Bush "—

"I must have my capons
And turkies brought me in with my green geese,
And ducklings in the season; fine fat chickens;
And if you chance where an eye of tame pheasants
Or partridges are kept; see they be thine."

All this takes us away from the clover field, and the barley stubble, the turnip or potatoe patch, the vetches or standing corn, from amid which the stealthy, sure-scented dog most frequently turns up the started covey, with the well known *whirr-r-r-r-r*, so pleasant to the sportsman's ears; or where may be heard the call-note, "tezick, tezick," to which he listens with no less pleasure and interest, as described by Gisborne :—

"As when the gunner on his stubbly way,
Pausing his arms afresh to prime, suspends
The lifted flask, and his exploring ear
Turns if perchance the long-lost partridge calls."

In the poetry of Burns, and other Scottish writers, we find a name given to the bird which sounds strange in southern ears—

"And mourn ye whirring paitrich brood."

In the reign of Charles I. there was introduced into this country a bird called the Guernsey, French, or red-legged partridge *(Perdix rubra)*; it is a larger and more powerful bird than the common grey species, and also more handsome, on account of the bright red colour of its beak and legs, and more decided contrasts offered by the various tints of its plumage; its flesh, however, is very inferior to that of the common kind; it is extremely wild, runs rapidly, and takes wing with reluctance, and is therefore more difficult to shoot, on which account it is generally speaking no favourite with sportsmen, the more especially as it has been found that on those manors where it has obtained a footing its grey and more valuable congener gradually disappears.

Somewhat like this bird in appearance, having the red legs and bill, and plumage generally of the same colours, although easily distinguished from it, when brought into comparison, by certain distinctive markings, is the Barbary, or rock partridge *(Perdix petrosa)*, whose claims to be considered a British bird rest upon two specimens only, both females, taken in this country: they were most likely stragglers from a far-away shore, or the produce of eggs introduced accidentally with those of other species.

The Virginian partridge, or Colin, sometimes called the American quail, concludes our list of the members of the partridge group, which is distinguished by the generic term, *Perdix*, not always, however, applied to this bird, which Macgillivray calls *Ortyx Virginiana*; by Linnæus it was placed in the grouse family, and called *Tetrao Virginianus*. Several attempts have been made to naturalize this pretty species, which seems to form an intermediate link between the quail and the partridge, but without much success, although the reason of the want of it is not very apparent. Its habits are much like those of the partridges, which are all strictly monogamous birds, male and female once having paired, keeping together till "death doth them part." They all feed much on insects, and therefore are good friends to the farmer, notwithstanding their liking for grain and cereal crops. Some are more arboreal than others, but generally their mode of roosting at night is peculiar, the whole covey squatting in a circle in an open part of a stubble field, with

their tails in the centre, and their heads turned outwards, so that there are watchful eyes looking out on every side. These, however, are not always sufficient to guard them from the night prowling fox, or the human poacher, or other enemy.

The quail *(Coturnix vulgaris.)* It is a disputed point with naturalists whether this bird is the veritable quail of Holy Scripture or not; certain it is, that it is a migratory species, and that it is found in vast flocks in many parts of the east, so as to give sufficient ground for the supposition that the children of Israel, in their journey across the desert, might have taken this bird in sufficient numbers to afford them sustenance. Travellers tell us that in Egypt, to this day, at the proper season they are so abundant that the people cannot consume those which they capture in a fresh state, and therefore salt them for future use; and have expressed their conviction, that it needed but such a suitable wind as the Almighty sent, to supply the great Hebrew host with a sufficient number to last for a month. But it is with the quail as a British and sportsman's bird that we have now to do. It seldom visits our island until the end of May, although specimens may be found here all the year round, especially in the southern counties; in the midland districts it is always rare, and more so as we advance northward. It clings pretty much to the low cultivated lands, but may sometimes be found on chalk hills of moderate elevation, especially where barley grows. Its food consists of grain and seeds of various plants, with insects and their larvæ. It is decidedly polygamous, and at the breeding season very fierce and pugnacious. In consequence of this disposition, it has been, and still is in some countries, used as a fighting bird. There is a Greek proverb which runs thus: "as quarrelsome as quails in a cage;" and among the ancients quail fighting seems to have been as favourite an amusement as that brutal sport cock-fighting was at one time in this country. There, too, this bird has been celebrated, from time immemorial, for its sweet voice. Athenius, we may remember, notices the song of the quail, which consists of a shrill piping note, like, as Bechstein tells us, *verra-verra,* followed by *pevoice* many times repeated. There is a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Humorous Lieutenant," which has reference to the piping of this bird as a love call:—

"Celia.—Master, my royal Sir! do you hear who calls you?
Love, my Demetrius!

"LEONTEUS.—These are pretty quail pipes;
The cock will crow anon."

The common quail is a pretty little bird, about the size of a lark, but in shape more like a partridge, which it also resembles in the tints of its plumage, and thickness of its legs; it lies very close, and may be easily passed over by the most observant sportsman. When it rises, it does so with a suddenness quite startling to the nerves of a tyro in the use of the gun, and instead of soaring, sweeps along in a straight line with great velocity. Except at the period of migration, a flock of quails, which is called a "bevy," generally consists of about two broods, varying from ten to twenty, or more, in number. Those which leave the country, do so in September, or early in the following month; they generally set out on a moonlight night, and rest, except when journeying across a wide expanse of water, during the day: on the coasts, where they alight in an exhausted state, they are taken, without difficulty, by thousands. It is from France and the Netherlands that our markets are chiefly supplied with these birds, which are found more plentifully in Ireland than in any other part of the United Kingdom. As an article of food their flesh is much esteemed, although some consider it too heating to be quite wholesome. The ancients, it appears, did not use it as a table bird, because, as Pliny tells us, they supposed it fed on hellebore, and poisonous seeds, and was subject to epilepsy.

This is doubtless the ὀρτυξ (*ortyx*) of Aristotle. Buffon calls it *la Caille* and *la Crokiel;* in the ancient British tongue it is called *Sofliar;* with Linnæus, it is *Tetrao coturnix;* and with Gould and some others *Coturnix dactyli sonans.* Many other names, scientific and common, might be cited.

Mr. Morris we see also gives a representation of the Andalusian quail or hemipode, or Gibraltar quail, of which a few specimens have been taken in this country; this is the *Hemipodious tachydromus,* of Gould, literally, perhaps, the half-footed swift runner, nearly allied to the fast-flying hemipode of Australia; a solitary bird, with more distinct markings than the common species.

The Great and Little Bustards—*Otis tarda* and *Otis tetrao.* Once upon a time, as the nursery tales begin, before scientific farming was thought of, and when England possessed wide tracts of open plain, and high breezy downs, unbroken by the plough, uncrossed by the railway line, untunnelled and unscarred by the deep cutting, the great bustard stalked in undisturbed security. A noble bird, in shape

something like a goose, but with longer legs and neck, and altogether a less heavy and anserine appearance; in weight about twenty pounds, in height two feet six or eight inches. Something like a shot that! but not easily brought down; for the bird is quick of sight, and quick of hearing, and the open situations which it frequents, enable it to discern an enemy afar off. It runs with great swiftness, and has a strong bold flight, when it does take wing, which, on account of its weight, it is reluctant to do. In the bustard genus, we have the only European representative of the *Struthionidæ* or ostrich family; and of British bustards there are three, if the occurrence of a single specimen gives the ruffed or Macqueen's bustard *(Otis Macqueenie)* a claim to be admitted into our *fauna;* this latter bird is figured very carefully, and we should think correctly, in "the Naturalist" No. 15, date May, 1852; it is a handsome bird, in length about twenty-three inches, in weight thirty-six ounces. Of about the same size, and not much unlike it in appearance is the little bustard, which only occasionally visits these islands, and generally in the autumn and winter months; its flesh is said to be superior to that of almost any of our Game Birds; its habits appear to resemble those of the great bustard, frequenting the open champaign country, avoiding mountains and woods, and sheltering itself from observation in fields of grain, or other green crops. Its cry resembles the syllables *proot, proot,* chiefly uttered in the night; its gigantic congener is said to *coo* like a pigeon. This latter bird, although once very generally distributed over the English counties, is now almost extinct; the last recorded specimen that was shot, was in Devonshire, on the 31st of December, 1851.—*See* "Naturalist" for February, 1852. From Ireland, Mr. Thompson states that the bird has disappeared long since. Yarrell mentions a pair of these birds as having been sold in London in 1817 or 1818, for the table, at the high price of twelve guineas. An expensive luxury!

The great plover, sometimes called the thick-kneed bustard, or stone curlew, appears to form a connecting link between the bustards and true plovers; it is called by Selby, *Œdicnemus crepitans,* the generic name having reference to the thick, or swelled appearance of the legs about the joints, and the specific name, to the harsh croaking note of the bird, which is migratory with us, arriving in the spring and leaving again in the autumn. It is very generally distributed throughout the English counties, in some of the most southerly and sheltered of which it may occasionally be

found all through the year. Like the bustards, this bird affects chiefly open downs, and dry sandy places: on those of Norfolk it has been found most plentifully, hence it is sometimes called the Norfolk Plover; the common thick-knee, is also one of its English titles. It is a monogamous bird, and pairs early; incubation commencing generally about May; the eggs are but two in number, laid on the bare ground, usually among stones, with the colours of which they so closely assimilate as to escape detection. The prevailing tints of this bird's plumage are much like those of the bustards generally; it has a remarkably prominent eye, encircled by a bright yellow ring; the length of the body may be sixteen or seventeen inches.

We now come to the true plovers and dotterals the *Charadriadæ*, as some naturalists call them, from *charadra*, a furrow or chasm, indicative of their favourite places of resort. The golden green, or yellow plover, is perhaps the commonest species known to us; it is a beautiful bird, and a permanent resident, and much esteemed as a table delicacy. Its Linnæan name is *C. pluvialis*, probably because its high shrill note, which Meyer compares to the syllable *thewee*, has been generally considered to denote rain. The bird is very plentiful in the boggy parts of Ireland, and Thompson remarks that there is "a wild life in its cry, which is quite inspiriting." In Scotland also, it is abundant, and Scott, in his "Lady of the Lake," very appropriately alludes to its shrill note,—

> "And in the plover's shrilly strain,
> The signal whistle's heard again."

Burns, too, speaks of—

> "The soaring lark, the perching redbreast shrill,
> The deep-toned plover grey, wild whistling o'er the hill."

The epithet deep-toned is scarcely, however, that which we should apply to the note of this bird. Our English poet Warton's epithet is better:—

> "From the grey moor, on feeble wing,
> The *screaming* plovers idly spring."

Mr. Morris remarks that, "These plovers have a curious habit when shot at, of throwing themselves suddenly down nearly to the ground; and it is said that if a gunner sees a flock of them high above him, he has only, if he has got a double-barrel gun, to fire one barrel, which will have the effect, very probably, of bringing them within shot of the remaining barrel."

It is chiefly in the winter season that these birds are found in large flocks; they then resort to the lower and more sheltered grounds, and to the sea coast, in search of food, which is chiefly insects, especially of the coleopterous order, worms, the smaller testaceous mollusca, with the fry of the mussel, &c. They breed mostly on the wild moors and mountain sides; the nest is merely a slight hollow in the ground, lined with a few blades of dry grass; the eggs are four in number, of a pale ashy olive colour, blotched and spotted with brownish black.

The Grey or bustard plover of British authors, called by Cuvier, *Squatarola cinerea*, is but an autumn and winter visitor to our island, where it is seldom found later than the month of March. With us it is almost entirely a shore bird, being very rarely found far inland; its note is a loud whistle, or as Thompson says, a double whistle: it is a little larger than the golden plover, being about twelve inches in length, while that bird is seldom more than eleven inches.

The dotterel, the ring dotterel and the little ring dotterel, *(C. morinellus, C. hiaticula,* and *C. minor.)* These birds, which are as commonly called plovers as dotterels, are mostly haunters of the sea shore, and are all remarkable for the beauty of their plumage, and their active habits and lively motions. The first of them appears to come to this country merely for the purpose of incubation; the second is a permanent resident, and tolerably plentiful all around our coasts; of the third, but a single specimen has been taken here, that we are aware of; nine inches and a half, seven and a half, and six and a quarter, may be given as about the respective lengths of these three species.

To make the family group complete, we must add the Kentish plover *(C. Cantianus)*, the first specimen of which was obtained in the county of Kent, between sixty and seventy years ago, since then it has occurred in other English coast counties, and also in Scotland, although but very rarely; the length of body in this bird is about seven inches. Let us conclude our account of this pretty group with a few lines by Charlotte Smith, descriptive of one of those artifices by which the plovers, in common with many other birds, endeavour to lure intruders from their young:—

> "And often from her nest among the swamps
> Where the gemmed sundew grows or fringed buckbean,
> They scare the plover, that with plaintive cries
> Flutters, as wounded, down the wind."

The *Scolopacidæ* is a family of birds of which there are

several British representatives valued by sportsmen; the name comes from *skolops*, a stake sharpened at the end—and is given to them on account of the form of their long bills. They may be generally described as inhabiting moors, heaths, bogs, moist meadows, and marshy places, and seeking their food chiefly in the twilight and night seasons: their food consists, in a great measure, of aquatic insects, which they obtain by thrusting their bills into the soft mud, or "boring," as it is called in sporting language: on account of this habit they have been termed birds of suction.

The woodcock *(Scolopax rusticola,)* although it not unfrequently breeds in this country, is chiefly known as a winter visitant; considerable flocks reach our shores about the end of September, and distribute themselves thence over the inland country. The females are the first to arrive, and they are followed in a few days by the males.

> "The woodcock, she who in Norwegian dells,
> Or birchen glades Lapponian, near the swamp,
> Sucked from the spungy soil the prey, to cheer
> Her russet young; till winter's icy car
> On summer's step close pressing, from his realm
> Warned her,"

says Gisborne; thus indicating the countries from whence these migratory birds come, and the season of their southerly flight. According to Phillips, the early arrival and continued tarriance of these birds in our island, ought to be a subject of general gratulation—

> "The woodcock's early visit, and abode
> For long continuance in our temperate clime,
> Foretells a liberal harvest."

Our old dramatist, Ben Jonson, compares the head and bill of the woodcock to the bowl and stem of a pipe, to which in truth they bear a striking resemblance, and he takes occasion therefrom to give a sly hit at tobacco-smokers. In "Every Man in his Humour," we find the passage—

> "*Fasted.*—Will your ladyship take any?
> *Sarrolina.*—O peace, I pray thee! I love not
> The breath of a woodcock's head.
> *Fas.*—Meaning my head, lady?
> *Sar.*—Not altogether so, sir; but as it were fatal
> To their follies that think to grace themselves with
> Taking tobacco, when they want better entertainment;
> You see your pipe bears the true form of a woodcock's head.
> *Fas.*—O rare similitude!"

Besides the more regular and sportsman-like way of shoot-

ing woodcocks, they are often taken in snares and gins; and were, so we may suppose, in Beaumont and Fletcher's time, for in their play of "Wit without Money," they make Isabella allude to the practice,

"Oh Cupid!
What pretty gins thou hast to *halter* woodcocks!"

Mr. Knox, we see, gives a detailed account of the mode of setting one of these hanging gins, as set up by an old poacher, and a spirited illustration of the bird so caught by the neck. The colours of the woodcock's plumage are generally sober and subdued, like those of the partridge, but their general harmony, and the grace and delicacy of the pencillings, render it as beautiful a bird as it is a highly valued one for the table; seldom does it weigh more than twelve ounces, and yet a brace will commonly fetch six or seven shillings. Ireland is the grand shooting ground for woodcocks, that is as far as Great Britain is concerned; and there also will the snipe shooter meet with the largest measure of success.

Of snipes we have as many as five distinct species, of which we can give little more than a bare enumeration. 1st. There is the great solitary or double snipe—the *Ysnid* of the Welch, the *Scolopax major* of Linnæus—which is but a straggling visitor to these islands from high northern latitudes; this bird weighs seven or eight ounces. 2nd. The common snipe, or heather bleater *(S. gallinago,)* a bird well known to every English sportsman, who is often foiled in his aim by its zigzag flight: it is partly an immigrant, and partly a permanent resident, and may be found in almost any part of the country where there are moist and marshy places; its general weight is four or five ounces. 3rd. The Jack snipe or judcock, not above half the size of the last; a bird strange and peculiar, having altogether the air of "a character;" it is less common than the last species, but by no means rare; it is chiefly a winter visitant only. 4th. The brown, red-breasted, or grey snipe, sometimes called the brown long beak *(S. grisea,)* an extremely rare bird, and difficult to obtain; it appears to be only an accidental straggler on our shores; weight, a little over three ounces. 5th. Sabine's, or the black snipe, distinguished from all the other species by the absence of white or ferruginous yellow in its plumage; very rare: about the some size as the last. Thus ends the list of British snipes, and with it that of the birds generally preserved and considered as "Game."

In Gisborne's "Walks in a Forest," from which we have already made two or three extracts, we find a few lines so characteristic of one of the genus *scolopax*, that we are constrained to give it.

> "The snipe flies screaming from the marshy verge,
> And towers in airy circles o'er the wood,
> Still heard at intervals; and oft returns
> And stoops, as bent to alight; then wheels
> With sudden fear, and screams and stoops again,
> Her favourite glade reluctant to forsake."

Wild or Water Fowl.

On this second division of our subject we have left ourselves no space to speak at all fully, and must therefore briefly epitomise, while we would gladly dilate; for there is, perhaps, no more interesting order of birds than the fifth or natatorial order, of which the *Anatidæ*, comprising the ducks, geese, and swans, form a large group, which derive their main sustenance from the waters, and near which they are generally found. Excepting those of them which have been reclaimed and domesticated, they are with us winter visitants only, so that the opportunities of observing their habits and characteristics have been comparatively limited; nevertheless, a large amount of information on this head has been furnished by modern naturalists; and in the works before us we find much that is fresh and of especial interest, far more, indeed, than we can attempt to set before our readers in the very briefest manner. We shall, therefore, merely give a list of the British wild fowl, with just a few leading particulars relating to them, and refer those who may desire fuller information to the works themselves.

First, in point of size, if not of importance, of the innumerable flocks of wild fowl which annually visit our shores, are those of the genus *Cygnus*. And of these migratory swans there appear to be four distinct species, whose marks of distinction are by no means obvious, except to the scientific naturalist; the plumage of all is alike white: it is in the bill and head, and structure of the trachea, that the marks of specific variation must be looked for.

The hooper, elk, or whistling swan, called by Linnæus *Anas ferus*, by Ray *Cygnus ferus*, and by Beckstein *Cygnus musicus*, is *the* wild swan of Britain, *par excellence*; it is remarkable for its cry, a frequently-repeated loud-sounding "hoop," which, heard at a distance, is said to be by no means unmusical. This bird, when swimming, carries its

long straight neck, not elegantly arched like the tame or mute swan, generally called by naturalists *Cygnus olor*, about which there is such a halo of poetry and romance, that one can scarcely bring oneself to speak in a dry matter-of-fact manner of its history and habits. It is, in truth, a beautiful and magnificent bird.

"The snowy swan, that like a fleecy cloud,
Sails o'er the crystal of reflected heaven,
(Some waveless stream;) while through her reedy wings
The zephyr makes such distant melody,
That up we gaze upon the twilight stars,
And think it is the spheral music."

Whose lines are these? We forget, if we ever knew. They are worthy of a place beside Wordsworth's exquisite description of the bird, with which, of course, our readers are acquainted. The following lines, by James Edmeston, may perhaps be new to them.

"Queen of the silent Lake,
Gliding majestic in thy liquid court,
Deep in the shadowy brake
Where the imagined water-nymphs resort:
Where foxgloves hang their bells,
And oaken bowers their branches intertwine,
And solitude in leafy covert dwells—
That sanctuary, snowy queen, is thine.
Few violate thy state. The timid deer
May drink the pure wave as he trots along;
The forest-loving birds may hover near;
The nightingale may pour her stream of song;
Yet, queen acknowledged, on thy glassy throne,
Thou reign'st in quiet majesty alone."

But we must not linger with the poets, or the *cantus cygni morientis* will be sounding in our ears, and a whole host of them, of every age and every clime, from Virgil down to Tennyson, will be filling our imagination with beautiful fancies, and charming our sense of hearing with sweet numbers. Our talk is of wild birds, and therefore we will pass on to Bewick's swan (*C. Bewikii*), and the Polish swan (*C. immutabilis*), the latter of which is a rare species with us, and derives the specific name, given to it by Yarrell, from the circumstance, that the young birds are not grey, as with the other swans, but the same colour as the adults, consequently they are "changeless" as to the tint of the plumage. This bird is nearly as large as the tame kind, which weighs from twenty-five to thirty pounds; Bewick's is much smaller, weighing about eleven or twelve pounds; when swimming it

carries itself much like a goose; it visits Britain less frequently than the Hooper, but in Ireland is more commonly met with than that bird. All the swans appear to be monogamous; their food consists of a variety of grasses, aquatic plants, seeds and roots. Their eggs are two in number, of a brownish white colour, placed in a nest near the water, composed of sedge, grass, and rushes: incubation is said to occupy six weeks. Large and heavy as these birds are, they can fly great distances; in their flight they arrange themselves in a wedge form, like the wild geese, of which we must now speak.

Of birds of the genus *Anser*—Wild Geese as they are indiscriminately called—there are ten distinct species known as British birds. From their far-away homes, on the Arctic shores and lakes, they are annually driven by the severity of the weather, and in their southward flight rest for awhile, if they do not make it the final limit of their travels, amid the comparatively sheltered bays and estuaries, river banks and marshy grounds, of these islands; there they may be found, mingled with swans and ducks, *et hoc genus omne*, gliding and diving, flying and whirling, and performing their graceful evolutions, in larger or smaller numbers, according as the winter season is more or less rigorous and protracted.

The honour of founding our present race of domestic geese seems to rest between, or rather to be shared by, the grey-lag goose *(Anser ferus)*, and the white-fronted goose *(A. albifrons.)* The first of these, although called the common wild goose, is, in fact, one of the most uncommon, if not the rarest, of any of our anserine visitors, Its plumage is chiefly brown and grey, with some white on the underneath parts behind; its white-topped beak is a dull flesh colour, as are also the legs. This bird sometimes builds its nest on the shores of islands common in our northern lakes; it is extremely shy and watchful, and therefore difficult to shoot. The second named of the above species, which is sometimes called the tortoise-shell goose, from the peculiar markings on the breast and belly, is by no means rare in Britain; it is a very remarkable bird as to appearance, having a light pink bill, and the front part of the head to near the eye perfectly white, the rest of the head being a deep brown: it is considerably the larger bird of the two.

The bean goose (*A. segetum*), and the pink-footed, or short-billed goose (*A. brachyrhynchus*), are so much alike in appearance, that only an instructed eye could detect the

difference; with them the plumage is brown and grey, with an admixture of white, much like that of the grey-lag, with which the first of them has commonly been confounded, although the white-tipped beak of that bird offers an obvious mark of distinction. With us the bean goose is, perhaps, the commonest of its tribe; the pink-footed is less known, although that is by no means rare. Both these species breed in the Scottish isles, and do much mischief by feeding on the tender blades of the winter wheat and young clover.

The Bernicle, or Barnacle goose, (*A. leucopsis*), respecting whose origin many strange stories have been told, which we have not space to repeat, comes from very high northern latitudes, and visits us only when the weather is very severe; it is a remarkably handsome bird, although black and white, with their intermediate gradations, are all its colours, except just here and there a little tinge of red.

The Brent, Brand, Ware, or Horra goose, is not nearly so handsome, the dusky plumage being but little relieved by white. Its generic name, *A. torquatus*, is borne out by the light colour which divides the black head from the equally dark breast: this is more decidedly a maritime bird than any of our geese, being seldom found inland; this, too, is sometimes called the barnacle, and has been confounded with the bird to which that name more properly belongs.

The red-breasted goose (*A. ruficollis*) is a very peculiarly marked species, having the breast, and sides of the head, of a rich fulvous brown, curiously margined with lines of white, which look as if put on with a brush, so even are they. This is a very rare species. Not so rare is the Egyptian goose (*A. Ægyptacus*), said to be the *Vulpanser*, or fox goose, of the ancients, so called on account of its wariness and cunning. This is a beautifully marked bird, having the secondaries of its wings of a changing green; the upper part of the body is a rich chestnut brown; the lower part, with the neck and head, a delicate cream colour, variously shaded. Being easily tamed, and breeding in confinement, it has been introduced, as an ornamental bird, into many of our parks, and other private grounds, from whence they have sometimes strayed into the neighbouring country, and been shot as wild birds, making it appear that the species is more abundant than it really is.

The spur-winged, or Gamba goose (*A. Gambiensis*) is an African bird, of which but a single specimen has occurred in this country; it has an orange-red bill and feet; the plum-

age, though chiefly black and white, is resplendently bronzed and glossed with a brilliant changing green.

The Canada, or cravat goose (*A. Canadensis*), sometimes called the Canada swan. This bird weighs from ten to twelve, and sometimes fourteen pounds, a heavy weight for a pair of wings to bear all the way from the extremest north of the American continent. It is only as an occasional straggler, however, that it visits our island, where, like the Egyptian goose, it is sometimes kept in a semi-domesticated state; the second of the above names was given to it on account of the singular white band which extends under the throat, being broad at the bottom, and gradually narrowing until it nearly meets at the top. Black and white, studded with brown, are the colours of this bird's plumage. And here ends our catalogue of Geese:—

> "Quill-bearing geese, a blessing on your fens,
> Rearing, unconscious, earth's best harvest—*pens!*"

We now come to the Wild Ducks, under which common appellation are included about twenty-eight British species, many of them remarkable for the beauty of their plumage; all of them presenting in their natural history some curious and interesting points, on which we should be pleased to dwell did our space permit; as it is, we must briefly pass them in review before us. First let us introduce the common and ruddy shieldrakes (*Tadorna bellonii* and *T. rutila,*) the latter a very rare and handsome bird, in size and form much like a goose. The prevailing tint of the plumage is a fine orange yellow; the tail and larger wing feathers are black, glossed with green; round the neck passes a distinct black band, like a collar, hence it is sometimes called the collared duck; the common species is a well known maritime bird, valued more for its beauty than as an article of food; it is a permanent resident with us, and widely distributed: it has a scarlet bill, black head, white neck, orange breast, the rest of the body is principally white, with black, green, orange, and brown variations.

The shoveller, or broadbill (*Anas clypeuta,*) is a resplendant bird, although so sadly disfigured by its ugly bill; it is by no means common with us, although widely distributed. Transatlantic epicures value its flesh very highly. It is small for a duck, weighing about a pound and a half. Of much the same size is the noisy gadwall (*A. strepera,*) a very rare bird in this country, whose plumage, if it present not such strong contrasts of colour, is yet perhaps more elegant, and

certainly more pleasing, because harmonious. A shy, timid bird this, active and agile in its movements, not easy to be got at, so let it pass; and call on the pin-tail or lady duck (*A. acuta,*) that sits on the water so gracefully, and has such a soft, silky, brown head, and delicate mottled grey back, and white neck and breast; with the hinder wing feathers, black edged with white, drooping like sprays from the birch tree, into the water; there is a patch of green and another of vermillion on the side of the wing, and a green beak that looks like varnished japan ware. The sea pheasant, a name sometimes applied to this bird, must refer to the hen, whose plumage is not unlike that of the female pheasant. Any of our readers who may visit St. James's Park may see this most elegant of ducks in its proper and natural element. As a wild fowl it is not uncommon with us, being found chiefly on the south coast. Equally rich in the colours of its plumage, although by no means so graceful in its form and motions, is the bimaculated duck (*A. bimaculatus,*) a very rare species, of whose habits but little appears to be known.

We now come to the mallard (*A. boschus,*) *the* wild duck; the undoubted progenitor of the common domesticated kind; and a handsome fellow he is, with his burnished green head, white collar, brown coppery breast, and all the rest, even to the two little curled up feathers in the tail. This is one of the ducks best known to the sportsman and shooter on the coast. The others are the teal (*A. crecca,*) the wigeon (*A. penelope,*) the pintail (before described,) the polchard (*Fuligula rufina,*) the scaup duck (*F. marila,*) the tufted duck (*F. cristata,*) and the golden eye (*clangula vulgaris.*) "The first four of these," says Mr. Knox, "belong to the typical division of the ducks; their habits are to a certain degree terrestrial, and their powers of flight very great. The other four belong to the oceanic division, and they prefer the sea to either lakes or rivers, except when driven in by severity of weather."

Of the vast flocks of Wild Fowl which are known, at certain seasons, to congregate amid the Fens of Lincolnshire, the mallard, the teal, and wigeon, with the polchard, perhaps the most esteemed as a table delicacy, are the prevailing species, at least they form the bulk of those taken in the decoys. Some notion of the extraordinary productiveness of the fens in this article of consumption, may be formed from the fact recorded by Pennant, that in one season 31,200 ducks were sent by ten of them to the London market. We

should, however, have rather spoken in the past than the present tense, for since the partial draining of the fens these once-celebrated decoys have yielded a much less abundant supply.

But we may be reminded that our promised catalogue of British wild ducks is yet incomplete. Well, be it so; we must stop somewhere short of the end of the list, this is clear—"for the cry is still they come."—Scoters, in velvet plumage; harlequins and golden-eyes; eider ducks, suggestive of down pillows; whistling ducks and king ducks, tufted and long-tailed; and that most exquisitely beautiful of all the genus *anser*, the summer duck. On they come in vast flights and shoals. Who shall number them? Who describe their peculiar beauties, habits, and qualities; point out their specific differences, relative affinities, distinctive characteristics? Knox may do it in a general, picturesque, and most pleasing manner; Jardine may be learned and scientific; the various contributors to "The Naturalist" may each furnish his quota of information upon some particular species; and Morris may gather up the results of his own and others' observations, and present his lucid arrangement of facts, accompanied by such life-like illustrations of the birds described, that as we sit here, surrounded by them, we can almost fancy we hear the flapping of innumerable wings, and the various cries of the different species, each endowed with a language of its own—oftentimes strange, and wild, and discordant to human ears; but musical and full of meaning to those ears for which it is intended. Hundreds of miles have we sped, in fancy, since we commenced this paper. Strange and varied scenes have we looked upon; and it has been to us a source of inexpressible delight, and of no little instruction to trace out but a few, a very few, and in the faintest outline, of the phases of bird life presented to us in these works. And what are they but transcripts, perfect as human power can make them, of the glorious works of the Almighty Creator. Surely, then, we have not done amiss to occupy so large a space in a periodical devoted to the discussion of grave and religious subjects, in attempting to render more facile and attractive, the study of one branch of natural history. Such has been our aim and intent. Have we failed? Let our readers judge.

ART. VI.—*Hints on the Necessity of a well-grounded Study of Philosophy for Theologians, Ministers of Religion, and Professors of Ethics.* By the CHEVALIER DE SCHLER. Translated by the Rev. R. D. HARRIS, M.A., Blackheath. 1855.

IT is with unusual satisfaction that we recommend to the attentive perusal of our readers, and more particularly those to whom it is specially addressed, this little brochure, which, though comprised in the narrow compass of twenty-three pages, contains a rich mine of practical wisdom. The author, though a German, is evidently an earnest believer in Revelation, and no follower of Strauss, or any other of the propounders of the German pseudo-philosophy, that "*Ψευδωνόμος γνώσις*" with which the *burschen* of their endless universities and *hoch schulen* have been so crammed of late years. No! the philosophy herein advocated is the true philosophy, the חכמה and בינה of the royal sage, whose wisdom was immediately derived from Divine inspiration. The philosophy of a living and operating faith, without which there can be no true belief, but religion, under whatever denomination, degenerates into blind superstition, or unreasoning fanaticism. But we will let the Chevalier speak for himself, and quote his exordium, thus deducing his advocacy of "Divine Philosophy" from the beginning.

"The great mischief which the new Platonic and scholastic teachers had occasioned in theology, makes it easy to understand how, about the time of the Reformation, everything that bore the name of philosophy had fallen into disrepute in the theological world. Luther himself had an unfavourable estimate of philosophy; and this was quite enough to enlist against it, in an equal degree, the greater part of his followers. And even though, at a later period, several very worthy divines, especially those of the Wolfian school, brought philosophy again into some credit by a discreet union of it with theology, yet the circumstance, that all those who in more recent times rejected and ridiculed everything that is sacred to Christianity, and even to humanity;—all, in a word, who mocked at religion and virtue, arrogated to themselves the distinctive appellation of philosophers;—this circumstance, I say, had a natural tendency to excite distrust, and even horror, in the minds of that great mass who, from of old, have been accustomed to regard names rather than things. And yet I express it as my conviction, that the ignoble and irreligious lives of a large proportion of the men of this age, including not a few among the clerical

profession, arises out of an absolute neglect of, or, what is even worse, a superficial study of philosophy; and that nothing but a deeper and more thorough study of it, can rectify the position of religion, and of its guardians, the clergy."

Here our author seems to us to grapple with the true question, as to what ought to be the true qualifications for a preacher of the Gospel, in these days of almost universal scepticism. It appears, to our view, that secular education is, in the present day, making rapid strides in advance of theological education, and that men now no longer look up to the clergy as to their superiors in knowledge. And why? Simply because the clergyman is not philosophically educated. He is not, in fact, educated for his peculiar office. It is true that most clergymen are well instructed in the language of the New Testament; but how many are there who are *well* taught in that of the Old Testament,—the לשון הקדש "the holy tongue,"—and its cognate dialects, the Arabic and Aramaic; and yet these half-educated men are looked up to as the authorised expounders of Scripture, relying as they do, like the unlearned, upon a bald, and often erroneous, translation. For a theologian to reason philosophically upon the Scripture, he must be able to read and understand the Scripture. But we return to our author.—

"But in what way shall the theologian arrive at a fundamental and systematic knowledge of the transcendental truths which constitute his peculiar field of action? Assuredly in no other way than by an intimate acquaintance with that science, which, alone, of all sciences, has simply and solely for its object the searching out, and bringing to view, of the connection between the sensuous and super-sensuous. 'But (it may be said) the Christian theologian is after all the teacher of a positive religion, and as such he may be supposed to have quite enough to employ him in studying his Bible so as to understand it thoroughly.' I answer that, undoubtedly, all historical, exegetical, and other positive branches of knowledge are indispensable to him, since without them the eternal truths of the reason cannot be brought to bear upon the best interests of humanity, in the appointed way in which this was done by the Divine Founder of Christianity and his disciples,"

And how, we ask, is the exegesis of the Hebrew Scriptures to be philosophically carried out, without a competent knowledge of those languages which immediately bear upon it? All true "Divine" philosophy arose, as the sun rises, in the east (מקדם); and it is in those ancient eastern tongues that its exposition is to be sought. Yet to very few indeed of the clergy is Brian Walton's "Polyglott" anything but a

sealed book; and as for the learned Hebrew commentators on the law and the prophets, they are scarcely known to them, even by name. Yet of incalculable value are the commentaries of Rashi (Rabbi Solomon ben Isaac) and Abarbanel, both manifesting a profound knowledge of oriental manners and literature; nor are Maimonides (Moses ben Maimon), and R. David Kimchi, with Abraham Aben Ezra, by any means to be despised as careful exegetical expounders of the Holy-books. Yet how, almost entirely, has this most important, and, indeed, necessary branch of theological learning been neglected by the Church in these latter days. Nevertheless, is not this a Divine command, promulgated by no less a person than the Divine Saviour himself,—"Search the Scriptures?" And is the mere reading over and meditating on a translation, published for the benefit of the unlearned, to be considered as a fulfilment of this command by the ordained instructors of God's people? We cannot think so, Ερευνᾶτε τὰς γραφὰς. This command as delivered by the incarnate God-man to the authorised teachers of the Jewish people, was evidently, from the context, an exhortation to a philosophical exegesis of the most sublime and mysterious portions of Holy Writ, the Hagiographa, or כתובים*, not the Law and the Prophets, in which the Pharisees were well versed also, but those books on their knowledge of which they more particularly plumed themselves, and out of which they sought to confute the infidel tenets of the Sadducees; for it is in those books only of the Old Testament that the doctrine of the immortality of the human soul is promulgated. Therefore, said the Saviour, addressing the unbelieving Pharisees, "Search the Scriptures, 'Τὰς γραφὰς' (a literal translation of כתובים), for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of *me*."

"But," continues our author, "can those positive branches of knowledge supply the lack of philosophical ideas, deeply impressed, carefully tested, and distinctly comprehended, according to their essential and eternal connexion? Oh? never for a moment! What other than this can give solidity and support to all the positive attainments of the minister of religion? What else can lead him into this only right path to the object of his pursuit, and, what

* The Hebrew Scriptures are divided by the Jews into three grand divisions: the Law, the Prophets, and the Scriptures. The latter division, known by Christians as the Hagiographa, was no doubt what our Saviour here alluded to; in another text of the New Testament this portion is called the Psalms, Luke xxiv. 44.

is more, uphold him in the same? Without this guidance he will (in spite of all his attainments) be in danger every moment of deviating at one time into superstition and fanaticism, at another into the opposite error of unbelief; and no man is more exposed than he to the ignominious lot of becoming, like a weathercock, a sport to the changeable winds of prejudice, appearance, and novelty. Firm, unchangeable conviction, on the part of the teacher of religion, can exist only in a philosophically educated mind."

With this dictum of the enlightened German we fully coincide, the more so as we have long been convinced that none but a philosophically educated intellect is capable of grappling with those practical and philosophical books of Holy Writ, which are comprised in that portion, which we consider as having been thus emphatically alluded to as the Scriptures, by our Saviour in the text above quoted.* And which from the profound philosophical truths enveloped in their poetical phraseology, are the most imperfectly rendered into the languages of the west, of all the sacred writings; and that in exact proportion to their relative importance, the Psalms, being of all the books of the Bible the worst translated. We do not here mean to impute to the author of the brochure before us, our own ideas on the necessity for a thorough knowledge of the Shemetic branch of the Oriental languages, to a Christian theologian, such a desideratum does not seem to enter into "his philosophy." But however philosophically the mind of the theologian may be educated, we cannot perceive by what process he is to arrive at a *philosophical exigesis* of Holy Scriptures, unless his mind be prepared by a critical knowledge of the Holy tongue, to eliminate and comprehend the recondite philosophy of those wonderful and mysterious writings. But to return to our author:—

"As regards this dogmatic teaching of religion, founded on revelation, it is only on principles of reason that it is possible to give a definite form to the conception either of positive religious doctrine, or of the revelation on which it has to rest; it is only on such principles that it is practicable to investigate the possibility of a revelation, and to assign the conditions of its necessity; in a word, it is only thus that the distinctive marks of it, or the conditions of its justice and truth can be made comprehensible. The philosophic doctrine of religion must of necessity lie at the basis of

* The Ketuvim (כתובים) or Hagiographa comprise the following books. The Psalms, Proverbs, Job, Daniel, Ezra, Nehemiah, and the Chronicles. With the five Rolls (חמש מגילות) to wit, the Song of Songs, Ruth, Lamentations, Ecclesiastes, and Esther.

a revealed religion, provided the latter is to have any moral tendency and efficacy. It is not enough that, before I can acknowledge anything as divinely revealed, I must first be convinced, through my reason, of the fact of God's existence and perfections; (for how can I establish the being of the Godhead from revelation, since the existence of a supernatural revelation, presupposes the existence of God?) it is also necessary that all doctrines of pretended revelation should be tested according to the ideas which the practical reason developes concerning the exalted perfection and holy will of God, the destiny of man, and other matters of the earth; for whatever does not harmonize with these ideas cannot possibly be true, cannot possibly have been revealed from God. Moreover, the whole use to be made of a revealed system of religious doctrine must be conformable to the principles of moral sense in man, and must be directed to moral ends. Nothing but the observance of this rule can preserve the believers in revelation from fanaticism, proselytism, intolerance, and similar errors into which all are sure to run, whose minds have not been enlightened as to the essence of all religion; and as to the objects which are to be obtained by means of it."

It is lamentably certain that among theological professors of the present day, the study of moral philosophy, and the cultivation of a philosophical spirit is altogether too much neglected, while the spirit of proselytism, and the anathematization of all who presume to incline to opinions divergent from their narrow views, seems with them to constitute the essential elements of the religion of Him, whose peculiar mission was declared by the angels to be peace on earth, and goodwill towards men. They appear while they profess to take the Scriptures, especially those of the New Testament, as their sole guide, to pay small reverence to the exhortations of the holy apostles, when they run contrary to their evil propensities; seeming altogether to ignore such precepts as, "Speak not evil one of another brethren. He that speaketh evil of his brother, and judgeth his brother, speaketh evil of the law, and judgeth the law; but if thou judge the law, thou art not a doer of the law, but a judge. There is one lawgiver, who is able to save and to destroy; who art thou that judgeth another."* It is this unphilosophical spirit of bigotry and intolerance which tends more than anything else to render religion unpopular, and to drive the masses from our places of worship. For when they go to church, expecting to receive instruction in the doctrines of the gospel, and the reasonableness of a belief in them, and

* James, iv. 11, 12.

of the practise of the Christian virtues, and are regaled instead with a denunciation of certain errors, or supposed errors, taught by some other teacher or teachers, of the very same denomination of Christians, and *vice versa*, in a neighbouring church on the very next Sunday, what are they to believe? Yet such is much of the popular preaching of the day, it flatters the Pharasaical spirit of those whose religion consists in, "thanking God that they are not as other men, ... or even as this publican."* Old ladies, too, whose natural element is scandal, and gloating over the faults of their neighbours, flock in crowds to listen to the dear man, who is such an eloquent denouncer of false doctrines and abominable heresies. But do the people care for these things? Is the gospel thus preached to the poor? Let any one enter our fashionable churches and chapels, and a glance around at the congregation will furnish a sufficient answer to this most important question. No! we fearlessly assert that nothing so much tends to the rapid spread of infidelity, and its converse Popery, among the mass of our population, as the unphilosophical spirit of this controversial preaching so prevalent in the present day. And for this we see no remedy but in the enlightenment of our theological students, by the cultivation of philosophy, and the power of philosophical reasoning, as an essential branch of their training for the all-important office of the ministry.

"Never," says our author, "at any time has the habit of deep philosophical investigation been more necessary to the teacher of religion and ethics than it is in the present day. Much that was formerly held as certain and as thoroughly established, is now called in question or simply denied; and much which formerly had the authority of fundamental truth is now accepted only so far as it can be established on satisfactory principles. Never, moreover, was there a greater difference of opinions respecting truth and error, even where the principles of all truth are concerned; and never has there been a greater diversity than now prevails in the ways of realising religious objects. How can the teacher assert the dignity of his calling if he have not raised himself by philosophy to such a position as shall enable him to take a comprehensive view of each and all of these diversified opinions, and to appreciate them according to their real worth, partly in respect to their truth or falsehood, partly in reference to their beneficial or injurious effects? How can he treat each person according to the necessities of each? how can he guide the wanderer? how raise up the fallen? how supply to each, who stands in need of counsel and assistance, the means whereby his faith in the holy and the supercensuous

* Luke, xviii. 11, 12.

may be strengthened? or his mind, sickening in superstition and fanaticism, may be healed? or his zeal, too often waxing cold, may be kindled into piety? How can the teacher accomplish all this if he do not realise in all its distinctness the one thing which is necessary to humanity, and to which all other must be referred; and if he do not possess, in addition to this, a thorough acquaintance, formed on the soundest philosophical principles, with human nature in its sensational and moral aspects, in its strength and in its weakness, in its perfections and in its deficiencies, if he do not understand the act of presenting to each as true that which he feels to be the truth, and as erroneous that which he regards as error, and doing this with convincing clearness; if he have not learned to seek out in each individual that starting-point from which he may set forth along with him, in order to extricate him from his erroneous and practically pernicious opinions, and conduct him to truthful and elevating ideas?"

קנה חכמה קנה בינה ("Get wisdom, get understanding.")* These are the words of the wise king of Israel, and we take them to be nothing less than an exhortation to the cultivation of true philosophy, which is throughout the sacred writings inculcated under the name of בינה (Beenah), rendered in the Septuagint φρόνησις, which word has been thus defined—"Propriæ est virtus rationalis potentiæ, preparatrix eorum quæ ad beatitudinem conferunt."† If this be not a definition of divine philosophy we no not where to seek for one; and we have quoted it to shew that under the names of חכמה "wisdom," and בינה, "understanding," (prudentia, intelligentia, sapientia) we are exhorted in the Holy Scriptures to a philosophical cultivation of our minds; and if all men are thus commanded, how much more necessarily so all those who aspire to the dignity of "masters in Israel," and pastors of Christ's flock. But it is not only in Holy Scripture that we find the necessity for this philosophical training of the Christian disciple, so much neglected in the present day, inculcated; but we can scarcely cast our eyes around our study walls, without their falling upon some well-known, though now perhaps esteemed obsolete, authority for the same. Thus Hutcheson, "Philosophiæ Moralis Institutio," Lib. I., cap. 6, de Animi Cultura:—

"Sedulo etiam discendum est, quid homines simus, quos Deus esse velit, quod munus, quam personam, communem aut cuique propriam, imposuit; ut Deum sequamur, et naturam, unicum ad vitam beatam ducem. Intrandum est in naturam humanam; aliorum

* Prov. iv. 5.
† Hederici Lexicon à Morell. Londini, 1825.

etiam indoles, agendi principia, et consilia, perspicienda; ne deteriora fingamus aliorum ingenia, quam recta monstrabit ratio. His enim perspectis, præcidentur plurimi motus animi tetrici et maligni, ira, odium, et invidia; fovebitur humanitas, commiseratio, placabilitas denique omnis et clementia." *

We now turn to another little work,† in which the necessity for the study of moral philosophy is inculcated under the name of "*Prudenza,*" which word is thus explained by Italian lexicographers, "*Scienza del bene, e del male, che dispone a ben guidicare le cose da farsi, o da fuggirsi.*" "The science or knowledge of good and evil; which disposes us to the right judgment of what is to be done, or to be avoided." The author thus commences the 14th chapter:—

"Prudence (Philosophy) must be looked upon as that virtue which has a perfect judgment of all things, and which uses so just a discrimination of them, that she causes us to recognise those which are good and those which are evil, and also those which are indifferent—that is, which in themselves possess neither evil nor good qualities. 'Prudentia,' says S. Augustin, 'is the knowledge of things good, and evil, and indifferent.' ‡ Therefore we cannot better designate her, than by saying that she is the eye of the mind,‖ which causes her to see what things she may love, and what things she is bound to hate, and what things they are which deserve neither her love nor her aversion: also, that she is the light and torch which should light our steps, to conduct us to that which is good, and to warn us away from that which is evil." . . And again; "Wherefore S. Augustin, who knew better than all others the nature and property of true virtue; and who has given us its individual characteristics; has not contented himself with saying of wisdom (*prudenza*) that she is understanding (*una cognizione,*) and has not thought it sufficient to have represented her as a light which causes us to discern all that is good and evil; but represents her also to us as a wise love, which knows perfectly how to distinguish those things which serve to bring man near to God, from those which might estrange him from Him.

* "We should sedulously learn to know what we men are, whom God has willed to be, what nature, what personal quality, common to all or proper to each one, he has assigned to us, that we may follow God and nature, the only guide to a happy life. We must enter into human nature that we may fully understand the disposition of other men, their principles of action, and the reasons thereof; that we may not think worse of the natures of other men than right reason shall demonstrate. For these things being fully understood, many fierce and malignant passions of the mind, anger, hatred, and envy will be pruned away; humanity, pity, and, finally, all gentleness and clemency will be nourished."

† La Regola De 'Costunin contro le false massime della Morale Mondana. 12mo. Napoli, 1764.

‡ "Est rerum bonarum, et malarum, et neutrarum scientia." l. 83. St. Basil. Hom. in princip. Prov.

'Prudence is the love which perfectly discerns those things by which one is assisted in drawing near to God, from those by which he may be impeded."*

Thus we may perceive, that in times which did not pretend to the enlightenment of these days, when the "march of intellect" is so loudly trumpeted, a philosophic cultivation of the reasoning faculties was by no means undervalued, as the means of attaining to the great truths, so all-important to man's well-being here and hereafter. But to return to the opusculum of our Chevalier.

"Without dwelling on the consideration, that in an age when every body babbles about philosophy, when every body reasons and brings forward objections and doubts, in order to give themselves a certain air of intellectual refinement, a teacher of religion must cut a poor figure if he be unacquainted with philosophy; without noticing the fact, that hereby religion itself must suffer in public esteem. I will just make the remark, that there never was a time when the theologian had a greater need of a clear conviction, such as can only be attained through philosophy—a conviction firmly rooted, capable of enduring every trial—than he has in these days of lukewarmness, of infidelity, and of moral depravity. Whence shall he derive the courage to stand forth as the champion of religion and virtue (both of which he is disposed, in many a desponding hour, to regard as utterly extinct,) if his own faith in the truth of his religion be not immovably fixed; if he be not certain, in his inmost thoughts, that the principles of morality and religion lie far too deep in a reasonable soul to be ever capable of disappearing from the world? There was a time when almost the only contests that arose in the Christian world, were disputes about the interpretation of individual passages of the records of revelation, which were then universally acknowledged to be authentic. At that time exegetical and historical knowledge was, above all others, the most essential to the theologian. But times have altered. The teacher of religion has now to encounter adversaries who direct their attacks, not against this or that passage of the Bible, but against the whole Bible. Yes, and not only against the Bible, but against all religion indiscriminately. Is it so much as possible to effect anything against foes of this sort, save with those weapons with which philosophy furnishes us?"

Assuredly we must give a decided negative to this question. And we will venture to add, that the weapons of philosophy are not only needed to oppose the spread of infidelity, but are equally efficacious in combating error, whatever may be its origin, or the form which it may

* Prudentia est amor bene discernens ea, quibus adjuvatur ad tendendum in Deum, ad iis quibus impediri potest. L. 1. de Mor. Ecc., c. 25.

assume—whether it be that of the pseudo-philosophy of the Encyclopædists, or of that of the more modern Rationalists of Germany; or, on the other extreme, the gross and idolatrous superstitions of Popery—against each and every of these a pure philosophy is available, and has availed to the preservation and consolation of many a noble spirit, among those who in all ages have been valiant for the truth, and who have fought the good fight, bearing testimony to the truth of God's word and holy covenant with his erring and ungrateful creatures, even at the stake. Such an one was the philosophic Italian reformer, Jeronimo Savonarola, in whose works we see the philosophic element admirably brought forward in confirmation of Christian faith; presenting before us the rationale of belief as deducible from the character of God himself, as he has manifested himself to us by his works; and more especially in the work of redemption by his Son Jesus Christ, whose every word and wish are so many proofs of the truth of the doctrine which he taught, and which the true Church of Christ has held fast to through evil report and good report, and which no corruptions or persecutions have been able to wrest from her.

We propose, by a few short extracts from one of the works of the great Italian Reformer, to show the philosophic spirit in which he wrote; and to present our readers, at the same time, an example of philosophical argumentation which fully demonstrates the superiority of a philosophically educated mind. In his work entitled "Triumphus Crucis,"* Savonarola thus argues in demonstrating the existence of God—

"It is certain that all men by the designation of God understand a certain supreme existence, which some men have named the prime mover, others the first cause and first principle of all things; but others the supreme good, or the first truth. Therefore, whether by God, the prime mover (first motive cause) or the first cause, or first principle, or the supreme good, or the first truth, or anything of the kind, it is manifest by philosophical demonstration, that we must acknowledge that there is a God. For we perceive by our senses, that certain things in the world are moved; but every thing that is moved, is of necessity moved by another, since nothing can be at one and the same time the action and the *motive* power, (nihil possit esse simul in actu et in potentia secundem idem;) but as regards moving powers and things moved, we cannot proceed *ad infinitum*, because there would not, then, be anything

"* Hieronymo Savonarolæ Ferrasiensis Triumphus Crucis, Sive De Veritate Fidei." Libri IV. Lugd. Bat. 1633.

giving the first motion, and consequently, neither any other; because secondary motions do not move but by that which was first set in motion. It is therefore necessary to fall back on one prime mover, whom they call God. In like manner, by reason, they (the philosophers) adduce their argument for a first cause. Thus we find in these sensible objects, that there is the law of efficient causes; now it is not found among them—neither is it possible to do so—that anything is its own efficient cause, for then it would be pre-existent to itself, which is impossible: seeing, therefore, that neither in causes such as these can we proceed *in infinitum*, on this account, that second causes do not act but in virtue of first, it becomes necessary to grant some efficient first cause, which all men, by a common consent, call God. Moreover, seeing that in all things something may be discovered more or less good, true, and being; this could not exist in its diversity, except inasmuch as they more or less approach to a certain supreme good, or supreme truth, or supreme being. It behoveth, then, that there must be over all things, some best, truest, and most exalted being, which in the same manner they call God. We see, moreover, that those things which are without judgment work to some end, because always, or most frequently, they operate in the same manner, and attain their ends by due means. Whence it is patent, that they thus proceed, not of design, but by the intention of some directing intellect, which intellect is called God." Cap. VI. pp. 28—30.

He then proceeds to argue the existence of God from the universal consent of mankind in all ages and in all nations, even among the most barbarous and unenlightened of savages, who have all acknowledged some Governor of the universe;" and thus concludes his argument on the being or existence of God—

"Furthermore, because in sudden events the natural habit and inclination of each individual is for the most part made manifest; by this we are able to comprehend that we have naturally implanted within us the recognition of a God; for we see in sudden dangers, that all men, when they perceive themselves deprived of human aid, by a certain natural instinct, not moved thereto by reason, turning to the higher powers, because the effect naturally turns towards its cause. Wherefore it is manifestly patent, that it is implanted in us by nature, that there is some first principle of all things, and Governor of the universe, whom they call God." p. 81.

Having thus philosophically proved the existence of God, he goes on, step by step, to prove his perfection, his goodness, infinite power, ubiquity, immutability, and eternity, and consequently his unity. He then proceeds to man, and the proofs of his immortality. In his Second Book he proceeds with the same chain of argument, to prove that there

must be of necessity some one true religion, and that no religion can by possibility be superior to the Christian religion; and that, therefore, the religion of Christ must be the true faith. We have thought it well to quote these few words from the admirable little book of the Italian reformer, as an instance of the way in which a philosophic mind is enabled, with ease and perspicuity, to enunciate the reasons of its belief. We will now return to the little *brochure* before us.

"It will be scarcely necessary to observe, that all that I have here said respecting the necessity of a well-grounded study of philosophy and especially of the practical part of philosophy—does not by any means hold good only for deeply-learned theologians, or for those teachers of religion who labour in an unusually extended sphere of action, but also for the ordinary teachers of the people; for they, too, ought to have a deep and thoroughly sufficing knowledge of the grounds of the doctrines which they expound to their congregations. What a contemptible being would that preacher be who should endeavour to convince himself, in accordance with his own indolence, that he needs not to know anything further than just what he is required to preach—just so much as can easily be learned from others, or merely repeated in the words of others. Even the most ordinary teachers of the people ought to know accurately the capabilities and necessities of a moral being, as well as the ways and means of labouring for the improvement, the ennobling, and the progressive perfectionating of each. They also require an elevation of soul, and a joyousness of spirit which quails before no impediments, succumbs to no difficulties, is overcome by no resistance, but 'is more than conqueror' in the confidence of its own higher powers. Whence, however, shall they derive this strong courage, and this elevation of soul, unless they draw from the fountain of the most precious and most powerful truths which the understanding opens to each man in his innermost consciousness? Meanwhile the theologian has to be on his guard against certain important errors into which he may easily fall in his study of philosophy. The first is, that of neglecting the attainment of more important branches of knowledge, and such as are more indispensable to his calling, for the sake of restless speculation, and minute hair-splitting, on subjects probably of little importance in themselves. The second error consists in his carrying the study of philosophy so far as to misuse it to the neglect of his official duties; and there is even the danger of his making an utterly perverted use of his philosophical knowledge, by bringing it into the pulpit cloaked in a difficult, obscure, and technical phraseology."

This latter perversion of so necessary a study, which our author somewhat naïvely remarks, "is a great error, and one which gives but too clear an evidence of immaturity of

mind, connected with a childish eagerness to make a display, and to distinguish oneself by apparent depth of thought"— ought certainly not to be cited as an abuse of *philosophical* knowledge, but rather, it seems to us, as an utterly unphilosophical display of mere technical knowledge; and furnishes the best possible argument for the necessity of a truly philosophical cultivation of the intellect. For what, after all, is philosophy, in its true and literal acceptation? What but the love of Wisdom? Then how confound it with babbling folly? Why thus identify philosophy with pseudo-philosophy, the counterfeit with the true? We are sorry to see this want of a clear perception of his subject, in an author who up to this point has reasoned so well; but he here seems to have fallen into a singular aberration, or mystification of his own mind, for he thus proceeds to reason on what he designates this "great error."

"But these are abuses of a thing good in itself, and cannot in the least degree lessen the value of that thing, and of the right and reasonable use of it. Let each theologian, moreover, especially if he be young, take care that he do not draw upon himself the reproach of a vain conceit of his own extraordinary wisdom. It is often the case with young independent thinkers, that they give too free a vent to their delight at the feeling of their own (real or assumed) maturity of intellect, and look down with utter contempt on everything which is, in their eyes, inferior to themselves."

Now it is plain to us that, in these remarks, our author is putting one thing for another, and that the study of true Divine philosophy never was attended with the results here deprecated; on the contrary, it is that study alone which can preserve the ardent and talented youth from the pseudo-philosophy, the φιλοσοφία καὶ κενὴ απάτη denounced by the apostle in his Epistle to the Colossians. No, there is no danger to be apprehended from a disciplining of the mind to true philosophy; but it is dangerous to confound this with the technical philosophical jargon of the schools which, as we remarked in the commencement of this article, has taken such a hold upon the *burschen-gemüthsneiguing* of young Germany; and from which our author, with all his practical wisdom, seems scarcely yet to have entirely shaken himself free; nevertheless, though he still seems to find a difficulty in disentangling his argument from the somewhat unphilosophical *perplexum* into which it had inadvertently floundered; yet he emerges at last from his crooked path, like Christian, after he had led Hopeful into By-path Meadow, where was the deep pit to trap *vain-glorious* fools withal, and

which led them to Doubting Castle, and thus once more leads the way to the Delectable Mountains, where dwell those servants of true philosophy, the shepherds, whose names are Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, and Sincere.

"But only let our incipient philosopher move onwards,—let him not loiter half-way on his journey,—let him not be satisfied with studying philosophy in a merely superficial manner, and only up to a certain point; but let him initiate himself into the truths of it as deeply as he can, and there will soon be an end of this period of contempt for all formulæ,—of this defective, this half-enlightenment, which would fain earn renown by an assault upon all that is positive and long-established. It is very certain, that it was none other than the prevailing superficiality, connected with a high degree of egotism, which some time ago brought about so wide-spread a predominance of all sorts of revolutionary propensities, of all sorts of unhappy and morbid desires for a violent transformation of everything in the religious and political commonwealth. A deep study of philosophy awards to the positive, as well as to the purely rational, its own appropriate value; it assigns to each its own place; and shows how the two are inseparably united, and how they mutually pre-suppose and establish each other. The teacher of religion, who has thought for himself on public worship, church communion, and especial religious ordinances, and withal on those necessities of human nature on which the same are grounded, knows that is only through something or other of a positive character that a church community, or an union of men for mutual exhortation and confirmation of the spirit in morality and religiosity, can exist. So far from endeavouring to undermine the positive, as already in existence, and supported by Divine authority, and thereby destroying, so far as in him lies, that union of men (*ecclesia*, church) which has for its object their advancement in religion and morality, he will endeavour to learn to know it in all its parts, he will strive to penetrate into the spirit of it, and to turn to objects of pure morality, every doctrine, every usage, and, in a word, everything which belongs to the once established positive."

And here, in taking leave of our author, whose little work we have ventured to recommend to the careful and candid perusal of our readers, we are unavoidably led to foresee that some objections may be taken to the great stress which he lays on pure morality, as the end and aim of religious teaching; but we cannot help agreeing with the excellent, though quaint, Christian philosopher, Owen Feltham, that "to render a man perfect, there is requisite both religion and nature: that is, faith and morality."

"But," he continues, "some will tell me there needs but one, Religion comprehends both; and certainly the Christian religion, purely practiced, will do so: for it rectifies and confirms the law of

nature, and purging man from corruption by faith, presents him justified, and a fulfiller of the law, which nature cannot do. Religion more properly respects the service of God; yet takes care of man too. Morality looks most to our conversation with man; yet leaves us not when we come to God and religion. I confess, I understand not why some of our divines have so much cried down morality." —Cent. iii. p. 162.*

And with this citation from an old favourite we shall close our observations on the Chevalier Schler's *brochure*, which seems to us to be merely put forward as a *tentamen*, or feeler, preparatory to a more important work, which, from this specimen, in spite of the little defect in reasoning which we have noticed, we shall hope to see very soon in print, interpreted for the English student by the same able coadjutor, who, while presenting it in a garb of pure nervous English, serves up to the reader the undiluted spirit of the original.

ART. VII.—1. *Recollections of Russia during Thirty-three Years' Residence.* By a GERMAN NOBLEMAN. Revised and Translated, with the Author's Sanction, by LASCELLES WRAXALL. Edinburgh: Constable and Co. 1855.

2. *The War in the East from the year* 1853 *to July*, 1855, *an Historical-Critical Sketch of the Campaign on the Danube, in Asia, and in the Crimea; with a Glance at the probable Contingencies of the next Campaign.* By GENERAL GEORGE KLAPKA, Author of the "Memoirs of the War of Independence in Hungary." London: Chapman and Hall. 1855.

3. *The War.* By W. H. RUSSELL, Esq., Correspondent of the Times Newspaper. London: Bogue. 1855.

PERHAPS nothing has more forcibly brought out the darker shades of Russian statescraft, than her published doctrines of military and political HONOUR. Eagerly did she wish to maintain that honour at the Vienna Conferences—however her opponents might have been goaded into war by her own hands, her dignity was to be respected—no humiliation must befall her in her capacity of a great European Power. Yet this barbarian claimant to the loftiest civism and the highest military supremacy, is guilty of the grossest prevarication at Vienna, of unheard of savagery at Inkermann, of base

* Resolves—Divine, Moral, Political. By Owen Feltham. Folio. London: 1670.

assassination at Hango, attended by the mean gloss of a national lie. She is too cowardly to fight an English fleet, yet displays her paltry pride in destroying her own.

In truth, the Muscovite character remains as it was, when so vividly described by the great traveller Clarke, now fifty years since; nor does it seem probable that any wholesome amelioration can be produced, till she is content to enter the pale of modern European civilization, and disenthrall herself of the serfdom of mediæval feudalism.

The annihilation of the grand southern stronghold of Muscovy is a great *political* feat, because her progression is based upon a succession of defensive posts, each leading to a farther advance. Thus Cronstadt was a stepping-stone to Finland, as the Aland Isles would have soon been to Sweden, Sebastopol to Constantinople, Anapa to Circassia, the Caspian to Western Tartary and the Himalaya, Georgia to Persia, and Persia to India. Her's is the very mathematics of policy. She has first sought for the που στω, and then inserted her lever. It is thus that in the desolation of her mightiest oriental abode, the wild tribes of the Bactrian highlands and the Jaxortes, not less than the servile court of Persia, will see her driven forth stark and naked to the tentless plain, and severed from the comity of civilization by her forfeiture of maritime power. They see, too, her levelled to their own barbaric standard, and simultaneously with the shattered symbol of her sway, is the downfall of her political supremacy in the Oriental world. In the eyes of the East, there is now a power mightier than that of Russia—forthwith the East will worship the rising sun. In this convulsive struggle, our great foe has not scrupled to call in the most distant succours, Bashkirs, Moslem Tartars, Cossacks of the Ural and the Don, the regimented savages of Siberia. And what has England done to meet this gigantic conception of Imperial pride? Absolutely nothing in comparison to her resources. Mistress of the warlike tribes of Western India, the Goorkhas, the martial Sikhs, the Mahrattas, and the population of the whole fringe of the Himalaya from Bhootan to Cashmere, she supinely leaves the struggle to her native sons alone. We scruple not to say that a force of 40,000 hardy troops, able to cope with those of Russia, could soon be embodied within these regions. The observations however, of an experienced military authority,* are so much to the point, that we shall introduce them in this place :—

* An old 52nd in the *Times* of September.

"Acting in concert with our ally the emperor of the French, we ought to arrange that a division of his troops (10,000) chiefly cavalry and artillery, shall meet our contingent in the neighbourhood of Batoum, in May, 1856. Our contingent may consist of three British regiments from the north-west of India, and one from the Cape, and our six regiments of Sikhs, some of which did good service in Burmah. To these might be added a few Indian cavalry, forming altogether a contingent corps of 12,000 men. To replace these troops in India, we have British regiments in the Mauritius and Ceylon, and we have the remains of Runjet Singh's army—gallant men, now fretting at the inactivity to which they have been doomed. . . . . Ably led, they would finish the campaign of Georgia in six weeks, and the shores of the Caspian from the shores of Astora to Cape Apsberon, would be in our possession in July. The materials for a steam flotilla, framed, and ready to be built, should follow the army. In August, the Russian trade on the Caspian, and the lower Volga and the Ural, ought no longer to exist. The Circassians would then feel that we were indeed the conquerors of their oppressors; and our own line of frontier might be marked out for the future along those spurs of the Caucasus that would present a *point d'appui* in the shape of a port at their eastern extremity on the Caspian. This point should become to the Caspian what Sebastopol has been to the Black Sea. Such point established, Persia would be under our control, and the Russian aggressions on Khiva, must be abandoned for years, if not for ever. *Politically*, we should thus deprive Russia of her ascendency throughout Asiatic Tartary; *strategically*, we should gain a position which she must occupy before she would dare to advance south-east of Orenberg; and, *commercially*, we should then have the means of diverting from the hands of our enemy, the rich trade of the surrounding districts of Asia, and of carrying it through the territories of our allies to the Black Sea and Western Europe. . . . . How long are we to continue a nation of pedlars, without a leader among our executive who can follow in the ideas and arrangements which the great Napoleon (and even on a smaller scale) our own Wellington, have left behind them, as their heirloom for our adoption. Is it that we do not see the way to maintain the conquest I have shown to be within our own power? . . . . The Circassians will be our guards of the Marches; the Turks our warders of the Castle. It must be our part, and that of our allies the French, to give them only such support as shall ensure respect to the treaties by which this boundary is to be secured; and should our adversary refuse to come to such treaty, we shall compel him by the control over his resources which his position and the loss of the Crimea will give us."

With this statesman-like and soldierly view of things we heartily coincide. The great south-eastern track through Mesopotamia, Persia, and Beloochistan to India, should be

essentially the route of English traffic. What magnificent results might not accrue, not less in a military than a commercial point of view, from a grand main-trunk railway connecting Constantinople, when invigorated by European life, with Bombay. Such a realization would effect the most peaceful revolution in the annals of our race.

The inevitable result would be to dilute, *ad infinitum*, the bitter acid of the Moslem fount, that has so long poisoned the wholesome vitality of the East. Constantinople would speedily become more European than Asiatic. She would be what nature has ever intended her to be—the grand central emporium of wealth and civilization of the world. But this is not to be effected, until she is for ever emancipated from the political action of Russia—an object to be solely effected by the successful termination of the war. For this end, it has been truly observed that,

"The only way to bring the war to a close, is to carry it on with all our heart and soul, all the opportunities in our reach, and all the means in our power. We are to listen to no terms, except such as the Allies may have agreed to between themselves, and such as in the exercise of their discretion, they may think best for the security and peace of the world. The only object then, that we need at present recognize, is, to reduce the enemy to the lowest possible condition and compel him to sue for his very existence. Let England know that we have to deal with a foe who knows no rule but necessity, and who will only be restrained from resuming his long cherished scheme of universal dominion by the want of power, and the certainty of defeat. That is the condition to which we entertain no doubt we can reduce Russia, and that is the lesson we trust to impress on her heart."*

Let us add that the lesson will be all the better taught, all the more firmly retained by the Muscovite memory, if their military teachers, from among the Allied Powers, will be content to receive a few ideas from the great achievements of civil science.

We have ever considered that the military operations before Sebastopol have been singularly deficient in freshness of imagination and fertility of invention. The everlasting bombardment, the sap, the mine, the covered way, and the ordinary appliances of a siege on the most gigantic scale ever attempted, all these have been met with stedfast vigour by an obstinate foe. The beaten track of war has been cemented by the blood of hostile thousands, but no independent and original path has been struck out.

* *Times*, September 11th, 1855.

Nothing would have exhibited in stronger colours the triumphs of the arts of peace over those of war, than the bloodless conquest of this mighty fortress by our civil engineers. Such could undoubtedly have been effected. In lieu of the system of insignificant mines, at a trifling depth below the surface of the earth, a grand and comprehensive plan of subterranean assault, would have at once and for ever have settled the bloody struggle. One single gigantic mine carried under the Malakhoff and the arsenal of south Sebastopol, would long since have consigned to wild destruction the complicated elaborations of Muscovite military genius. The very difficulties of so mighty an enterprise, carried on at a vast depth through a limestone rock, would have at once given the victory to the accomplished civil engineer. The immense amount of material to be excavated, and still more to be disposed of—the use of a duplicate railway carried by an inclined plain into the very bowels of Sebastopol—the services of the Cornish mining engines, and the skilled energies of ten thousand English navvies—would have left no chance to Russian military mining. Long before the engineers of Sebastopol could have driven shaft or adit to such a depth, our works would have been completed; our mines, charged with thousands of tons of powder, and a volcanic explosion, would have sent aloft in one tremendous chaos, ships, arsenal, forts, earthworks, garrison, and guns. The engineers, to whom England is so largely indebted for her magnificent railways and still more wondrous tunnels, would have made short work with the Crimean stronghold, and in this glorious challenge of scientific might, would have for ever established the supremacy of the genius of peace over the gigantic inertness of war. The accomplished engineer knows that our mightiest projectiles are but as the toys of science, exemplifying principles, but still unamplified into results as terribly practical as they are overwhelmingly destructive. We weld a gun when we might forge an adamantine volcano; we discharge shells when we might blast with a flying mine. Will Mars never consent to be taught of Minerva.

Well does it behove our rulers to ponder wisely and carry out firmly the terms of peace to be granted to a power so treacherous and so arrogant as Russia. Let them at once boldly pronounce themselves freed from any promises to Russia of territorial integrity; she has been a great plunderer, let her disgorge her prey. Let her make a public national apology for the massacre of Hango; let her be com-

pelled to pay by instalments the expenses of the war she has so wantonly forced on France and England. Her punishment would be thus practical, and the lesson would be of so enduring a nature, that the penalty would be a wholesome and durable corrective to the peccant body-politic of Muscovy. Let the northern Caucasus be her boundary on the south-east, and Perekop the lowest key on the bunch stolen from the Porte. No settlements of a naval or commercial character should be permitted Russia on the coast of Norway or the Baltic isles; the bare attempt should be a *casus belli*. But, farther, is it right that a gallant nation like France should have been burdened and humiliated by paying the expenses of an allied army of occupation for a period of five years on the close of the great Continental war; and shall a power so truculent, so vain-glorious, and so falsely mean as Russia, escape her just punishment and the humiliation of her false pride? Let not our statesmen spare her this humiliation: a captured burglar is not to be treated as a penitent. Let England strike and strike home, and let the blow that has resounded in the Crimea re-echo on the shores of the Caspian and the Baltic.

Nor is the Crimea when conquered less easily retained. A force of ten thousand navvies, with competent engineers and staff, could, with the greatest facility, convert that peninsula into an island inaccessible to all the hosts of Russia. A trench of ten feet in depth and two hundred yards in breadth, intersecting the land to the south of Perekop, and filled with the waters of the Euxine, could be patrolled by gun-boats so effectively as to bar all military advance from the north. The excavated material would form an impregnable rampart of vast height and solidity, which when mounted with heavy artillery, and garrisoned with an efficient force, would bid defiance to every effort of Russia. A railroad running at the foot of this gigantic work, would bring from the western coast ample supplies, both military and commissariat; for our fleet would then form an inexhaustible storehouse. A great naval power like England possesses the means of enforcing the durable and wholesome lesson of indemnification for the expenses of the war. A rigorous blockade of the coasts of Russia, the total destruction of the cities on her sea-board, and her maritime commerce, together with the capture and destruction of Cronstadt and St. Petersburgh, would compel the payment of instalments for our war expenses. The contest would then be reduced to maritime operations, and would be so simplified

that the annual outlay on our part might be easily calculated, and without difficulty be borne for an indefinite number of years; while we should further have no lack of "material guarrantees" to aid in the process.

Nor, politically, will this war affect us less wonderfully than the whole polity of nations. The great struggle which commenced between the weakened aristocracy of the Tudors, and the nascent vigour of chartered communities—the conflict between the lords of the soil and the embodied commercial league—is not yet adjusted. Another phase of the conflict has begun. If the abolition of the Corn Laws prodigiously weakened the territorial interest by abolishing its dictatorship in the most vital article of commerce, it was reserved for the calamities of a cruel supineness to shake to its foundation the effete powers of exclusive administration. The privileged classes of the army, the navy, the civil service, and the constituted authorities of the cabinet itself, are brought face to face with the energetic sons of commerce. The ledger disputes precedency with the portfolio, and the man of action displaces the man of words. The Church will come next. The principle of fitness will be the motive power which will alone raise to high places the dignitaries of our national faith. Tergiversation, indecision, and apostacy, to the meretricious ceremonies and mediæval Fetichism of Rome, will find no encouragement in the authorities then constituted by the sound-hearted Protestantism of the middle classes. Woe to the Church of England, should the advent of this great party to political power be unreasonably protracted. As a national institute it is her only security for continuous existence. To be purified or disinherited—such is her destiny. In vain do her wealthiest sons build and endow churches. In vain does an architectural episcopate point with satisfied mien to the number of temples it has reared in its diocese, and the number of sittings it has provided for a swelling population. In vain does the high priest of taste provide the "dim religious light," and the stone altar, and the white-robed procession, and the pealing "Gloria in excelsis," or the agonizing "Stabat Mater." In vain do such

> "Teach souls to pray by monumental brass,
> And see their sins by light of painted glass."

Such are not the means by which the material microcosm is to be spiritualized: all these know "A MORE EXCELLENT WAY"—let them have the honest zeal to use it.

The following are the most prominent incidents of the war. The disgraceful "Massacre of Hango," when a boat's crew, headed by Lieut. Geneste, were basely and most treacherously fired upon and cut down, though protected by a flag of truce. A portion of the crew was butchered on the spot, the Russians having rushed out of ambush to effect their bloody work. Lieut. Geneste, Dr. Easton, the surgeon, and the relics of their men, were hurried off to a Russian prison. This treachery the military authorities had the baseness to defend by a series of falsehoods, which the government had the shamelessness to endorse. This horrible transgression against civilization and humanity, was subsequently avenged by the terrible bombardment of Sweaborg, which lasted during the 9th and 10th of August, continuing day and night, till four o'clock on the morning of the 11th. The results were—the destruction of the chief magazines, the arsenal, dockyard, the sinking of two ships of the line, two thousand men killed, and the wounded so numerous as to be unable to be accommodated in the hospital, they were therefore distributed among private individuals in Helsingfors. The conflagration raged in the most awful manner; and the destruction of government property was not less than £2,000,000 sterling. Yet the Russian state account of the affair had the unblushing impiety to wind up by exclaiming, "Thank God, they did us no harm!" This great event had been preceded by the attack on Frederickshеim, and the destruction of Lovisa, by a detached division of our gallant navy.

In the East, the principal achievements have been the destruction of additional stores in the Sea of Azov, adding still more to the intense distress of the Russian commissariat. Meanwhile, the allies distinguished themselves by land in the great battle of Tchernaya, in which the French and Sardininans bore the brunt of the action. The great object of this fierce onslaught of the Russians was, to get in the rear of the besieging force, and from this position to obstruct, and if possible, break up the siege. Vainly did 50,000 men, driven on by fanaticism, and frenzied by raki, advance on our gallant Allies. After a fierce contest of three hours and a half, the whole attacking force was swept headlong down the front of the French position, and their retreat by the bridge of the Tchernaya became a perfect butchery. In this terrible effort, the Sardinians greatly distinguished themselves, and an English battery of position lent its tremendous power in the destruction of the enemy. The total loss of the Rus-

sians in this sanguinary battle was not less than 8000 men; vast numbers of wounded being carried away by the defeated army. In Armenia the Russians have made a threatening movement on Kars and Erzeroum—the former city being well fortified, has little to fear from the enemy, who cannot stay before the place long enough to adopt a regular investment. Meanwhile Omar Pasha has at length left the Crimea for the seat of war in Asia; and although he may be too late to effect any military achievement in the course of this campaign, his presence at the head of affairs in that important position, will ensure a thorough preparation for efficient military action in the ensuing season for warlike enterprise. With their usual crafty policy, we now find that the Russians have totally evacuated Petropaulovsky, and successfully eluded our cruisers; have carried off the garrison of this place, and its military stores, to a great fortified position on the River Amoor, of which there seems every probability of their making a second Sebastopol. But the grand event of the year, and, indeed of history, is the Fall of Sebastopol.

A terrific bombardment opened at daylight of the 5th of September, continuing with tremendous earnestness on the 6th, and attended with few casualties on our side. Towards the evening a Russian frigate was set on fire by rockets, and was burnt in the Great Harbour. On the following day (the 7th) another Russian frigate was destroyed by fire, in the same position; whilst at midnight a grand explosion of one of the enemy's magazines took place on the north side. In the morning of the 8th a vast conflagration broke out in the centre of Sebastopol; at 12 o'clock on the same day the columns of the Allies rushed to the desperate assault of the southern town: the French advanced to the attack of the Malakhoff and the Little Redan, the English that of the Great Redan. In this terrific storm our gallant Allies and our own noble troops effected a lodgment in their respective points of attack; but such was the force of the enemy's concentrated fire, and so great the strength of his reserve infantry, that the Malakhoff alone could be held. Here, within the *enceinte*, the French firmly fixed themselves, and defied all efforts to dislodge them. While the troops on the right were engaged on the Malakhoff, General de Salles made a diversion on the other side of the town, from the left attack, against the Central Bastion, but did not effect a permanent lodgment. The Malakhoff was taken on Saturday afternoon (the 8th) and on Saturday night the

Russians, in the exacerbation of despair, began to sink their ships, blow up their magazines, and burn their city. By Sunday morning South Sebastopol was evacuated, and the communication between the north forts and the town broken off. During the assault the horrors were enhanced by the fire of the mortar-boats of both the English and French, from Strelitzka Bay. From this it will be seen, that in an incredibly short space of time all the bastions, earthworks, and granite forts south of the Great Harbour, the Malakhoff, Great and Little Redan, Flagstaff, Central Tower, and Quarantine Battery; the sea defences, Forts Alexander, St. Nicholas, and St. Paul; the second line of defence, the Garden and Barrack Batteries, the Dockyard, Harbour, and Careening Bay, with the full sweep of Sebastopol Roads—all fell into the power of the Allies. On this tremendous event—and particularly the destruction of the haughty southern navy of our foe, which, true to its proud, cruel, and skulking policy, took refuge behind what it conceived an impregnable barrier,—the most popular organ of the day has the following reflections—

"Such was the fate of the Russian Black Sea fleet, on which the imperial government had expended incalculable sums of money, and incessant labour; that fleet, which two years ago threatened the very existence of the Turkish empire, but whose solitary naval achievement was the atrocious outrage upon a far inferior force at Sinope.

"Of the authors of that nefarious attack, what remains? The Emperor Nicholas sleeps in the vaults of St. Peter and Paul, no longer conscious of the chastisement his wicked ambition has brought upon his empire and his heir. The admirals who commanded, and the crews who fought on that occasion, have most of them fallen in the batteries of Sebastopol. The very ships for which Russia contended at the Conferences of Vienna, as essential to her dignity and power, are torn plank from plank, and scattered on the waves."

The fall of Sebastopol is not merely the loss of a great city; it implies an imperial ruin. In it were concentrated the resources of southern Muscovy. Vast stores, the laborious treasures of half a century,—tremendous military engines of destruction in immense profusion,—while for the protection of these, and her grand fleet of the south, fortifications and works were constructed at a cost of at least twenty millions sterling; the ships alone, now burned to the water's edge, or buried beneath its surface, costing our haughty foe at least half that sum. The following is an outline of the fleet that vainly took refuge behind the

mighty granite forts of the Euxine, on their blockade by the allied squadrons. Ships of the line, 17; frigates, 4; corvettes, 5; 12 war steamers; and 82 vessels of inferior size, mounting 2,200 guns of every description. Of these ships five were of 120 guns; eight of 84 guns; and one of 80; four frigates of 64 guns; 64 gun-boats; beside the steamers before named: all these, to which may be added the flotilla of the Sea of Azoff, are now sunken wrecks, In the Malakhoff fortification alone, were found the amazing number of 12,000 guns of large calibre. The following telegraphic despatch of Pellisier gives us a lively idea of the gallant soldier's astonishment at the vast resources of the place:—

"Inspected to-day (September 10th) Sebastopol and its lines of defence. The mind cannot form an exact picture of our victory, the full extent of which can be only understood by an inspection of the place itself. The multiplicity of the works of defence, and the material means applied thereto, exceed by far anything hitherto seen in the history of war. The capture of the Malakhoff, which compelled the enemy to fly before our eagles, has placed in the hands of the Allies an amount of *materiel*, and immense establishments, the importance of which it is not possible to state exactly."

Thus has terminated, in the interests of civilization, the terrible struggle for the mighty Sebastopol. She has fallen, and with her will fall the hopes of the petty tyrants of the Continent, and the oppressors of liberty at large.

We come now to the internal prospects of Russia, and little as we know of that country, we are certainly sufficiently acquainted with it to be sure that they are grievously damaged by the war. Russia *was* strong, though not so strong as she declared and perhaps imagined herself to be. The strife has been a hard one, the battles well fought fields; and they who suppose that the allied troops had only to fight against the climate of the Crimea—against stone walls, home neglect, and against the disadvantages of mediocre officers, and beyond that, only against a feeble and ill-prepared army, are neither doing justice to ourselves, our gallant Allies, nor our brave though misgoverned enemies. We leave this campaign with the conviction that the Russians are no holiday soldiers, though we have proved that they are no match for an Anglo-French army. It is probable that not less than half their effective men are gone; it will be a matter of difficulty to bring up, provision, and inspirit the other half; but we must candidly confess that we have not yet *tested* the power of our enemies in this respect. As to the fleet, that we know more—nay, we know all about;—one of

the two squadrons into which it was necessarily divided is totally destroyed. Even in its greatest glory it was probably never fit to meet the navies of the maritime powers. More than a hundred years ago, we find it thus described by one who took great pains to ascertain its real strength.

"Peter Haven says:—'The Russian fleet at Cronstadt certainly consists of nearly forty vessels of war, but they are not in a condition to put out to sea. Only few could be reckoned as serviceable in case of need. We must feel the more surprise at this, as yearly, both at Petersburgh and Archangel, from two to four ships of war are built to strengthen the Cronstadt fleet. But, for all that, the latter has always remained as weak as it had previously been; for just as many ships have yearly been pronounced unserviceable as new ones built. Of sailors, there are six thousand. But they are not regarded as good seamen, for in their youth they have only served in those smaller vessels used on rivers and lakes. Finally, no slight confusion is produced in the fleet from the circumstance that the foreign, and for the most part English officers, understand very little or no Russ. Hence it is not surprising that when, some years back, Admiral Gordon lay with a squadron of twelve ships of the line before Dantzic, he was unable, with all his exertions, to get them into order of battle. The commanders of the fleet were foreigners—Admiral Gordon a Scot; Vice-Admiral Bredahl, a Northman; Admirals Welster and Sivers, Danes.'

"That was the state of things one hundred years ago; the present age replies—

"In Cronstadt, forty ships of the line cannot be brought together. The whole Russian fleet consists of fifty ships of the line, and twenty-five frigates; but whenever I furnish any statistical details of Russia, I always understand, *en parenthèse*, 'on paper.' I presume it to be a well-known fact, that Russians always regard affairs connected with their fatherland through magnifying glasses. They are not satisfied with having their fleets thoroughly armed, but their fancy fills them with provisions sufficient for months of consumption; so that their squadrons are ready at any moment, on a telegraphic signal from the Winter Palace, to set out in every or any direction. With them there is no Sound, no Dardanelles, no Gibraltar."*

And the case has never been very different. Catherine II. had a fine fleet on paper, but nothing to speak of on the ocean. Nor is it possible that the Russian navy could flourish even under the iron rule of the late autocrat. Of all the institutions of that empire, in which venality is the great plague-spot, the navy is the most corruptly administered. Of no other country in the world could such facts be

* Recollections of Russia.—pp. 16, 17.

related as those which the German noble details concerning the admiralty at St. Petersburgh.

"Assuming that the respectable number of seventy-five ships really exists, it is still the same as in Empress Anne's time: 'Only few could be reckoned as serviceable in case of need.' Why so? is it caused by the fresh water?

"In glancing at the fleet, we cannot pass over a fault in the Russian body-politic, which casts a shadow over the whole Empire, longer than that thrown by the Elbrouss over Caucasia; but as we shall unfortunately never be able to leave it out of sight, we have no occasion to dwell upon it for any length of time now. Thousands of hungry ravens are ever hovering round the amply-filled store-houses of a fleet. Many perish, but many fly off gorged. Purchasers of stolen goods repeatedly suffer for it on the galleys; while the sellers manage to purge themselves of crime. Not long ago, it was discovered that the brother of the rich merchant M—— had purchased Government cordage in Cronstadt—but why multiply instances, when the Emperor Alexander himself said, 'They would steal my ships of the line, if they knew where they could dispose of them.' Was the Emperor Alexander too indulgent? At times he was so. But he punished crime wherever he detected it, not less than his severer successor. The fact is, that the pasturage is too rich, and the grasses too productive; and that all hold to the proverb—'A hawk does not pick out a hawk's e'en'—more firmly than they do to morality and religion.

"What a harvest is gained by each cruise! As soon as the ships have returned to port, a bill is handed in to the Admiralty of the expenses incurred. There has been a fearful storm, and guns have been thrown overboard; anchors and cables sacrificed; the sailors, according to medical certificates, have fallen down ill, like flies after swallowing quassia, so that the medicines have been expended; they have been compelled to feed the fishes with spoiled stores, the ships are seriously injured, and so on. The minister orders an enquiry, the examiners confirm it—and the Crown pays.

"Embezzlement is carried on upon a grand scale. In one case, a frigate was sent to sea unequipped, and was sunk—for the purpose of disposing of the guns and stores kept back. According to the report sent in, not a man of her was to be found. The confidence which Nicholas placed in the integrity of his officials, induced him to have the stores at Cronstadt unexpectedly inspected. On the night prior to the arrival of the commission, the magazines caught fire. Among the ruins were found the guns belonging to the lost frigate."—pp. 18, 19.

Nor does the prospect for the future look more cheering; the Finns are the only good sailors that the empire possesses, and they, if the Allies be wise, will speedily be restored to their former freedom. Attached to a great Scandinavian empire, Finland may be as powerful and prosperous as

nature will permit: chained to the Muscovite autocracy, she can be but an out-post of despotism, an incubus upon the commerce, and real enlightenment of Northern Europe. The *prestige* as well as the power of the Russian navy, has departed for another half century at least. Another point from which we may view the power—that is the offensive power—of our colossal adversary, is the reparative energies of the great mass. We feel tolerably certain that if the Isle of Wight were wrested from us, and half our magnificent navy destroyed, we should speedily rise like a phœnix from the ashes of such a conflagration, and present as steady and determined a front to the enemy as before: and we come to this conclusion from our knowledge that our people are a free people, that they prize their liberty above all other possessions; and however difficult to move against ministerial intrigue, or corrupt administration, however prone to give way to the *vis inertiæ*—and therefore making a strong contrast with the excitable populations of the south; yet once show them that their liberties are really in danger, and we feel instinctively that the whole nation would rise as one man, and that no sacrifice, however severe, would be thought too heavy for the occasion. Indeed, the *vis inertiæ* so often and so justly complained of, takes its rise chiefly from this, that actual treachery is never suspected in an English gentleman; and as to errors in judgment, our national pride is too apt to say, these things cannot hurt us—"our mountain standeth so strong that it cannot be moved." We must pray that this over-weening confidence in ourselves may be removed, and that we may open our eyes to the great truths, first, that God ruleth among the nations of the earth; and, secondly, that it is His will that we should diligently use all earthly means with all worldly prudence.

But turning again to the internal condition of the Russian empire, we must regard the state and prospects of its serf population. Nicholas I. was often spoken of as a friend to the serfs, and so indeed to a certain degree he was; but their real condition has remained unaltered. Hopes and aspirations are trodden out of the slave, and all are made slaves who come under the dominion of czarism.

"We cannot refuse our fullest sympathy, when we see that the poorest man will make the utmost exertions to attain the object of his highest wishes—liberty! and that, too, a very wretched description of liberty, hardly deserving the name. He knows, for instance, that his master, being in want of money, will sell him for five hundred rubles Banco. The poor man, however, does not pos-

sess a penny. He therefore looks for some one who wants a coachman, servant, or labourer, and binds himself to serve him for five, six, or more years, until he can pay his master the stipulated sum for his liberty. These years of service he must probably pass in the house of a Tchinovnik, who has stolen so much money at his office, that he can afford to be brutal, and say, in an off-hand way, 'I have given my serf-fellow such a thrashing to-day that he is writhing on the ground.' The contract is made in writing for the appointed time. When it is nearly expired, his master contrives to accuse him of some crime, and kicks him out. The poor fellow goes and lays a complaint? Oh, no! he knows too well that his complaint must pass through the hands of the police, and they are already bribed against him. He seeks another master; and he is probably treated in the same way, or even worse. Young widows or girls are offered for from a hundred and fifty to two hundred rubles Banco. I let the curtain drop. Any one who wishes to pursue the subject, can imagine the horrors which must inevitably accompany such a system."—pp. 122, 123.

There is a notion abroad that serfs cannot be sold apart from the land to which they are attached, but this is far from being the case; take the following instances:—

"In Paul I.'s time, might be read in the Petersburg Gazette, for instance, in No. 56, 1798—'Any one disposed to buy a whole family, or a young lad, or young girl singly, can apply to the silk-dyer who lives opposite the Kazan Church. The young man's name is Ivan, and he is twenty-one years of age—is healthy, strong, and can curl ladies' hair. The girl is very good-looking, healthy, is called Marfa, fifteen years of age, and can sew and embroider. They can be inspected, and had at a cheap rate. In the same house, a Holstein stallion is for sale.'

"At the present day—say in 1854—may be read daily in the advertising columns of the Petersburgh Journal—'In the house, No. 33, on the Nevski Perspectiv, a young girl, skilled in needle-work, can be hired. The porter will furnish particulars.'

"'At No. 38, in the great Million, a coachman and cook are for hire. Inquire in the first floor.'

"'In the house, No. 60, in the Pea Street, on account of sudden departure, a family—consisting of a young widow, two boys, and a girl, is for sale or hire separately. The coachman Ivan, in the courtyard, will furnish particulars. The same party has also for sale two colts, from the Orloff paddocks, and a Kolmogorian cow.'

"Is this public announcement at all different from that of Paul's time; and if so, in what?"—pp. 123, 124.

Now as it is from the serf population that the army is recruited, we may imagine what kind of army Russia is likely at the best of times to possess. Resolute through fear of the knout, obedient, skillfully drilled, and not incapable of a certain wild enthusiasm; but altogether uneducated,

without any true comprehension of patriotism or glory, and in fact, nothing more than a vast and mighty machine; is it at all likely that a body so composed could contend successfully with the armies of France and England? We speak nothing of inferior bodily strength, and of certain physical peculiarities which makes a long march more than usually fatiguing to a native of Great Russia; but we merely point out the original defects of the imperial military system, and add the inconceivable demoralization which their late tremendous defeats must have engendered.

Once more we look to education, we know what it has done for our Allies and ourselves, and we remember how much has been said about the gigantic efforts made by the late emperor of Russia to promote its progress among his subjects. Yet when we come to investigate the matter, we find the brandy shop and the school in conflict; and the state supporting the former, because the license yields a large revenue, and discouraging and often virtually suppressing the latter. But if small schools be discouraged, surely the case must be different when we come to speak of establishments of a more dignified character. There are universities at Kiel and Moscow, at Dorpat and St. Petersburgh. Here the munificence of the Emperor Nicholas, was displayed to the uttermost. Here were gathered together the most illustrious scholars of Europe, whom the monarch, regardless of expense, had selected to instruct his rising empire. Such is the picture Russians have delighted to place before the eyes of Europe. Now let us again appeal to our German friend:—

"I speak of the army of institutions in the metropolis. But go thence into the provinces, where we must seek for enlightenment—as King Louis of Bavaria did for the illuminations at Athens,—lantern in hand. Am I speaking only of tutors and governesses? You would feel still more alarmed at the ignorance and immorality in the public educational establishments. Respect for my readers prevents me from giving any detailed description of them! Look around the most celebrated institutions of Petersburgh, and you will find there, at the present moment, Lübeck shopmen, Petersburgh students, all sorts of academicians, pensioned drummers, milliners, &c., appointed as inspectors and tutors, who all have an effective ration of fifty paper rubles. The following to serve as a sample:—

"A 'fast' shopman in a German seaport made free with his master's cash, and escaped. He came to Petersburgh. His head was empty; his pockets the same. He became man-servant to a prince. In a few years he resigned his situation and became tutor

in a Russian family. Thence he went into the service of the State. He had already obtained the title of commercial councillor when he was recognised by a former school-fellow at a public examination. The latter hurried to him.

" ' How d'ye do, my dear N——? how did you get here?'

" ' Sir, you are mistaken, my name is S——, and I am an Englishman.'

" ' Oh, you humbug! you fancy I do not know you again—don't play the fool; but tell me, have you any appointment?'

" ' I assure you, you are mistaken, my name is S——.'

" The comrade looked at him a long while and then went away. ' Well, if you do not want to be recognised, the devil take you!'

" The collegiate councillor went into a wine vault,—there another school-fellow was seated.

" ' Oh, you blackguard! how did you get here? I recognised you directly, as you came down the stairs.'

" ' Sir, you are mistaken; my name is S——, and I am an Englishman.'

" The scene of recognition terminated as in the saloon of the school.

" During this time the father of the *soi-disant* Englishman had failed, and was now in prison. He learned his son's residence, and that he was doing well. He wrote to him; he explained his situation, and begged for assistance. The son did not reply. Another letter. No reply. The father put an end to his existence. After this the collegiate councillor's own brother came to Petersburgh. He hurried to his brother, who was alarmed and annoyed. ' If you dare to say that you are my brother,' the Russianized man threatened him, ' I will take care that you are got rid of at once; but if you are silent, I will try to get you an appointment somewhere.' He did not do so. The brother was silent. He now gains his living with difficulty. The collegiate councillor improved his temporal affairs more and more, and died recently a councillor of State."—pp. 321—323.

Nor have we as yet gone more than half through those gangrenes which are eating into the very core of the czar's unwieldy dominions. On one more we must for a few moments rest before dismissing the subject. Religious intolerance is hanging over the whole state like a nightmare. It may be very well for those who know no better, to talk of the uniformity of creed and ritual in Russia, but very far from this is the real state of the case. Nearly one fourth of the inhabitants of Great Russia are dissenters, subject to severe laws, and hating with a bitter but conscientious hatred, the state establishment and religion. Roman Catholicism too is secretly spreading; the Poles are almost all zealous Papists, and the means which have been taken to

scatter them through the empire, has with them disseminated also their religious principles.

"The oppression which the Catholic religion has endured from the Russians is well known. That things will not remain in their present state may be assumed certain as a mathematical axiom, and equally so, that the Evangelical Church within Russian confines will not fare one hair's-breadth better. Luthernism, which diverges still further from the Greek Church, is a a more odious object to the Russian clergy than Catholicism. Poland's latest attempt to break her hateful fetters, has also inflamed the hatred against her religion to such a degree, that it may be doubted whether the conduct of the Russian Government will not bear comparison with the Christian persecutions in the first centuries. Rome sees herself here as in a mirror, and may gain a hint as to what the absolute lay and clerical authority, united in one representative, are able to accomplish. The importance of the Catholic Church has been undermined in various ways. Its numbers have been weakened by frequent deportations to Siberia, or to the steppes of the adjacent desolate government. These transportations have affected not only the Poles on the left bank of the Vistula, but still more the old Polish districts of Wilna, Mohilev, &c., belonging to Russia. In this deportation was included a considerable portion of the Polish nation—the Odnodworzen, or lower nobility without estates. They were stripped of their privileges of nobility; and in order to make them feel their humiliation still more deeply, a number of this class, who had enjoyed a good education, were placed as privates in Russian regiments, and on terms of equality with Russian serf-peasant lads. In the engineers' school at Petersburgh, and in other establishments, they may be found as drummers and fifers. In order utterly to extirpate this caste, they are bound, by a recent ukase, to submit to every conscription, whether ordered for the Eastern or Western provinces. Thousands of deported Catholics have also been purposely sent into districts where they are deprived of all religious support, and where the want of Catholic clergy will eventually force them to resign their creed."—pp. 86, 87.

It is hardly to be expected that the followers of the Church of Rome should be satisfied with a system which puts the whole affairs of their communion under a board ruled by a Russian general. Yet such is precisely the case with regard to Romanism in the realms of Alexander II.

"The Russian Ministry of Worship has the inspection of the Catholic Academy at Petersburgh. In the Catholic department of this ministry a Russian state-counsellor is head. The influence of the bishop is quite ignored by the Academy; he dares not interfere either with the instruction or the management; the Russian general possesses the sole privilege of attending to the mental and spiritual welfare of all the inhabitants of the empire. But under

the pretence that the ministry cannot act according to its good pleasure alone, a Catholic Academical Council has been established, composed of Catholic clergymen and Russian lay professors. Any book for the Catholic Church, throughout the whole empire, can only be printed at the office of the Catholic Academy. The revenues of the clergy, derived from estates, funded property, and tithes, have been taken away; the extraordinary receipts from the parishes, restricted, or entirely forbidden. The principal supporters of the Catholic faith among the monastic and secular clergy, have been banished to Siberia, others relegated to Russian monasteries. The clergy of the United Greeks have become servants of the Greek Church, and nothing is left to the Melchites but to attach themselves, body and soul, to the schismatics. Most of their monasteries have been suppressed, and in the few that remain, religious instruction is entirely forbidden.

"Mohilev, a diocese once extending over nearly the whole Russian empire, has lost its bishop and its seminary. The entire Catholic clergy of Poland and Russia have consequently only one university, namely, the Petersburgh Seminary, whose pupils, having been formed after the Russian fashion, can alone perform the priestly functions. 'I will only tolerate Roman Catholics on condition that they recognise my primate, and give up all communication with Rome.' These were the words of the Emperor in this seminary; they require no comment."—pp. 87, 88.

We have now passed in brief review the hopes and prospects of that power which two years ago

> "Did bestride this narrow earth
> Like a Colossus."

We have seen that serfism and ignorance, peculation and venality, persecution and bigotry, are as yet rampant. That if there be much natural power, there is also a great difficulty in its application; and that the very light which would permeate with vital force the whole mass of the people, would at the same time overturn that directing agency by which hitherto this power has been guided.

Quarterly Report of Facts and Progress.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO PARIS.

THE prominent event of the quarter claims primary notice in our Report—we allude to the Royal Visit to Paris. It claims precedence, though we have to sound forth the pæan of victory, for the preservation of our alliance is incalculably more important to us than even the humiliation of our foe. This alliance is no mere torrent of passionate enthusiasm, to cease its impetuosity whenever its immediate cause has subsided; it is not the transient offspring of political intrigue or sympathy in a common peril; it is, we are persuaded, a strong and steady stream flowing, Mississippi-like, from the confluence of the hopes and fears of the two chief nations of the world, and adding day by day to the strength which will soon be irresistible. It is rooted firmly in the hearts of the best and bravest on both sides of the channel, and will gradually supplant all those jealous prejudices which have so long risen up impassably and immoveably between us. And it is because we view the alliance in this light, that we consider the Royal Visit to Paris as an event of such paramount importance: for it is at once its sign and seal—its sign, as shewing us that the best feelings of Frenchmen are welded to our own—its seal, as serving finally and fixedly to stamp the union with permanence. We cannot think that our anticipations will fail us, for although we are always apt to indulge in sanguine hopes that what promises well in the blossom will ripen into prosperous maturity, yet there are in the present case all the marks of endurance, a firm root, a steady growth, a vigorous health. The visit of our Queen served, like sunshine to the flower, to call forth feelings which had before existed only in the bud: it gave occasion for the exercise of those noble faculties of our allies which had before slumbered in quietness because there was no reason for their awaking.

It seems to be the universal opinion among sound thinkers in both nations, that the Anglo-French alliance is something to which events have long been converging, and that, having once taken root, nothing can stay its progress. A new era seems to have dawned on our united history—an era in which England and France shall march side by side into the future, trampling down every form of oppression, and plant-

ing the flag of freedom on every stronghold of despotism: it received its inauguration in the fact of the visit, and its consecration (as the *Moniteur* observed) at the tomb of Napoleon the Great. The auspices are eminently favorable: the jubilant voices which hailed our Queen in the streets of Paris were the symbols of a deep-seated feeling, which is enthroned on the ruins of ancient rivalry, and which has united in a bond of hearty fellowship those who feel that they are born to be brethren.

We do not ignore the scarcely-suppressed groans of some Frenchmen, and the ominous silence of others, but we do not attach to these the significance which has been elsewhere attributed to them. The volcano of revolution has already burst, and we must not confound the heaving throbs which are premonitory of the eruption, with the subdued palpitations which announce its subsiding. We cannot indeed always calculate beforehand on the outbursts of an impulsive fanaticism, but we have never had much to fear from these mere wind-gusts of a momentary storm. Our causes of alarm hitherto have been the sleepless jealousy, and the restless animosity, which have so rarely permitted the sword to be sheathed, and which have continually spilt the bravest blood in Europe in foolish efforts at the subversion of mutual independence. These feelings are now, we think, fast dying away: they are supplanted by the conviction of their futility, and we are now experiencing what before we dared not test —the benefits of united strength. There is a new principle, too, at work in politics which has done very much to assist the growth of national charity. It is that which was first promulgated by the prisoner at Ham—that a throne is most surely strengthened, not by the consolidation of the arm of force, but by the conservation of those principles of good and right, which rise superior to the passions of men and the instability of governments.

God has given us His blessing; the Royal visit promises to usher in a series of events which shall far surpass in glory all that modern days have yet seen. We dare not prophecy what shall be the issue of the alliance upon science, upon commerce, and upon Christianity: for its strength is not merely physical but moral, its consummation shall be found not merely in victory over despotism, but in the conquest of the many obstacles which now obstruct our social progress. It will thus have a reflex influence on religion, and the Queen's visit will be hereafter looked at as the first in a long line of moral triumphs—far greater than those which have

even in this short interval verified the prayer of the French *savans* :—

> "Anglorum regina venis—Victoria tecum—
> Exoptata diu, fac Deus adveniat."

CONVOCATION.

SINCE our last Report, Convocation has had another session: the imperfect representation of the clergy was felt to be the primary difficulty which presented itself, and an urgent petition was agreed to, requesting the Royal licence to discuss measures for its reform. Her Majesty, however, "has not been advised to comply with its prayer;" and the friends of the revival of synodical action perceive that the character of the answer is sufficiently decisive to give them no hopes for the present, whatever may be their prospects for the future. One party is content with blaming Sir George Grey, another takes the opportunity for reviling the Archbishop of Canterbury, while another, emboldened probably by the Bishop of Oxford's threat at the last session, proposes to sit without the Royal sanction, and try the legality of such a proceeding in the law courts. There is on all sides an absence of previous sanguine anticipations, which gives us reason to congratulate our readers that the sentiments which we have repeatedly expressed on the subject are consonant with those of our legislators.

But we should remember that the present fortunate coincidence of circumstances may not always continue. With the not impossible conjunction of a Gladstonian Premier and a Tractarian Primate, we might have to lament the revival of evils greater even than those which we at present dread. If ever Convocation should be restored to full action, we are convinced that one or other of the great Church parties—we dare not say which—would find the Church's limits too narrow for them. The interim is not to be passed by our Evangelical brethren in careless inactivity: a great work lies before them which can alone render their position secure in the day of conflict. We would earnestly urge upon them that this opportunity may soon draw to a close, and that on the right use of the present much of the future depends. The breach may soon be too wide to be filled up, and therefore it is the present solemn duty of all classes in our Church to see where they agree, and why they differ, weighing well the basis of union, by giving their true value to non-essentials, yet not shrinking from the assertion of any necessary prin-

ciple; that thus those who are at variance, rather nominally than really, may no longer stand aloof, but strive, as they pray, to be joined together in unity of faith and action. We feel sure that if the Evangelical clergy take the initiative in thus attempting a closer amalgamation of the discordant elements of our Church, they will gather round them so strong a body from those who, belonging to no extreme party, are Evangelicals in spirit, as to leave little doubt of the issue when at length the thunderstorm bursts upon us. Whether the time of internal conflict be far or near, not a moment should be lost by the friends of union; and whatever be the results of their efforts on the Church herself, surely we may expect, with God's blessing, a mighty influence on the world, when the soldiers of the cross fight no longer in straggling companies, but march in one resistless, inseparable phalanx against the hosts of sin and Satan.

THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY'S CHARGE.

Our previous opinions with regard to Bishop Hamilton have been in some respects modified, in others strengthened, by his lordship's primary charge. There is much in it which we cannot like, but there is also an honest grappling with some of the great ecclesiastical questions of the day, which demands a considerable share of admiration. There is an avoidance of the intrusion of extreme statements on every possible topic on every possible occasion, which has hitherto distinguished High Church prelates as well as High Church clergy. There is a resolute energy which moulds every line, and shews the presence of a formidable power for evil or for good. Bishop Hamilton is at once the type and leader of a new class of High Churchmen. Those who have carefully watched the growth of the Tractarian element will have noticed that a gradual transition has been going on—not so much in principle as in practice—which threatens to place the Church in greater peril than ever. We have no longer to deal with a mere set of recluses, unbaring to the light of modern days the figments of bygone time; nor yet have we to do with a band of accomplished dialecticians, disturbing the theological world with subtle arguments and elaborate theories; we have to do with men who have learned the difficulties of their position, who know how to act upon the human heart, and how to gather strength for the conflict which they have to wage. Our foes—if foes we must term them—are by no means despicable: so long as there was a

dreamy impracticability in their movements, we had little fears for their influence over the great masses of our people; but now that a zealous energy has been combined with a vigorous activity, and a strong practical wisdom, we must prepare for a contest other than academical. Bishop Hamilton is very praiseworthy for the earnestness which he has shewn in endeavouring to shake off the inert lifelessness which had long palsied the Church's efforts; but we are sorry to think that the vitality which he would infuse is so much infected with heterodoxical poison as to make it a bane rather than a blessing.

In the early days of Tractarianism, when "High and Dry" might form a fitting soubriquet for the majority of its pulpit representatives, preaching was almost entirely cast aside as a thing of nought. Empty pews and sleepy congregations suggested a change: extempore preaching—hitherto spurned as a "methodistical" abomination—was advocated and practised in influential quarters: open-air preaching was then resorted to, Bishop Hamilton taking the lead; and now we have a recommendation from the same prelate for the employmennt of itinerant preachers, to go friar-like from village to village leading men from heathen darkness to Tractarian gloom. A year ago we sounded the trumpet of warning, we must now sound it again, not finding needless fault with the means—in themselves they are excellent,—but reminding our Evangelical brethren that no time must be lost, and no effort spared, that error may not anticipate us in reaping the many fields which are now white unto the harvest.

There are two other topics in Bishop Hamilton's charge to which we wish to advert: we are delighted to find so decided an expression of the want of a good *Hymnal*, and we think that his lordship's proposal for a diocesan one might, during the inaction of Convocation, be advantageously adopted by the Church at large. We hope, however, that the Hymnal proposed to be set forth will not reflect the *differentia* of his lordship's own theology, but that it will be entiled to the position in Protestant churches which the famous "*Hymnale Sarisburiense*" occupied in earlier times.

We regret to notice that his lordship strongly discourages the recent attempts at a modification in the use of the morning and evening offices, as being "unauthorised changes." We are convinced that the authority of Convocation is not needed to enable us to carry out the original design of the framers of the Prayer-book. The order for Morning Prayer, the Litany, and the Communion Office, were obviously not

intended to be welded together into one long, wearisome service, as they now are: the Communion Office is nowhere restricted to the forenoon, provided that it is said at some part of the day; and the Litany was intended to be used "at other times" according to the exigencies of each particular place, at the discretion of the ordinary. The plan of Mr. Miller, of Birmingham, which in no case violates the order of the Prayer-book, and which has the full sanction of the Bishop of Worcester, has now stood the test of four years' trial, and its complete success claims for it a still more extended adoption, especially in large towns. One of its features—the removal of the necessity for the reiteration of Evening Prayer by the use of the Litany—is the only deviation from accustomed use which has Bishop Hamilton's sanction. This, at least, merits attention, and we strongly recommend it to the notice of our clerical readers,

THE PAPACY AND ITS PROSPECTS.

SELDOM have the prospects of Popery been so dark, or those of Protestantism so bright, as at present: the whole edifice of the Papacy is not in hope, but in fact, tottering to its ruin, for wherever we turn our eyes there is a decay no longer veiled by the semblance of unity—the unity which Rome always arrogated to herself until an open breach falsified her claim. Sardinia, Switzerland, and Spain, have risen up manfully and determinedly, against the Papal system: they defy its power; they trample its excommunicates beneath their feet; though nominally adhering to the Romish ritual, they utterly abjure priestly power over either their bodies or their souls; and thus, the main element of Popery being eliminated, there remains but one step more—the step from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God.

The allocutions pronounced by Pope Pius, on the 26th of July last, are now before us. Despondency is visible throughout them, showing itself chiefly in the fulmination of the last terrors of the Church,—terrors which once made monarchs tremble for their thrones, and which now even the minor cantons of Switzerland, to say nothing of Spain and Sardinia, utterly despise. Both the allocutions are redolent with laments at the "agony and tribulation of the Church," and the obstinacy of her "degenerate and rebellious children;" and both enact the solemn farce of declaring, that the obnoxious acts are "null and of no effect." The following extract will show their tone:—

"Raising our voice in your assembly, we complain of all that the lay Government has done, and is still doing, in Spain, unjustly against the Church, against its liberties and rights, against us, and the authority of the Holy See; and especially we deeply deplore our solemn Concordat violated in defiance of international law; the authority of the bishops prevented in the exercise of the sacred ministry; the violence employed against them; and the patrimony of the Church usurped in spite of all divine and human laws. We, therefore, in virtue of our apostolic authority, censure, abrogate, and declare, without value and without force, null and of no effect, for the past and the future, the said laws and decrees. Lastly, we call on the authors of all these audacious acts, and we exhort and supplicate them to consider seriously, that those who do not fear to afflict and torment the Holy Church of God, cannot escape the hand of the Almighty."

But the movement is not confined to Spain and Italy :—

"We must also tell you, venerable brethren, that we suffer indescribably at the deplorable state to which our most holy religion is reduced in Switzerland, and especially—oh, sorrow !—in some of the principal Catholic towns of the confederated Cantons. There the power of the Catholic Church, and of its liberty, are oppressed; the authority of the bishops, and of this Apostolic See, are trampled under foot; the sanctity of marriage, and of oaths, is violated and despised; the seminaries of priests, and the monasteries of religious families, are either entirely destroyed, or completely subjected to the arbitrary power of the civil Government; the nomination of benefices, and of ecclesiastical possessions is usurped, and the Catholic clergy are persecuted in the most deplorable manner."

We do not wonder that his Holiness does not take matters very calmly, for he must sensibly feel the alienation of his "very dear daughter," Queen Isabella, in more points than one, if we can trust the semi-official statement that, since her accession to the throne, more than 140,000,000 reals (about £3,700,000) have flowed direct into the Papal exchequer, for indulgences, absolutions, dispensations, "*et hoc genus omne.*" The course which the Pope has pursued, however, so far from bringing about a reconciliation, has, in each case, tended to widen the chasm which promises soon to restrict the power, once co-extensive with Christendom, to the immediate precincts of the Vatican.

Rumour says, that Cardinal Wiseman has no very easy throne in England; while the American catholics—priests and people alike—have evinced a desire to take even bolder steps than their European brethren. They propose to organize an "American Catholic Church," utterly repudiating

the Papal power, permitting priests to marry, using an English instead of a Latin liturgy, and placing the Bible in the hands of the laity. The Pope's American flock has been already considerably thinned, for we find that, in the four States which were first settled by Roman Catholics—which were for many years their chosen seats—which were once noted for bigotry and intolerance,—the proportion of Catholics and Protestants, from being as two to one, has fallen, in some cases, to *one in thirty*, and, as an average, one in twelve.

We need not add to our previous remarks on "the New Reformation in Ireland." God's blessing still rests upon the mighty work which is going on, and whose progress no foe can check until every stray sheep is brought back to Christ's fold.

The fetters of priestcraft are snapped; the spell of Popery is broken: a breach has been made in each of the strongholds of darkness, and, if we resolutely seize the opportunity, we shall not have long to wait before an evangelized continent shows the power of earnest energy and earnest prayer.

SUNDAY SCHOOL MOVEMENT.

A REMARKABLE scheme has been lately carried out with very signal success for the extension of Sunday Schools. One of the principal manufacturing towns was divided into districts, among a company of Sunday School Teachers, who had undertaken to canvass it. Every court and alley was visited, and the inhabitants of each house were asked—"Do your children attend any Sunday School?" if not—"Can they attend?" if so—"What school would you wish them to attend?" The canvassers were everywhere received very kindly, and *seven thousand children* were thus brought in. It is worthy of mention, that although the movement was originated and carried out by Dissenters, fully half the children were sent to the Church of England Schools; the expressed wish of the parents being in every instance followed, and no attempt being made to proselytize, even in case of Romanists. We cordially recommend the plan to the notice of our readers; in towns where there is anything like an organized body of teachers, it could not fail, we think, to be eminently successful.

ST. MARK'S COLLEGE CHAPEL.

A CONSIDERABLE commotion has been excited among the members of the National Society, by a recent minute of the

Council of St. Mark's, which enacted that "the intoning of the prayers should be henceforth discontinued." The High Church party, headed by Archdeacon T. Thorp and the *Guardian* Newspaper, have taken up the matter very warmly, and threaten a formidable secession if the resolution is persisted in. We have no hesitation in ranging ourselves on the side of the Council, because we think that the saying of the prayers in a monotone is alike unrubrical and unbecoming. We know that we are incurring numberless taunts from the opposite party, as though we were actuated by a morbid hatred of choral services in general, or a fantastic love for a "mongrel '*pot-pourri*.'" We repudiate such taunts as being utterly untrue, for none can appreciate more than ourselves the beauty and power of holy song; none can be more earnest in the effort to make the Church's service efficient for spiritual good. But we condemn intoning, as being opposed alike to the letter and spirit of the Prayer-book. It is contrary to its letter, because the rubrics everywhere direct that the prayers shall be "said," "pronounced," or "read." We know the miserable subterfuge to which the advocates of intoning resort, and which would have us believe that "say" is equivalent to "say, *in a monotone*, i. e. intone;" but we urge that there is just as much reason for the assertion that the same word, "say," is equivalent to "say to himself, i. e. *whisper*." If the Church had meant the prayers to be intoned, she would not have scrupled to direct accordingly: the absence of such directions is an unanswerable argument against the practice. We object to intoning, secondly, because it is opposed, not only to the letter, but to the spirit of the Liturgy. We deplore, as much as High Churchmen can do, the fact, that our glorious ritual is so frequently suffered to lapse into a mere dialogue between the parish priest and the parish clerk; we lament the foolish prejudices which are often allowed to exclude from the Church's services the thrilling music which is her heritage; but so far as the minister is concerned, we must maintain the power of simple reading—the awful dignity of the earnest words of a man who is publicly pleading with his God. We are told, indeed, and the words seem to be echoed from every shade of High Churchism, that it is "slovenly," "perplexing," and "discordant," for the minister to read, and the choir to sing—that if the people chant their parts, the priest should chant his. This argument is so repeatedly insisted on, as to make us marvel at the strange hallucination which blinds men to the palpable fallacy which underlies it.

The priest and the people are in entirely different relations; and, besides, the priest is one, the people, led by the choir, are many. It is one thing for a single man to stand up in the midst of the congregation as God's ambassador, to proclaim His message, or to ask His blessing; it is quite another thing for the people to cry out in the strength of earnest supplication, or the fulness of jubilant thanksgiving. The former requires a solemnity of which the monotone is utterly devoid, and which reading alone can give; the latter requires some harmony to blend the voices in unison, and send up to God, not a congeries of discordant utterings, but one strong breath of holy prayer. We are persuaded that solemn reading on the part of the minister, and plain, not scientific, chanting on the part of the people, are each, in their place, most efficacious to ring through the heart's inmost chambers, or bear up the soul in ecstasy to heaven; but to give up one of these in order to gratify a musical dilettantism, is not merely to violate the Church's directions, but to render ineffective one of the best earthly means of grace.

EMIGRANT CHURCHMEN.

An association was formed a few months since, "for the Spiritual Aid of Churchmen Emigrating to the United States." It has been entitled, the "Anglo-American Church Emigrants' Aid Society," and is under the Presidency of the Bishop of London: the Rev. H. Caswall, of Figheldean, and F. H. Dickinson, Esq., being the Secretaries. The object is decidedly a useful one, and we wish the scheme every success. The spiritual disadvantages with which emigrants have had to contend have been of a most serious character, and we rejoice in this attempt to alleviate them. The means, so far as we have been able to ascertain them, are well calculated to effect the proposed end: they consist of the employment of agents at the principal American seaports; of the maintenance of clergymen especially devoted to the work; and of the advancement of Christian education in emigrant settlements, by the erection of schools, &c. The scheme has been very warmly received by the American Episcopal Church; and a suggestion has originated with one of its bishops, which may be usefully carried out, even without direct connexion with the society:—that clergymen should provide any persons among their flocks, who may be intending to emigrate, with "*litteræ commendatitiæ*."

or certificates of character, the presentation of which to an American clergyman, would secure from them some larger share of attention than otherwise would be at first possible.

THE SUNDAY TRADING BILL.

THIS Bill has, for the present, met with a most serious check; but we deeply regret that the check took its first rise rather in the mistaken zeal of its supporters, than in the wilful perversion of its opponents. It was introduced as a *religious* measure; it was hailed as a step towards *religious* progress; and, consequently, the vast multitudes who are treading the illimitable wastes of infidelity and religious nothingness, rose up to throw off the shackles, which, as they imagined, were insensibly girding them. We must repeat what many before us have asserted, that the question is a *social*, rather than a religious one. It may, indeed, be looked at in a religious aspect; but, viewed simply by itself, it is simply a question whether small shopkeepers shall be relieved from the disabilities under which they labour, in being deprived of their weekly rest. There was no attempt made to thrust on men the observance of religious duties, or attendance on public worship; there was merely the endeavour to place the trader on a level with the artizan, as regards the enjoyment of fixed hours of relaxation. In the present state of things the latter enjoys far higher advantages in most respects than the former: the working-man has his wages sure at the end of his six days' work; he can spend his Sabbath as he pleases, without sustaining any pecuniary disadvantages; he has fixed bounds, alike for his toil and for his recreation; while, on the other hand, the small shopkeeper has to bear the brunt of a struggle which knows but little cessation, and which wavers with every breath of commercial change. Effort succeeds effort in the restless endeavour to maintain a social status, and the wearisomeness of the conflict is not alternated with any fixed periods of enjoyment: he has to traverse a thirsty desert, without the certainty, which others have, of spending his Sabbath beneath the palm and beside the well-spring. This large class of the community has been of late years sadly neglected; their wrongs have found but little sympathy; their grievances have been uttered forth with no audible voice; they have felt the weight of their heavy burdens weighing them down at times to the dust; but all has been felt with the silence of heroic patience, with the fortitude of speechless suffering.

At last, however, the attempt was made—we will not add with what success—to give them some respite. The great majority hailed the measure with unmitigated joy; but the more factious, goaded on by Jewish intrigue and infidel declamation, joined with an innumerable host of artizans and ragamuffins in an uproarious demonstration against it. The very persons against whom the bill was directed were those to whom it was ultimately conceded; for personal inspection has assured us that Sunday trading would well-nigh cease to exist by the spontaneous efforts of the shopkeepers themselves, but for the obstinate perverseness of some few in every district, whom nothing short of compulsion will induce to join with their neighbours in closing their shops on Sundays. There is a large class of persons among the labouring classes who, from thoughtlessness or habit, suspend their weekly purchases until Sunday—to say nothing of those whose Sunday pleasures consist to no small extent in gormandizing and drinking. It is obvious that these persons will resort to whatever shops are open, so that if any one closes his shop, he will lose an amount of custom which he is utterly unable to afford. The obstinacy of a single man is often sufficient to keep open the shops of a whole neighbourhood; whereas, if the Bill of Lord Robert Grosvenor had passed, all would have been closed alike, nominally by compulsion, but the majority in reality voluntarily. With the exception of those who ruin the health of the masses by the vending of medicated drinks, putrescent fruit, and sickly pastry, none would have derived any pecuniary loss from the change: the amount of money which is actually expended would not have varied; the only alteration being, that what is now spent on Sunday would have been spent at some other period of the week.

We are assured that the Bill is only temporarily withdrawn, and we therefore indulge in the sanguine hope, that the friends of the Sabbath will meanwhile busy themselves to enlighten the public mind as to the real nature of this fancied act of tyranny. Let each in his own immediate neighbourhood strive to disseminate the plain truth—that its primary object is the relief of shopkeepers—that it will cause no diminution of their profits, but only an extension of their rest; that although it will redound to God's glory, it will also be for man's good; and that it will enable the trader, as well as the artizan, to know the full meaning of the hackneyed text—"The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

THE WEEKLY HALF-HOLIDAY.

We notice with unmingled delight the progress of the movement for giving *employées* generally a weekly half-holiday on Saturday afternoons. It is a most useful auxiliary to the effort for the better observance of the Sabbath; besides being a great means of social, physical, and moral improvement. We can scarcely wonder if a clerk, after fourteen or sixteen hours incessant labour on Saturday, feels too wearied for morning service on Sunday; or if a mechanic, after a week of unrelieved toil, resolves on Sunday to gaze with his wife and little ones on the green fields and pure sky. Those who know the stifling atmosphere of a manufacturing town will appreciate the difficulty of endeavouring to induce a man to attend church, instead of taking his Sunday walk, or paying his Sunday visit to his friends. Such things are almost indispensable, and unless another opportunity be provided they will generally take the place of attendance at the house of God. But if a half-holiday is given on Saturday, this main difficulty will be removed, and we shall be in far less danger of seeing our Sabbaths desecrated by numberless excursions to the various places of entertainment which infest the outskirts of every great city.

The movement has been taken up by some of the most influential men in the city of London, and but for the obstinacy of one of the puisne judges, it would have received a kind of public sanction by the closing of the law-offices at two o'clock on Saturdays. There is every reason for encouragement, and for continued effort; the success which has crowned the movement at the outset gives us every reason to hope, that before long employers and manufacturers will universally see the benefit of giving their *employées* an opportunity for recruiting their physical and mental strength.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTES.

Lord Ebrington's motion on the Burial Acts is not without its significance. He proposed that if the lines of demarcation between the two parts of a burial-ground are "such as have been generally deemed requisite," but not such as to satisfy the diocesan, the ground should be declared fit for use by one of the Secretaries of State; and that ministers of the Church of England should be exempted from ecclesiastical penalties for officiating at interments in ground thus left unconsecrated. The motion was only lost, after a prolonged discussion, by a majority of *three*. We certainly have no

wish to let our party differences rise up impassably between the bodies of men whose souls are together in glory—but, on the one hand, the majority of those who have spent their lives in our branch of the Church on earth, have a natural desire to lie in death in the place which she has set apart for Christian burial; and, on the other hand, it would be impossible that any but the Church's ministers should perform the last offices over those who are thus laid in ground which she has consecrated for her members. Lord Ebrington's motion would have secularized one of the holiest of our privileges as members of the Church of England, and we are therefore glad that it was defeated.

The same noble Lord has given notice of a motion next session for the opening of the National Gallery, British Museum, and Crystal Palace on Sundays. With a Government which can countenance Sir Benjamin Hall's Sabbath brass-bands, what might not be the result of such a measure! God grant, for His Church's sake, that it may fail!

Among the other notices for next session we find one by Mr. Heywood for the Appointment of a Commission having for its object the revision of the present Translation of the Bible. We scarcely expected, on reading Rogers' "Eclipse of Faith," that the myth of the "Blank Bible" was in such imminent danger of speedy realization. We know not where the strifes of the revision-committee would end—we dare not picture the confusion which would inevitably ensue if King James's Bible were now superseded. We are not insensible to its many faults, but we think that every useful purpose would be effected *if the marginal readings were adopted into the text.* No new version, or extensive revision, could satisfy all sides: each denomination would soon have its own version, until versions would be as plentiful as texts of the manuscripts: we should thenceforth have no basis on which to argue; and those who repudiated the royal supremacy would not fail to set up their own version as the only true one, and to take their stand on it in controversy. Besides this, we think that a slightly improved accuracy of translation would be but a poor compensation for the loss of the inimitable beauties which cast a halo round our Saxon translation, before which even Luther's German shines dim. It would be a wrong to our common Christianity to rend from us the words which were stamped on our hearts while we were yet at our mother's knees, which grew up with us in youth, and have rung with their heavenly music through our hearts in manhood. Even Romanists themselves—

despite their laudations of their Douay version—feel the wondrous potency of King James's Bible, for their principal literary organ has recently spoken of it thus:

"It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped on its verses. The dower of all the gifts and trials of a man are hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments; and all that there has been about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him for ever of the English Bible. It is a sacred thing, which doubt has never dimmed, and controversy never soiled. In the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of righteousness about him, whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible."

Let us then cling to it still!

MISS NIGHTINGALE.

A PROPOSITION has been set on foot to testify, in some public manner, the national gratitude for the services of Miss Nightingale and her companions. There are few, we think, who will not admire the heroic devotion and Christian charity which prompted an English lady to leave her English home that she might become a patient watcher by the side of the sick and wounded in the war; and there are few, too, who would hesitate to award her the prize which she has so nobly earned. But the peculiar turn which—from Miss Nightingale's pecuniary affluence—the testimonial has taken, may be calculated to excite in some minds a not ungrounded apprehension. It is proposed to establish a "Nightingale Hospital" in London; to be tended by unpaid nurses, similar to those who volunteered for service at Scutari and Smyrna. The idea is obviously taken from the "Sœurs de Charitié," of continental towns, although, so far as we can learn, there is no intention of establishing anything like a Protestant nunnery. In its simple application the scheme is one which both deserves and promises success: the voluntary services of Christian ladies at the bedside of the sick and dying, are not to be thrown lightly away. Our only fears are, lest Tractarian management should render such an institution as productive of spiritual harm as it would be of bodily good. If we had some guarantee that the hospital would not be perverted to improper purposes, we should not for a moment scruple to give it our most cordial recommendation. In the absence of any such guarantee, we must act with caution. We

have every confidence in Miss Nightingale's ability; we will yield to none in enthusiastic admiration of her moral courage; but we must hesitate before we consent to give religious influence over dying men, to a lady who is so far advanced in extreme sentiments as to be commonly reported to have passed the threshold of Popery. We hope that the promoters of the hospital will, for the very sake of the cause, lay an impartial foundation, and thus allow members of the great evangelical body to join conscientiously in so great and noble an undertaking. If the management of the institution is thus free from sectarian bias, we shall rejoice in its existence, for it will be a standing protest against the mercenary system which has hitherto prevailed; it will be a fitting tribute to one whose energy of character has triumphed alike over prudery and routine in the effort to fufil her mission; and it will enable Christian ladies, without endangering their lives in the pestilences of stifled courts and the chambers of the sick poor, to shew their Christian charity and womanly tenderness in obedience to the Saviour's suggestion—"I was sick, and ye visited me."

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE National Gallery has long been a sad eyesore, both externally and internally; the one was the fault of our fathers, the other is our own; the former is, we fear, at present irremediable, the latter had lately a chance of amelioration. The cause of most internal defects was universally acknowledged to lie in the mismanagement of Sir Charles Eastlake, and accordingly Lord Elcho brought the matter before the notice of the House of Commons. A Parliamentary Committee of enquiry was appointed, and we began to think that a brighter day was dawning on national art; witnesses one after another spoke to the incompetence of the existing management, our hopes were more sanguine still; at last Sir Charles Eastlake's incompetency was admitted both by himself and the committee. We certainly began to discuss his successor. In April, Lord Palmerston informed the House that *no appointment* had hitherto taken place, and that all the arrangements of the National Gallery were still under the consideration of Government. In June, the House was again given to understand that the appointments were still "*sub judice*" and that no definite information could therefore be given. This continued postponement led the artistic world to expect that at least the old managers were thrown out,

and that the only difficulty was in the selection of new ones; very many Englishmen having such far superior qualifications as to make the field of choice rather wide. What was our astonishment on reading a Treasury Minute at the end of July, to find not only that the mis-managers were reinstated in office at *doubled* and even *quintupled* salaries, but that the whole of the appointments were made in *March!*

We think it right to call the attention of our readers to this flagrant breach of ministerial honour; if the premier, speaking officially in his place in Parliament, can lend himself to a palpable falsehood, where are we to expect truth? Let us look, however, at the appointments which were thus so palpably corrupt, as that Government was ashamed to acknowledge them until the end of the session, when there was no room for the warm discussion which would have inevitably followed their earlier publication. Surely we may not hope for much from men whose very patrons are compelled to repudiate them. First on the list as director, at a salary of £1000 per annum, stands the very man against whom the Parliamentary Committee was directed, and whose utter incompetence had been placed beyond a doubt. We say nothing of Sir Charles Eastlake's ability as a painter—*let* those who like his productions like them still—the chief qualification of the directorship is not that a man should be a painter himself, but that he should have enough critical acumen to decide upon the paintings of others. As for Sir Charles Eastlake's taste, let our readers judge for themselves what can be the taste of a man who is fond of "touching up" and "restoring" the old masters; who advises us to "take a little dust' and rub it over Claude's landscapes to give them a "gusto!" As for his judgment, let us take two instances. A few years since, a manifestly spurious imitation of Holbein was shewn to him; he allowed himself to be deceived by a palpable forgery on the back of the picture, and bade the whole artistic world join with him in jubilant thanksgiving at the discovery of one of the choicest gems of antiquity. The artistic world generally thought the picture a very inferior daub, and speedily proved its spuriousness, although it is still allowed to displace a better one on the walls of Sir Charles Eastlake's — commonly called the "National" — Gallery. So much for his judgment in one point, now let us look at it in another. Five years ago a splendid specimen of Raffaelle was exhibited under a false name; this public connoisseur, so far from recognising the hand of the great master, passed the painting as of no account. Shortly afterwards the original

drawing, indubitably by the hand of Raffaelle, was found in the "Accademia delle Belle Arti di Venezia;" what course did Sir Charles Eastlake then pursue? How did he atone for his former blunder? We have the distinguished authority of Mr. Morris Moore, in his two letters to the *Morning Advertiser*, for saying that he has twice sneaked across the continent to Venice, and tampered with the director there to *keep the discovery of the drawing a secret*, to allow no photographs to be taken of it, and to place it beyond reach.

So much for the director; his two colleagues are fit companions. The secretaryship is conferred on Mr. R. Wornum, well known as the author of several series of concatenated blunders, which under the high-sounding titles of "Lectures on Art" &c. have often beguiled the unlucky purchaser. But even Mr. Wornum is tolerable by the side of the "travelling agent," Herr Otto Mündler, who is clever enough to extract upwards of £1000 per annum from a Government which professes its inability to divide the same sum among the whole body of scientific men. The *primâ facie* fault which we find with the appointment is that Herr Mündler is a foreigner, and that he has been elevated to his post on the distinct ground that *no* Englishman is qualified for it. This is a scandalous libel on the art-critics of our country, which we wonder that they do not fling back with indignation. Is Mr. Morris Moore's European reputation entirely baseless? Is Mr. Ruskin utterly incompetent? Even granting this, what is there in Herr Mündler to justify his selection? Why is a "fourth-rate Paris dealer," who first intruded himself on the notice of the trustees by offering for sale—we are happy to say, in vain—a dingy imposture, purporting to be an original Correggio, thrust into a place for which he has never shewn himself qualified. Why, but that he is a sycophant of Dr. Waagen?

There is only one solution to this strange problem—it is one which many collateral circumstances bear out—that the Government has not been quite free in this matter. It would not be the first time that Court influence has stepped forward in the way of English art, for the advancement of German adventurers. We are convinced, however, that an English public will not long allow a trio, such as we have described, to constitute the National "Board of Æsthetics;" nor yet will it submit that Dr. Waagen should be permitted to nominate his disciples to public offices, with a calumnious sneer at the many men amongst us who have not given up their lives in vain in the cause of English art.

When we remember what art has done, and might still do for us; when we think of the holy and happy influences which it is calculated to shed on us; of the good thoughts with which it is meant to inspire us; and the delight which, in its proper action, it ought to afford us: and when we add to this, that our national reputation is to no small extent involved in the degradation of national art, we cannot but deeply lament the triumph of court intrigue, and the reinstation in their posts of men who, to conceal their own incapacity, can truckle to the basest acts of which our nature is capable.

GUILD OF ST. ALBAN.

Our attention has lately been called to the existence of a society entitled "The Guild of St. Alban," whose object is to assist in various ways the clergy of the Church of England. One of its chief works has been the foundation of a college near Tamworth, whose buildings are now in progress, with the following distinct ends in view:

"The praise and worship of Almighty God, by the regular saying of all the offices of the Guild. These include the Morning and Evening Prayer of the Church.

"*The provision of a place of retirement for all persons, whether clergy or laity*, who may desire either a temporary or permanent retreat from the anxieties and distractions of the world.

"The provisions of means of study for members of the Guild, especially for those who are preparing for Holy Orders.

"The formation of a library of books, &c. on theology, ecclesiastical history, ecclesiology, and kindred subjects.

"The education of a limited number of orphan boys, so as to render them useful to the Church, either at home or abroad.

"The preparation, printing, and dissemination of sound publications upon theology, church history, and discipline."

We need not point out how desirable a refuge this will furnish for clergymen temporarily laid aside from duty, and compelled by age or sickness to cease their ecclesiastical functions. There are very many, we are sorry to think, among our superannuated clergy, whose scanty incomes are barely sufficient to enable them to drag on a weary existence, who have to spend their old age in obscure lodgings, friendless, or at least companionless. We have long had much sympathy with them, and we have taken solace in the fact, that the "Friend of the Clergy" has done at least something to mitigate so deplorable an evil. But the plan before us is the only one which fully meets the exigency; monetary

aid is often not the chief need; an aged or invalid clergyman requires something more than mere bread to eat, and rooms to live in: he requires companionship, he requires sympathy, that he may spend his last days in holy peace, or that melancholy solitariness may not gloom his returning convalescence. And there are many, too, who are neither invalid nor disabled, who yet require some place to which they can retire for a season, away from the turmoil of heavy duty, or the unhealthiness of a populous district. Many a poor curate will rejoice to be able, without any serious diminution of income, to escape for a few weeks from the isolation of a country village, or the wearisomeness of ceaselessly alternating surplice and sick-room duties. The calm retreat, the abundant means of study, the pleasant society, which this college offers, cannot fail at once to attract and to benefit.

We are convinced that clergymen of larger means will not neglect those of their brethren for whose assistance this institution is founded, provided only that its promoters carry it out in a true catholic spirit. We hope, most sincerely, that it will not prove to be merely another development of the practical wisdom of Tractarianism; but that it will become a real blessing, not only to the invalid and aged, but to those who wish to gather fresh strength of body and mind for the conflict which so often compels its soldiers to cry out, in weariness of soul, "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

TAX-GATHERING IN ENGLAND AND INDIA.

From the days when "publican" was synonymous with "sinner," to the era of the income-tax and window-duty, tax-gatherers have never enjoyed any large share of popularity: all their private virtues have been obliterated by the stigma of their office, and all their private vices have been added to swell the account of tax-gatherers in general. Englishmen, however, with their very orthodox notions as to the necessity of a revenue, and the consequent necessity for its collection, have not the same cordial hatred for the unfortunate fiscal deputies as some other nations. They are impressed with Lord Chatham's legal fiction, that taxes are a voluntary donation to the Government; they feel that they have in some sense the power of dictating, not only the amount of their taxes, but also the special adjustment of each tax; they are satisfied, in short, with the voice which they

can utter by proxy inside the House, and personally outside it; and if now and then an obnoxious imposition annoys them, they generally look very contentedly forward to its speedy modification or repeal.

But it has happened, unfortunately for tax-gatherers, that during the last quarter they have been brought into prominent and unenviable notice. Let us take the case of our own country first; then that of our colonies. It is found, that tax-gatherers not only do their duty in the collection of Her Majesty's revenue, but exceed their duty in sitting as inquisitors over Her Majesty's subjects. As is the case with inquisitors generally, their tribunal is a secret one, almost as secret as those of Westphalia; and, however much their victims are "bled," they dare not raise a public clamour against their torturers. We need not say that we allude to the Courts of Commissioners, which hold their sittings in unknown places all over the kingdom, to investigate into men's pecuniary affairs, exploring alike the penetralia of profits, and the arcana of professional money-making. The income-tax has been always felt to press particularly hard on the working portion of the middle classes, whether professional or commercial; and the hardship is doubly enhanced by the fact, that a man's word is so frequently disregarded, and that the secrets of his literary profits, or the intricacies of his trading speculations, are dragged before an irresponsible commission. Our readers are, probably, too well aware of the practical working of this system, to need that we should point out its flagrant injustice, and its repugnance to the feelings of Englishmen. We will select only one instance—that of a large manufacturer brought before a council of three brother manufacturers, and constrained to unravel the whole of his profit and loss system. What is the consequence?

"Disclosures of a peculiar mode of conducting a given department of business, which skill or genius may have rendered lucrative, may put in risk the entire business income of a tradesman. It may throw the benefit of his ingenuity into the hands of his rivals. Solvent men sometimes have to appeal before commissioners in the same business whom they know to be insolvent. It may be said of many succesful men of business, that in the course of their career they have been placed in positions of difficulty, where, if their credit were unquestioned, they could well recover from temporary embarassment; while the disclosures of the secret tribunal of the income tax would destroy them.

"The question of appeals is connected with this branch of the

subject. A surcharge is made—the tax payer is accused of making a false return—and he is not permitted to know who is his accuser. He meets a paid and practised government agent, whose interest it is to raise difficulties, to press inquisitorial inquiry, to add insult to extortion, in short, to obtain money, whether due or not—as the price of exemption from the ordeal. Bank books may be called for, borrowed capital disclosed, the rate of profit discussed. . . . . And this information is extorted, not by a banker, who is about to make advances—not by a creditor of whom forbearance is asked—but by the surveyor of taxes, and the commissioners, in secret conclave to increase taxation and extort money."

We quote from a very clever *resumé* of the whole question which has been issued by a committee of Birmingham merchants and professional men, who have formed themselves into a league for the Reform of the Income Tax. We advise the haters of this unjust oppression throughout the country, to join these Birmingham reformers and make their voices heard in every city and town in England. We feel assured that when once the cry is heard, it will be taken up by the vast majority of those who constitute the middle and monied classes: let only the cry be unanimous, and the House of Commons cannot long be deaf to it.

But we must pass from tax-gathering in England to tax-gathering in India: the transition does not mend matters, for it is from metaphorical torture at home to actual torture abroad. The almost boundless wealth of the East India Company has become quite proverbial; the very idea of going out in its service suggests the idea of coming home with a fortune; its princely establishments and its munificent salaries bewilder the mind with the thought of the vastness of the resources from which they spring. But if we trace this splendid stream to its first risings—following one tributary after another, until we reach the tiny rillets which come from the obscure villages in the heart of the presidencies, we shall find to our sorrow, that without any show of justice, still less with any show of reason, the unfortunate tax-papers are treated with a ferocity worthy only of the minions of a Verres. We do not rest upon idle reports, but upon the authenticated statements of trustworthy men, who tell us of tortures inflicted on the unoffending "ryots" which make us shudder even to think of.

We are very sorry, for the sake of our Eastern empire, that such iniquities have even the shadow of legal sanction; it is a sad political mistake. Never yet has a people submitted to be treated like dogs—never yet has a nation long bowed beneath the yoke of oppression such as this; and we

are convinced, if all that Hindoos know of English rule is the pitiless torture of the peon, that we cannot hope for their united sympathy whenever the tide of invasion rolls over our Indian possessions. The invaders would come as the messengers of liberty, proclaiming, "No taxes, no torture!" and where would our sway be when the millions of India rose up as one man to welcome the liberator and to shake off the oppressor?

We are very sorry, too, that among the attesting witnesses to these deeds of cruelty are the names of many missionaries, who were compelled to stand by as silent spectators, without the power to stay the hand or to allay the mercilessness of the tormentor. How can we expect India to be evangelized, if its evangelists are identified with a set of oppressors? How can we expect that the labours of our missionaries will prosper, if their first and chiefest task is to mitigate the ills which their countrymen have wreaked on an innocent and unoffending people? It is our duty alike as patriots and as Churchmen to protest with a myriad voices in unison against these scandalous enormities; it is our duty to let the Government know, that the brotherhood of man embraces even the Hindoos, and that Englishmen cannot silently submit to this blot on their national honour—this disgrace to their common Christianity.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

SCIENCE is not now a mere misty intangible phantom as it once was: it has in process of ages become less fantastical and more practical, it has a lower aim, but it produces far more useful results. Men have long ceased to dream of epicycles and microcosms; chemistry sits in the seat of alchemy, and astronomy in that of astrology. But men have descended much lower still; they have borrowed a little both from Bacon and from Comte, substituting the "how" for the "why," not only in the grander realities of nature, but in the ordinary facts of everyday life. We have to notice that during the past quarter very great advances have been made towards rendering science useful to us socially. It is striving to "pierce into the darker places in the history of life," and some of its most brilliant triumphs spring out of those things which so commonly begirt us in our daily existence, that only a great man could notice them.

Meteorology and chemistry have lately summoned several sister sciences to their aid in the investigation of cholera—its causes and its cure; the first part of the problem has been

quite solved by the exertions of Mr. Glaisher of Greenwich, Dr. Dundas Thomson, and others, who have demonstrated that its efficient cause is "air and water abounding in organic impurity." This has made Londoners more anxious than before that the Thames should not longer continue a great central sewer, from whose "simmering" waters the heat of the dogdays extracts the pestilential miasma which has saddened such numberless homes with death.

Chemistry has lately done us very material service in taking cognizance of edibles and potables of every imaginable kind, and reporting upon their constitution. Many people had long been aware that all things are not exactly what they pretend to be; they were quite prepared to hear that coffee has sometimes 95 per cent. of *adulterated* chicory in it, but sober tea-drinkers were surprised to find that about 54 per cent. of their favourite beverage is largely mixed with "gum, indigo, vegetable yellow, Prussian blue, carbonate of magesia, *sulphate of lime*, silica, and carbonate of copper," while the admirers of French chocolate found to their horror that the favourite "vanilla" flavour is obtained by an infusion of *coal-tar*. These things are now very rightly to be put down by legislative enactment; it is a noble triumph for chemical analysis to have shewn so irrefutably that (to quote Tennyson's *Maud*,) "the spirit of murder works in the very means of life." Baron Leibig has been applying his marvellous knowledge of chemistry to similar subjects; he has published a plan for improving ordinary bread both in quality and quantity, by the addition of a small quantity of lime.

A very useful addition has been lately made to the popular stock of metals; M. St. Claire Deville has succeeded in producing Aluminium, a metal of the highest value for common uses, being extremely malleable, and yet extremely beautiful; it will enable the working classes to have for common use, utensils much superior to, yet much resembling, those made of silver. Another eminent Frenchman, M. Favre, proposes a *submarine railway* to connect Dover and Calais, to consist of a double archway, one of bricks and the other of iron. The only great difficulty appears to be the impossibility of admitting air, but M. Favre declares that the usual openings in tunnels are not requisite. Meanwhile, a contract has been entered into for stretching a submarine telegraph wire from Ireland to Nova Scotia, before the expiration of two years, so that we may literally expect soon to gird the earth with a zone of lightning.

Whilst we are writing this, the British Association for the advancement of science is holding its twenty-fifth meeting, at Glasgow. We have seen a report, prepared by a committee, of which Lord Wrottesley is the chairman, which bears very materially on our prefatory remarks—the application of science to sociology. It treats of three questions:—

"I. How can the knowledge of scientific truths be most conveniently and effectually extended?

"II. What inducements should be held out to students to acquire that knowledge; and after the period of pupilage has expired, to extend it and turn it to useful account?

"III. What arrangements can be made to give to the whole body of competent men a due influence over the determination of practical questions, dependent for their correct solution on the accurate knowledge of scientific principles?"

The manner in which these questions are handled in the report gives us great hope that something very practical will soon be done; it would be premature to speculate on its precise character or its various phases, but we feel sure that the British Association cannot fail to do great good in removing the flimsy gossamer-threads of superficial knowledge on which so many have built up an infidelity, and in leading men from the true knowledge of Nature to the true knowledge of Him who is Nature's Lord.

REFORMATORY SCHOOLS FOR YORKSHIRE.

The Act of Parliament which was passed last session has given a beneficial impetus in the establishment of Penal Reformatory Schools for Juvenile Criminals. The magistrates of various counties have taken the first steps towards availing themselves of its provisions. Such institutions may be set on foot by the voluntary benevolence of private individuals, and when placed under Government inspection, and certified by the Home Secretary, the magistrates may sentence offenders under sixteen years of age to fourteen days' imprisonment, and also to two years' discipline in a certified Institution. The Treasury will also pay for the maintenance of the culprit during the period of his instruction, which the act authorises the magistrates to levy the amount of the offender's cost on the parents, or step-parents, if they can be found.

Encouraged by this countenance from the Legislature, the magistrates of Northampton and Sussex have made many preliminary inquiries; those of the West Riding of York-

shire have held repeated meetings, which have resulted in three of their number undertaking the initiory expenses with the hope of soon arriving at the desired result.

The East and North Ridings have united with the town of Hull and the city of York, in promoting the same object. An influential public meeting has been held at Hull, and another will be held in York, during the month of October, under the Presidency of the Earl of Zetland, one of the Lords-Lieutenant. The acting Committee, of which the Rev. Canon Harcourt, is Chairman, and the Rev. T. Myers, Vicar of Sheriff Hutton, Secretary, have paid visits to Reformatory Institutions already in operation. They are preparing a report upon the statistics of juvenile crime in the county, and on the best means of diminishing its enormity. It is expected that the family system, recommended by the Rev. Sydney Turner, of Red Hill, will be adopted. Provision will be made, at first, for about forty inmates. From thirty to forty acres of land will be required to carry out the industrial occupations so strongly recommended by Mr. Baker, of Hardwicke Court, Gloucestershire, and Mr. Wright, of Buxton, near Norwich. The moral agency, and the active supervision, will be provided by a resident superintendent and schoolmaster, who will have under his controul a farming man as labour-master; and thus the moralizing effect of the hay-field, the fold-yard, and the garden, will be tried upon these wild Arabs of the city, who are trained to theft and robbery, and all ungodliness. The transforming influence of Christian superintendence will not be neglected, as in choosing a site it is intended to place it within reach of some clergyman who may exercise that soothing influence of Divine benevolence, which has reformed the most abandoned, and softened the most hardened offenders. Large subscriptions and donations have already been contributed; the chief nobility of the two Ridings have given £100 each; others £50, £25, and smaller sums, besides numerous annual subscriptions of one guinea each. The annual income required for even fifty juvenile criminals will probably amount to £500, especially if the plans of the French "Agricultural Colonies" are fully carried out. The Legislature has taken a very important step; and should the voluntary benevolence of the country prove adequate to the occasion, the Government may probably be induced to grant its aid most liberally towards such hopeful experiments.

Similar efforts are in progress in Wiltshire, under the direction of the leading nobility of the county.

LIMITED LIABILITY BILL.

This bill gives a new scope to the enterprise of our smaller capitalists. No doubt, the supervision of public opinion, not less than parliamentary jurisdiction, will be brought to bear upon any schemes calculated to take advantage of what we have a strong opinion will prove a national benefit. The example of our Gallic neighbours, amply demonstrates the efficiency of the principle, which, in the hands of a people so enterprising as the English, will not fail to be productive of great results. In the Metropolis we are rejoiced to observe such vigorous efforts used in reference to

SANITARY MEASURES,

for which Sir B. Hall, and his able coadjutors, are entitled to the just thanks of the country. The peculiarity of the normal condition of our London population is of such a nature as to forbid any successful treatment of this important subject which is not radical and thorough. No half-measures will do here. The area is too vast, the crush of life too severe, to secure the desired result, unless the component parts of the vast civic machine be made to work harmoniously together. In the thorough purification of the Thames, we trust that measures for the economical resources of science will not be lost sight of. Surely it would be feasible, now that the levels of our great railway lines are well-known, and now that their engineering difficulties are overcome, to carry out a complete and well-organized system of conveyance for the sewage of the great Metropolis, as a fertilizing agent of the highest value. An apparatus of pipes, at the side of each important railway running from London, could be arranged on the most economical principles. All engineering expenses have been already incurred, and the purchase of land through which the arterial system is to pass, is already completed, and a moderate rental for the use of their lines, would be gladly accepted as an addition to the yearly income of the respective companies. In

RELIGIOUS MATTERS

We have to notice the contest still going on between Mr. Liddell and his staunchly Protestant churchwarden. The affair seems to be one, like most ecclesiastical affairs where justice is required, demanding a long purse. Accordingly

Mr. Liddell makes a strong appeal to those of his party, affirming that it is on public grounds that he has undertaken the defence of what are often called *holy ornaments*, which might, we imagine, be more properly denominated, *ornamental holiness*. Though the result of this struggle be now left to the Ecclesiastical Court, it must not be forgotten that the Ecclesiastical Court itself will, ere long, be put upon its trial; and as in the body politic feudal relics will speedily disappear, so the canon law of the Romanists, still remaining in our so called Spiritual Courts, will be effectively done away with. In the midst of these disputes, the Papacy itself, the head of unity, seems sadly disquieted at the rebellious conduct of Piedmont and Spain. The Pope has addressed an *allocution* to these states, and the object of this address seems to be even more *pecuniary* than *doctrinal*. Alas! it is to be feared, that these are but the beginnings of his holiness's political troubles. The affairs of Austria in Italy, the constitutional firmness of Piedmont, and the stubbornness of heretical England, will, it is to be feared, give, ere long, additional uneasiness to the see of Rome.—*Nous verrons*.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

We extract the following letter from the pages of a newspaper. The facts related in it may be depended upon, and it seems scarcely credible that a line of conduct at once so far from creditable and so totally indefensible should be adopted by any body of persons called "gentlemen." However there is the old motto "Quos Jupiter vult perdere prius dementat."

"Sir,—I am unwilling to ask a portion of columns so occupied as yours are, for any personal object, but as you have been appealed to occasionally on account of the Ecclesiastical History Society, may I beg the favour of a short space to defend myself against a most unwarrantable imputation.

"The Rev. Alexander Taylor, the secretary of a committee established for the purpose of winding up the affairs of this long defunct society, has put forth a report which has only recently fallen into my hands, and which contains statements which are, so far as I am concerned, totally untrue.

"Actuated by the desire to raise a subscription for the Rev. Robert Eden, Vicar of Wyndham and Canon of Norwich, to reimburse him for the losses which he has suffered through the failure of the society, they, the committee, or more probably he, the secretary, has brought against me a charge of having deserted Mr. Eden when the society was surrounded with debts, difficulties, and liabilities. This charge is not brought openly, it is true, but covertly and

by way of inference. The report merely states that at this period —that is, as the public are desired to believe, when the society was in insuperable difficulties—then the two gentlemen, who, with Mr. Eden, were co-founders of the society, declined all further connexion with it, but left Mr. Eden to meet alone the great liabilities which they had helped him to incur. Now, so far as I am concerned, I protest against this statement as false—wilfully false.

"I left the society before the publication of a single volume, and I left it because a person was employed as secretary whom I felt to be totally unfit for the office. I warned Mr. Eden again and again, that in such hands the society *could* not succeed, and I left it because I foresaw liabilities not yet incurred, but under such management, in my judgment, unavoidable.

"If, then, Mr. Eden is to be gazetted as a victim, be it so; yet I cannot see that he is the victim of anything save his own obstinacy and folly, and I certainly do very indignantly protest at being supposed accessary to his martyrdom.

"After my secession I continued on the most intimate and friendly terms with Mr. Eden, rendered him on several occasions very important services connected with the society, and collated with the sealed book in the Tower, free of expense to the society, but as an act of friendship jointly to him and to Mr. Stephens, the two first volumes of the prayer book edited for the society by the last-named gentleman. For this I received, not of course as payment, which would be absurd, but merely an acknowledgment, six copies of the small paper edition and one of the large; these I have dispersed among friends and public institutions. I mention this to show my willingness to aid Mr. Eden. I am sorry to add that when the third volume was printed no collation took place, the whole work was spoiled to save a little expense, and the committee now refuse to complete my sets! leaving me, as a reward for my labour, a certain number of odd volumes, just in fact a few pounds of waste paper! I should not notice this, discreditable as it is, were it not that in order to enhance Mr. Eden's claim to a subscription, the secretary's report has brought this false and scandalous charge against me.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"HENRY CHRISTMAS."

KNELLER HALL.

OUR readers will probably be aware that for some years past the Government has supported an institution at Kneller Hall, for the education of schoolmasters. The plans, theoretically considered, were faultless; and the principal, the Rev. F. Temple, was acknowledged to be one of the princes of English teachers; for some time, therefore, a *prestige* attached itself to a Kneller Hall schoolmaster, which caused his services to be everywhere in great demand. In course of a

few years, however, it was found that these Government *alumni* were not so good as was usually supposed, being pre-eminently deficient in the νοῦς πρακτικός which is so indispensably necessary to a good teacher of the children of the lower orders. The difficulty was soon perceived by the schoolmasters themselves, and many of them exchanged the calling which gave them neither pleasure nor profit, for one in which they were at least sure of the latter; the education which they had derived at Kneller Hall was useful for a clerkship, if it was too unpractical for a district school. Another cause soon began to add to the previous disturbing influences; the institution was called upon to furnish masters for workhouse schools; and those who had indulged in high hopes of success and a comfortable position in society, found themselves reduced to miserable, and often filthy, rooms in "the poor man's palace;" where their duties were "irksome, if not degrading," where "the labour required of them was often excessive and disagreeable," and where "a common looking-glass has been pronounced a luxury to which they are not entitled." Besides this, they were totally unfit for their work, and it took many years of patient, unrelieved toil to become acquainted with the practical duties required of them. After two years' training, under such men as Messrs. Temple and Palgrave, they might naturally be expected to have no small amount of intellectual power, which would be utterly lost in a workhouse school, although it might be turned to very good account among the children of artizans and shopkeepers. We are sorry that this latter class has not met with more attention, for we think that artizans especially would in every way profit by being emancipated from the thraldom of the ignorant teachers who still unhappily abound, and who yet would form far better instructors in a workhouse than the students of training colleges. They should therefore change places, and if they were to do so there would not be so much cause for the continual complaint of the middle classes, that the children of the lowest orders are far better provided for than their own.

The conduct of the Government with regard to Kneller Hall, gives us but little confidence in their practical sagacity in educational matters. If the students were too highly trained for district or national schools, surely, *à fortiori*, they were utterly unfit for workhouse schools. We are aware of the extreme difficulty of properly solving the problem which everywhere presents itself. "How is the teacher to be

rendered fit for his sphere?" But at the same time a little more patient perseverance would have enabled Mr. Temple to master the point, if his plans had not been suddenly cut short by the appointment of his pupils to workhouses. We regret that such a cause as this should have produced so utter a failure as that of Kneller Hall, and we hope that when the experiment is again tried, it will be given a fair chance of success.

Apropos of Government aids to education, we may mention a plan which merits great attention, especially in manufacturing districts. The most formidable obstacle to the intellectual progress of the children of the poor, has long been felt to be the early age at which they are taken from school and placed at work. The wages which they earn are very trifling, but, especially in case of a large family, it often requires considerable self-control on the part of the parents to pay even a few pence weekly for their education, instead of receiving the few shillings which their labour would bring in. The only way to meet the difficulty is to give the parents some pecuniary compensation; and as this cannot be done in every instance, the money is bestowed in the form of prizes after examination. The scheme has been tried in South Staffordshire, and has met with very decided success; it has also been approved at a large meeting of the nobility and gentry of the coal districts in the north, and we hope shortly to hear of its general adoption. We are convinced that manufacturers generally would on the whole be great gainers by thus paying the more promising among the children of their workmen to stay away for a few years from work, which cannot but stunt their growth morally, physically and intellectually. A very short trial will show the incalculable advantage of having an intelligent body of *employées*.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

We observe that the opportunity afforded by the conflux of visitors to Paris at the time of the Queen's visit, was seized upon by the Evangelical Alliance for holding a series of conferences. The most important subject of discussion was the federal union of all Young Men's Christian Associations. The scheme reflects equal honour on those who originated it, and on those who purpose to carry it out; we cannot be content to look at it from the narrow standing point of party-prejudice, it will be a means for bringing in many sheep to Christ's flock, and as His servants we feel bound to rejoice

in it. These societies of young men have done already a mighty work in the world; they are working noiselessly, but certainly, and their fruits shall hereafter be glorious. We regard not now so much their effects on the minds of their members—their tendency to produce social and moral elevation, to rescue them from the many snares which beset them, and the many evils which oppress them; we rather look at them as aids to our common Christianity, as raising up an army of soldiers who will fight manfully against infidelity and sin, when the present combatants have passed away. Their existence is one of the brightest spots in the horizon of the future; for we are persuaded that the great battle between the Church and the world must soon come to a crisis; the time of conflict seems to loom close before us, and when it commences we shall feel our need of union. Infidelity makes war not upon this or that section of the Church, but upon Christianity at large, and before its onset can be driven back, Christians must be bonded together by some closer tie than at present binds them. We are therefore delighted to think that there is a prospect of a large section of the Christian laity, throughout the world, rising up for Christ simultaneously and in union; that in the shops, and counting-houses, and offices of every large town in Christendom, there is in training one vast and mighty host which shall roll back, by God's help, the flood of iniquity and unbelief, showing to the world at once the power of united strength, and the efficacy of Christian faith. God grant that the confederation may be blessed!

INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.

We have before treated at some length on the proposed changes in the appointment of Writers for the Civil Service of the Honourable East India Company. The first examination of candidates has since been held, and the rich prizes at stake, the high character of the examiners, and the importance attending the selection of the future governors of our Indian Empire, attracted considerable public attention. The results were on the whole most satisfactory, although they afterwards met with a most searching scrutiny; not that their fairness was impugned, but that the methods by which they had been obtained crossed debateable ground. The controversy mainly resolved itself into two points; first, the prominence due to mathematics, secondly, the necessity for a *vivâ voce* examination.

With regard to the former, we think, with all our reverence for mathematics, that the place assigned to them by the examiners was the right one. The object of the examination is, to ascertain which of the candidates possessed a good general knowledge of many subjects, or an exact knowledge of one or two. Accordingly, a man may gain one of the appointments by a thorough knowledge of English or the classics, because, in fact, each of these (especially as treated by the examiners) forms a cluster of many subjects of indefinite extent—such as history, antiquities, geography, &c.; whereas mathematics form but a single subject, with no collateral branches,—so that a man may be a very good mathematician, without knowing a jot of any other subject whatever. If the intention of the examination were simply to confer an honorary distinction, mathematics ought, undoubtedly, to have a higher place; but of the two points necessary to attain the end proposed, *viz.*, first, a mental training, based on an accurate knowledge; secondly, the power of expression; the former only is furnished by the exact sciences, while both are necessary to enable a man to answer well the classical questions of the late examination.

With regard to the other moot-point—that of *viva voce* examinations—we regret that so serious an omission was made. The Company does not require awkward, nervous, or shy men for her magistracies and collectorships; and yet a mere paper examination may admit many such. A ready judgment, a quick perception, and a fluent tongue, are quite as essential as an accurate knowledge; and we hope that some opportunity will hereafter be afforded for allowing the examiners to place them in the scale of merits, for we are convinced that but little good will result to India from the change, if the race of dashing ignoramuses is supplanted by a race of learned simpletons or cowards. A *viva voce* examination, when conducted by a thoroughly competent examiner, is probably the finest possible test of a man's intellectual qualities; since it not merely brings out his knowledge in all its fulness, but also throws light upon those most valuable gifts—the gifts of prompt apprehension and clear expression.

WELLINGTON'S MONUMENT.

The execution of Wellington's Monument, in St. Paul's Cathedral, has been at length definitely fixed upon. Two English sculptors sent in models, by invitation of Government; but neither of them being deemed worthy of the

hero, the commission was entrusted to Baron Marochetti. This is but an act of public reparation to that eminent sculptor; for our readers will recollect the disgraceful treatment which his magnificent equestrian statue of Richard Cœur de Lion received last year, when Sir Charles Barry ordered it to be removed from its position in Old Palace Yard, because, forsooth, "it spoiled the look of the Palace!"

We have full confidence in Baron Marochetti, and we indulge in the hope that he will not desecrate God's holy temple by adding another to the many marble effigies of pagan deities, which are as hideous to behold as they are heathenish to think of. A Christian monument to a Christian hero! Although we need no sculptured marble to remind us of Wellington. His momnuent is around us on every side. Our busy streets, our thronged exchanges, our peaceful homes, ought to stand before us as perpetual memorials of him, who, under God's blessing, stemmed the tide of Napoleonic conquest, and spared our land from calamities which we dare not now conceive.

Literature of the Quarter Classified and Reviewed.

SO great has been the dearth of really good books this quarter—so engrossing has been the interest of the war and its consequences—that there has been but little time or inclination to attend to anything else; we shall therefore not attempt this quarter our usual division, but dwell rather more at length on the principal points of the chief works which have appeared since we last addressed our readers. Of these, one of the most deeply interesting is the new volume of "Bampton Lectures."

New Testament Millenarianism; or, the Kingdom and Coming of Christ, as taught by Himself and his Apostles Set forth in eight Sermons, preached before the University of Oxford in the year 1854, at the Lecture founded by the late Rev. John Bampton, Canon of Salisbury. By the Hon. and Rev. Samuel Waldegrave, M.A., Rector of Barford St. Martin, Wilts, and late Fellow of All Souls College. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1855.

We shall not enter at present into the question discussed by this most valuable volume, nor will we express ourselves convinced by all its arguments; but we shall point out two or three topics on which the author has evidently thought deeply and reasoned accurately. He accepts the idea of a Millennium, but believes that the personal appearing of the Lord shall be at the close, not at the beginning of the thousand years, or rather at the close of that additional period during which Satan shall be loosed. We have no hesitation whatever in awarding to Mr. Waldegrave the praise of great fairness and candour, of much calm logical power, of a thorough acquaintance with all that has been written on his subject, and of being right in many points where others have been wrong. Let us hear his observation on the Restoration of the Temple worship, so zealously contended for by so many Pre-Millennarians:—

"Nor can the ritual wall of partition between Jew and Gentile be raised up again.

"Many modern Pre-Millennarians, striving, though after all but ineffectually, to be consistently literal throughout, assert that it shall. Their expectation is confirmed, they say, by passages like this, 'David shall never want a man to sit upon the throne of the house of Israel; neither shall the priests the Levites want a man

before me to offer burnt offerings, and to kindle meat offerings, and to do sacrifice continually.' But it is in the latter portion of Ezekiel's prophecy that they discover the surest evidence that they are right. The fortieth and six following chapters of that book contain, they say, a very full and particular description of that temple which is yet to be built in the land of Israel. Nay more, the Lord condescends to do that a second time to Ezekiel, which once he did to his servant Moses; he condescends to prescribe the ordinances of the sanctuary, and that with a very remarkable minuteness of detail. For example; he specifies the number and position of the tables on which the sacrifices are to be slain; he gives directions concerning the places where they are to be boiled; he even provides for the hooks that are to be 'fastened round about.'

"It were easy to point out, in reply, how the literal interpretation of these and similar prophecies will involve its adherents in conclusions seriously at variance with each other. Thus one passage brings all the nations up to Jerusalem for to worship, while another authorizes their presenting to God in every place incense and a pure offering. One passage throws open the temple with all its services to the thronging Gentiles, while another forbids that they should enter there until they are circumcised not only in heart but also in flesh. Ezekiel again confines the priesthood to the sons of Zadok, while Jeremiah extends it to all the priests of the tribe of Levi; and Isaiah, stretching it far beyond either of these limits, confers it even upon strangers of the Gentiles."—pp. 95—97.

Another doctrine which requires a great deal of sifting and examination is that of the first resurrection; and we cordially recommend to all students of New Testament prophecy the remarks which follow:—

"Here let me ask, whether it is not plain that the dead in Christ are said to rise first,—not in respect of the rest of them that sleep in the dust of the earth, but in respect of the saints who are alive and remain till the coming of the Lord. Those living saints shall not prevent, shall not meet the Lord sooner than, those which are fallen asleep. No: before any can be caught up to meet him in the air, the departed saints must first arise in bodies fashioned like unto the glorious body of their great Redeemer. Then, saith the apostle, we which are alive and remain being changed, and the whole church of God being thus individually perfect, and corporately complete, 'we shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

"'But the wicked are not even mentioned here,' some would rejoin. Yes, they are! Let us resume the broken thread of the apostolic argument;—that argument does not terminate with the fourth chapter: it is carried on to the end of the eleventh verse of the fifth chapter. I will however read but part of it. 'But of the times and the seasons,

brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you. For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night. For when they shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child; and they shall not escape.' And what, in the plain, common sense meaning of these words, do we learn from this portion of the apostolic discourse? Surely we learn, that the self-same day which shall witness the sudden rupture of all the saints, shall also witness the sudden, the inevitable destruction of all the ungodly. And thus does this memorable passage, when viewed in the integrity of its argument, so far from corroborating the Pre-Millennial dogma of the first Resurrection, rather instruct us, that the reward of the righteous and the doom of the ungodly, and, as other portions of the divine word abundantly warrant us in concluding, their respective resurrections also, shall immediately and simultaneously follow upon the sudden, the midnight coming of the Lord."—pp. 448,449.

Once more we find so many wild notions afloat about the New Jerusalem that a book which, like the present, takes cognizance of them in a logical and Christian manner, refuting them when they merit argument, and merely stating them when they are below it, has a claim on the respect of all reasoners:—

"But then we are met by a second expedient. Its object is to preserve in tact the purity of the more immediate dwelling-place of the resurrection saints. It is the strangest perhaps,—though by no means the least popular, of Pre-Millennarian imaginings. There are, we are told, two departments of the world to come. There is 'Jerusalem which is above,' and 'Jerusalem which is beneath.' The former, suspended in mid-air between heaven and earth, shall be the habitation of Jesus and all his glorified saints. There, as in the palace of their kingdom, shall they dwell uncontaminated and undisturbed by the evil that shall still be permitted to find place among the nations of the earth."*

"Mr. Begg, (Connected View, p. 130, 131, 132,) and Mr. Brooks, (Elements, p. 294,) seem to expect that both these cities shall exist upon earth; —sin and death having place in the one and being excluded from the other. Mr. Elliott (Horæ Apocalypticæ, vol. iv., p, 209, 210,) quoting Isaiah iv. 5, and referring to 'the pillar of fire on the tabernacle in the wilderness, or the more awful gloom on the top of Sinai,' believes that the New Jerusalem will 'rest upon' the Earthly Jerusalem, He however touches the subject but briefly. Not so Mr. Molyneux; 'Jerusalem,' he says, 'the city appertaining to the earth, the metropolitan city of the earth, will be quite distinct, and another, from the Jerusalem above, the New Jerusalem. They are totally different cities—the *earthly* and the *heavenly*—and must not be confounded .... different in themselves, different in their occupants—*one* of heavenly mould and fabric, for the glorified church; the *other* of earthly character and structure, for Israel and the nations .... I believe, nevertheless, that a close connection will exist between them; so close, I mean, as to involve an actual link and means of communication—possibly even a point of contact, the one being in union with the other ... there will be a

From these extracts it will be easy to judge the way in which Mr. Waldegrave has treated his most important subject; and we could hardly entertain a higher respect for him and set a greater value on his investigations, if they in all respects corresponded with our own opinions.

Creation's Testimony to its God; or, the Accordance of Science, Philosophy, and Revelation. By Thomas Ragg. Second Edition. London: Longmans. 1855.

This volume was originally designed to compete for the Burnett Prize, and we almost regret that the accomplished author travelled "out of the record" so as to make it impossible that it should be presented to the judges.

It is a work of greater merit, as well as of wider scope, than either of the successful treatises; and though making no claims to originality, it will be found up to this time by far the most complete work on the subject which it treats. *The book* remains to be written. We could name one attempt, but too crude to be a successful one, and on this account we forbear. We are not surprised to see a second edition, and shall proceed to show how Mr. Ragg treats the multifarious materials from which his work is compiled. First a fragment of physical astronomy:—

"I will give one or two examples of this nice adjustment of forces for the purpose of illustration. I commence with our satellite, the moon. It was proved by Ferguson, that the ancient eclipses, noted in history, took place at times differing essentially from those which the calculations require; and that these differences of time regularly diminish as they approach our own era. By a comparison of the moon's mean longitude at the period of those eclipses, with the mean longitude which backward calculations give, it was clearly shown that, unless all these historical records of astronomical observations were incorrect, the moon's mean motion is accelerating from age to age, and the orbit she describes is nearer to the earth than at the time of those early eclipses. Strange thoughts arose in the minds of scientific men when these facts were first brought to light. Some perceived therein an exhibition of an element of destruction—attraction overbalancing centrifugal force—and conceived the time to be approaching when the moon and the earth would dash against each other. But La Place,

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junction between them, represented possibly by Jacob's ladder, one end of which reached to heaven, while the other rested on the earth: or by the Transfiguration, when the cloud, though the Tabernacle exclusively of the glorified Lord and his glorified attendants, yet rested on the earth and had contact with it.' World to Come, p. 169—172. Israel's Future, p. 228, 249—251."

when studying the theory of Jupiter's satellites, saw ground for believing that the accelerated motion of the moon might be connected with the secular variation of the orbit of the earth. Analysis has justified his conclusion. It is proved that the greater the eccentricity of the terrestrial orbit, the greater is the disturbing action of the sun on the moon. This eccentricity having been decreasing for ages, the sun's disturbance of the moon has also, during that time, decreased. The attraction of the earth has therefore had a more powerful effect on the moon, and been constantly diminishing her orbit, while the moon's velocity has been augmenting for centuries, to balance the increase of the earth's attraction. This change, however, is a periodic and regular one. So long as the earth's eccentricity diminishes, the moon's mean motion will be accelerated; but when it has passed its minimum, and begins to increase, the mean motion of the moon will be retarded from age to age. Thus, then, that very accelerated motion of our satellite, which was once deemed an element of destruction, is but the effect of a balance of forces, a redeeming, a compensating principle, which exhibits the wisdom of the Creator in providing for future contingencies, and impressing with unfailing stability the universe he made."—pp. 72, 73.

This is well and clearly expressed, and though perhaps the subject cannot be rendered quite intelligible to the ordinary reader, yet Mr. Ragg has gone far to make it so.

When we pass from science to philosophy we agree well with our author. He exhibits boldness in touching on so delicate a subject as the following; but as a Christian writer he was bound not to allow a foolish scrupulousness to prevent the free utterance of important truth, and he has spoken well:—

"Nor is creative wisdom and benevolence less displayed in that conjugal affection, that sexual attachment, without which the great ties of society would soon be dissolved, and our race become extinct; for no calculations of propriety or duty would be sufficient, without sexual and parental attachment, to induce the continuation of our species. That strongest propensity of our nature has often been abused; but it is *per se* none the less pure and holy; and woe is man! that he feels not the holy beauty of God's purpose therein. Few could be the evidences of contrivance and design more marked than this adaptation of means to the great end in view—'the perpetuation of the great mystery of existence, the multiplication of immortal beings through bodily relationship.' And how great is the goodness as well as the wisdom which is manifest in the fact, that this perpetuation is inseparably connected with all our tenderest and most delightful associations—the life of our life, the most unfailing spring of joy! What blind and unintelligent concurrence of atoms, with the aid of chemical affinities, could ordain

and awaken such sensations of thrilling rapture, such a union of heart and soul, as burn in the breasts of pure and devoted lovers; and, having awakened it, could wisely adapt such benevolent means to the great end of their physical existence? It is the endowment of a God, who thus has left some slight remains of His once perfect image in the breast of His fallen creature, to testify that HE IS LOVE!"—pp. 156, 157.

On the subject of the anthropomorphism of Scripture he is less satisfactory and far less profound than he might have been—and indeed ought to have been; but still what he does say is good so far as it goes:—

"We have a yet further illustration of man's attachment to the visible and the tangible, in his almost universal tendency to idolatry. From the earliest ages he panted after, and desired to *see*, God; and as he gradually lost sight of the primitive truth of the essential spirituality and invisibility of the Divine Being, this tendency seemed to possess all the force of a moral instinct. There appears to be something in his moral nature which demands an apprehensible object of worship, something nearer than an Infinite spirituality, or an Infinite abstraction. He forms visible objects and representations to assist him in his worship; and these, in course of time, become objects of worship themselves. And when, even without these, he lifts up his thoughts, or addresses his prayers, to the Deity, the mind usually forms some image or conception of a visible being, and directs his thoughts to some ideal locality, under a sort of vague notion, or half apprehension, that there, in an especial manner, he resides. Yea, this he does in the midst of *scientific* and *Gospel* light, although the Book of Revelation expressly declares that '*God is a spirit*,' (*i. e.*, not material;) that he '*fills heaven and earth*;' that '*in him* (*i. e.*, in his infinite presence) *we live, and move, and have our being*;' that *he is the King eternal, immortal, invisible—who only hath immortality, dwelling in light which no man can approach unto—whom no man hath seen, nor can see!*'

"But there is yet another reason for the use of such language in connection with Deity, besides its adaptation to the nature of man. Infinitude, in its strictest and most abstract sense, is an attribute of God; but perhaps it may be said to be only strictly so of *abstract* Deity—OF GOD AS IN HIMSELF HE IS. And the Scriptures reveal him not only as he exists in his own essential nature, but also as he exists in relation to his creatures, as Creator and Preserver. To make a finite universe, however vast, God must have *stooped* from his immensity; for every exertion of the Infinite, accordant with his nature, must have been, like himself, immense, eternal, and immutable. And the Scriptures represent the Second Person of the Trinity as thus *stooping*—as coming forth from the bosom of the Father to manifest Deity by outward act of creation. They speak of him as constituting duration, (*αἰῶνας ἐποίησεν*) as 'the

beginning of the creation of God,' 'the first-born of every creature;' forming, as it were, a link between the spiritual and material, between God and nature; as 'the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world,' dying, as it were, to his own essential glory, to assume another glory as Messian, the head of the visible universe, set up from everlasting, God manifest, Creator, Redeemer, Ruler, and and Provider."

In concluding our notice of a very interesting work, which, compilation as it is, has a merit of its own, we would observe that its value would have been much increased had Mr. Ragg only gone to the highest authorities for his facts and theories. Babbage, Herschell, Airey, Lyall and many others are in their places, but mere compilers are scarcely worth compiling from.

Ezekiel, and the Book of his Prophecy. By the Rev. Patrick Fairbairn, D.D., Professor of Theology in the Free Church College, Aberdeen. Second edition. Edinburgh: Clarks. 1855.

It is not our purpose in the short notice which we can give of this truly important work, to enter into those views of the Prophecy of Ezekiel which Professor Fairbairn brings before our notice. We must at least, for the present, content ourselves by telling our readers what manner of book this is, and cordially recommending itself to their attentive study.

The Prophecy of Ezekiel has been little investigated, and little understood, in this country. Dr. Fairbairn rightly says:—

"All that is necessary for the present time to be said on the literature of the subject may soon be told. Our own country has done comparatively little in relation to it. The bulky and tedious work of Greenhill, reprinted some years ago in a cheap form, is, like most of the Puritan writings, of small account in an exegetical respect; and is rather a collection of common-places founded on Ezekiel, with a multitude of parallel passages from other Scriptures, than a commentary in the proper sense. The only English work calling for special notice here, is the Translation, with Notes, by Archbishop Newcome, published in 1788. The notes are of a very brief description, chiefly explanatory of the meanings given in the translation; and both the translation and the notes proceed to a large extent on the vicious principle, very prevalent at the time, of getting rid of difficulties in the sense by proposed emendations of the text. This false and superficial style of criticism has now deservedly fallen into discredit; although Ewald, and after him Hitzig, still pursue, to some extent, the same course, and not sel-

dom, like Newcome, would correct the Hebrew text from the Septuagint. How little confidence can be placed in emendations derived from such a source, no one can need to be told, who is in the least degree acquainted with the character of the Septuagint translation generally, and, in particular, with its translation of this Book. Hitzig himself admits many of its variations from the true sense to have arisen from palpable mistakes; and that, as a whole, it is pervaded with frequent and systematic deviations from the correct import, while the Hebrew text is remarkable for its degree of purity, are among the surest results of a sound biblical criticism. We have, therefore, but rarely paid any regard to the diverse readings derived from the Septuagint, and, with the rarest exceptions, have adhered to the existing text."—p. 15.

Protestantism has done less than Popery towards the elucidation of this great Prophet; and it is to the Society of Jesus, and to the benighted land of Spain, that, hitherto, we have had to look for our best information on this subject.

"By far the most elaborate work ever published on the prophecies of Ezekiel, was the joint production of two Spanish Jesuits, Pradus and Villalpandus, in three huge folios (Rome, 1596). The first volume, which, with a slight exception, was executed by Pradus, and reaches to the close of chap. xxviii., is the best portion of the work; now, however, chiefly valuable as a repertory of the opinions of the Fathers. The two other volumes are occupied with interminable discussions in reference to the Temple, and, as stated in the preliminary remarks to chap. xl.-xlviii., proceed throughout on a wrong principle. The expository discourses of Calvin extend only to the first twenty chapters, and are distinguished by his usual acumen and discrimination, also by his hearty appreciation of the great moral principles exhibited by the prophet; but afford little help in regard to some of the more peculiar difficulties connected with the interpretation of the Book. The same also may be said of the commentaries of Rosenmuller and Maurer, though both are deserving of consultation—the former, more especially for the judicious and extensive use it makes of existing materials—the latter (which, as to the sense, very commonly follows Rosenmuller), for its grammatical exactness and acute remarks on particular passages. The translation of Ewald, with its brief notes, forming part of his Hebrew Prophets, though unsatisfactory as a whole, is yet of considerable value, and has frequently been consulted. But a much more valuable contribution to the study of Ezekiel appeared very shortly after it—that of Hävernick, which issued from the press in 1843, a year or two before the lamented death of its author. Though I cannot always adopt the views and conclusions arrived at in this work, yet I gratefully acknowledge my deep obligations to it. The commentary of Hitzig, of still later date (1847), is the production of an accurate scholar, but of a very inferior mind to that of Hävernick; and while it is entitled to an honourable place

as regards the grammatical sense and connection, it has added nothing to the general elucidation of the Book, or done aught to enhance its value as part of the Inspired Volume. In this respect it is rash and superficial, and partakes of the wonted leanness and spiritual poverty of Rationalism. The few passages of Ezekiel examined by Hengstenberg in his Christology, are treated with his usual accuracy and penetration."—pp. 15, 16.

From this account our readers will be able to judge with some accuracy as to the importance of the work which is here presented to them.

There is a valuable introduction to this volume, from which we extract the following admirable summary of the character of Ezekiel, as a writer and a prophet.

"In the simply literary department of the religious sphere, we readily concede a full play to the varied idiosyncracies of mind, and the diversified methods they naturally fall into in the exhibition of Divine truth. A clear and solid judgment, practical wisdom and sagacity, rapt fervour of spirit, logical accuracy, the playful sportings of fancy or the bolder flights of imagination; the direct and the veiled, the homely and the refined, the historical and the allegorical—all find here their peculiar province, and have each their appropriate use. And in reaping the benefit, which they are severally fitted to render to the cause of truth, and to minister of personal instruction, every one knows, that they must each be treated after their own kind, and judged by their distinctive characteristics of thought and expression. Now, there is the same variety in the natural gifts and endowments of the inspired writers; and they must be dealt with in the same manner—if we would catch aright their spirit, and receive just impressions from the discourses they delivered. For example, in the case more immediately before us, in the prophet Ezekiel, we have an example of the Spirit's theopneustic agency in one of the more uncommon and eccentric class of minds—a mind susceptible of deep emotions, possessed of an aërial fancy, and intensely energetic in its aims and movements; a mind, therefore, strongly realistic in its tendencies, so that it must be ever striving after the living presence, or the life-like representation of things, beholding the unseen mirrored in the seen, and arraying the dim perspective of the future in the familiar garniture of the past or present. To such a mind the distinctions, in a manner, vanish between history and prophecy, symbol and reality, flesh and spirit; the one seems insensibly to merge into the other, or to be related to it only as the exterior form of the life that dwells within. And the Spirit of God, in serving himself of such a mind, as a channel of Divine communications to the Church, must be understood to have left these marked peculiarities to their native operation, and only to have given them the proper impulse, and furnished them with the necessary materials of working. It was, in

truth, precisely such a mind that was needed in the crisis, at which the affairs of the covenant-people had then arrived, when, the external framework of the Divine kingdom having fallen to pieces, the interest of God seemed ready to perish, and the very foundations of the faith were tottering to their base. No ordinary man, at such a time, was fitted to raise anew the standard of God's truth, and rally the prostrate forces of the kingdom. One was needed, who should be capable of living alike in the past and the future, and who could see, as with open eye, and grasp, as with a giant's hand, the hidden realities of faith."—pp. 6, 7.

Life Spiritual. By the Rev. George Smith, Minister of Trinity Chapel, Poplar. London: Snow. 1855.

Grand theme this for a book, and worthy the highest effort of sanctified intellect. Life is neither show nor semblance, but a sublime reality. It is a divine thing; and life spiritual is nothing less and nothing lower than the life of God in the soul. This life, like life physical and intellectual, is subject to the law of gradual and progressive development. "The grave is not its goal," for it flows out into a bright and endless future, in which its progress runs parallel with its duration.

Conscious of the height and the glory of his theme, our author approaches it with the humility and the reverence of a man of God. The contents of the volume, he tells us, "lay no claim to the character of profound original disquisition, but are rather to be regarded as unpretending representations of great truths, adapted in some degree to meet a felt and acknowledged want of the age." Still the subject is in able hands, and its enlightened manly treatment does great honour to the head and the heart of the writer. Few men are better qualified than Mr. Smith, from his wider and more perfect knowledge of the spiritual world and its developments, to do justice to such a theme. He rises far above the littleness and the limitations of an ordinary mind, and gives us those refreshing, generous, catholic statements of truth, in which all divine life revels and delights. Having opened his subject with some most appropriate views on the agent and the means by which spiritual life is produced in the soul, he then very carefully traces the nature and the principles of this interior life—its various stages of progress and development, with the encouragements and the obligations to holy advancement—dwells on the individual consciousness or experience of this inward life; determines its

points of declension and revival; how it may present its imitations and appearances without the sublime reality, but that the reality cannot exist without its corresponding manifestations and developments; shows that this outward expression of the inward thing, being neither fictitious nor false, but genuine and true, cannot fail of its influence on others; that in maintaining this life in its integrity, we must do battle with every form and variety of evil, and that in this deeper contest, if we have our failures and our defeats, we have also our successes and our victories. This leads him to pass, by a very easy and natural transition, to the joys and the sorrows, the aspirations and the hopes, inseparable from the possession of this spiritual life, and then points to heaven as the scene of its final consummation. Touching this consummation, our author says—

"It will commence immediately at death. The strange notion has been entertained by some writers on the subject, that during the period intervening between death and the resurrection the soul will remain in a slumbering unconscious condition. The chief support of this theory is found in the misapplication of a scriptural figure, applying to the soul that which is properly descriptive of the body. The bodies of the saints sleep in the dust of death, but their souls are active and blessed, and rest not day nor night. The entrance to heaven follows immediately the departure from earth. On no other principle can we understand what is said in the New Testament respecting this transition. The soul of the beggar, when he died, was carried to Abraham's bosom; the ransomed malefactor was promised Paradise the day he expired; and Paul, who had been caught up to the third heaven, knew and affirmed that to be absent from the body was to be present with the Lord.

"Spiritual life in heaven will be ever increasing and improving. This is not the case with mere natural life on earth, for it soon reaches its perfection and then begins to decline. Feebleness of the whole frame, or decay of some bodily organs, or failure of some mental powers, begins to mark the waning phase of life; but in heaven, life spiritual will be undecaying. No accident or disease will touch it; no lapse of time will mar or enfeeble it: on the contrary, it will be for ever improving. At the resurrection of the just a great addition will be made to their happiness by the possession of glorified bodies—'Neither shall they die any more, for they are equal to the angels, and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection.'

"This life will be eternal. Overpowered as the mind is by the contemplation of this great truth, it may yet be comforted with the thought of never-ending purity and joy. We do not enlarge on the proofs afforded of the eternity of future life, for while many have reasoned against the eternity of hell, few have denied

the everlasting bliss of heaven. Few, if any, would wish to abridge the duration of this life, shorten eternal redemption, or mar its joy, with the suggestion that it will come to an end. Our faith in its perpetuity is built on the statements and promises of the Bible, and on the oneness of spiritual life with the life of Christ, which secures it. He has said, 'Because I live, ye shall live also'—He lives for ever, and we who believe in Him shall live for ever, and never die.

"The enjoyments of heaven will be as uninterrupted and constant as they are eternal. Here all things are changing; rest follows activity, joy is succeeded by grief, and the happier scenes of life yield to care and woe: but the life of heaven will be constantly active and blessed. Redeemed spirits will never be wearied or require repose; they will not slumber amidst the bright visions of glory, nor close their eyes in the presence of the Lord they love. No dreams will interrupt their steady contemplation of all-commanding precious truth and fact. Without pause and without interruption they will continue the work of doing the will of God, of glorifying the Redeemer, and of promoting the welfare of the whole family in heaven. Eternity itself will glide over their blissful employment, while through interminable ages they will be more and more assimilated to the glorious Author of imperishable life."

This extract will give to our readers a very fair idea of our Author's style; while the truths and the sentiments which it embodies will assure them that they are perfectly safe in committing themselves to the instruction and the guidance of such a teacher.

The book needs no commendation of ours, or we would give it from our inmost heart. It is a piece of rich practical theology, demanded by the spirit and the tendencies of the age, and well adapted to nourish the life of God in the soul unto its final and everlasting perfection. Let it be read, studied, and appreciated by the whole church of Christ, till this life animate all her different sections, and through her impress itself on the world.

A General Survey of the History of the Canon of the New Testament during the First Four Centuries. By Brooke Foss Westcott, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1855.

Hitherto the ordinary student has been obliged to derive his knowledge of such points as those discussed by Mr. Westcott from that meritorious but imperfect work, "Horne's Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures," a book which, though it has undoubtedly been extremely useful to the

Church, may rather be said to have left its author a well-informed man, than to have been the production of a great scholar.

The work before us is another of those truly invaluable manuals which Mr. Macmillan is preparing at Cambridge, and it is as satisfactory as the other two: more it would be difficult to say in its praise. Mr. Westcott observes—

"A general survey of the History of the Canon forms a necessary part of an Introduction to the writings of the New Testament. A full examination of the objections which have been raised against particular Books, a detailed account of the external evidence by which they are severally supported, an accurate estimate of the internal proofs of their authenticity, are, indeed, most needful; but, besides all this, it seems no less important to gain a wide and connected prospect of the history of the whole collection of the New Testament Scriptures, to trace the gradual recognition of a written rule as authoritative and divine, to watch the predominance of partial, though not exclusive, views in different Churches, till they were all harmonized in a universal Creed, and witnessed by a completed Canon."—p. 1.

There is a peculiar necessity for some such work as this, arising out of the temper and taste of the times; we are not now so prone, as in the days of Archbishop Newcome, to meddle with the sacred text by way of emendations; but we require to be able to examine Scripture more as a whole—as having its bearing one portion on another—its literature on its history.

"The question of the Canon of Holy Scripture has assumed at the present day a new position in Theology. The Bible can be no longer regarded merely as a common storehouse of controversial weapons, or an acknowledged exception to the rules of literary criticism. Modern scholars, from various motives, have distinguished its constituent parts, and shewn in what way each was related to the peculiar circumstances of its origin. Christianity has gained by the issue; for it is an unspeakable advantage that the Books of the New Testament are now felt to be organically united with the lives of the Apostles—that they are recognized as living monuments, reared in the midst of struggles within and without by men who had seen Christ, stamped with the character of their age, and inscribed with the dialect which they spoke. It cannot be too often repeated, that the history of the formation of the whole Canon involves little less than the history of the building of the Catholic Church."—pp. 2, 3.

The difficulties which the task presents, are in fact the difficulties of the past. Our forefathers were unable to clear the way as we can do, by reason of the almost total want of the necessary appliances.

"It is almost impossible for any one whose ideas of communication are suggested by the railway and the printing-press to understand how far mere material hindrances must have prevented a speedy and unanimous settlement of the Canon. The means of intercourse were slow and precarious. The multiplication of manuscripts was tedious and costly. The common meeting-point of Christians was destroyed by the fall of Jerusalem, and from that time national Churches grew up around their separate centres, enjoying in a great measure the freedom of individual development, and exhibiting, often in exaggerated forms, peculiar tendencies of doctrine or ritual."—p. 5.

The following observations on the apocryphal books of the New Testament are striking:

"One important example will illustrate our meaning. As soon as the Christian Church had gained a firm footing in the Roman empire, it required what might be called an educational literature; and an attempt was made at an early period to supply the want by books which received, in a certain degree, the sanction of the Church. When this sanction was once granted, it became necessarily difficult to define its extent and duration. The ecclesiastical writings of the Old Testament furnished a precedent and an excuse for a similar appendix to the Christian Scriptures. Both classes seem to have been formed from the same motive; both found their readiest acceptance at Alexandria. 'Apocryphal' writings were added to manuscripts of the New Testament, and read in churches; and the practice thus begun continued for a long time. The Epistle of Barnabas was still read among the 'Apocryphal Scriptures,' in the time of Jerome; and an important catalogue of the Apocrypha of the New Testament is added to the Canon of Scripture subjoined to the *Chronographia* of Nicephorus, published in the ninth century."—p. 11.

We cannot quite coincide with the value which seems here to be set upon the apocryphal books of the Old Testament; nor do we see any advantage to be gained by retaining any portion of them in the Services of our Church—we would rigidly exclude the whole. It was a good example when the presbyter, who sought to recommend the story of Thecla by the name of St. Paul, was degraded from his office.

We are much pleased to observe that Mr. Westcott, in speaking of the Church in the following passage, guards himself by a marginal note from misconception, by defining the Church as the whole Christian body.

"It is then to the Church as 'a witness and keeper of holy writ,' that we must look both for the formation and the proof of the Canon. The written Rule of Christendom must rest finally on the general confession of the Church, and not on the independent

opinions of its members. Private testimony in itself is only of secondary importance; its chief value lies in the fact, that it is a natural expression of the current opinion of the time."—p. 15.

We have to congratulate Mr. Macmillan on the great and uncommon merits of the Manuals which he has hitherto put forth.

Patriarchy; or, the Family: its Constitution and Probation. By John Harris, D.D. London: Partridge, Oakey, & Co. 1855.

Dr. Harris has been so long and so favourably known, as an able writer, and a catholic-minded man, that a new book from his pen is sure to command, as it deserves, respectful attention. This volume is the sequel and conclusion to that which he published sometime ago, entitled "Man Primæval." In that work he traced the constitution and probation of man as an individual; in the present he views him in his social state, and traces the history of the family from the patriarchal times down to our own day; exhibiting the changes of power, obligation, and mission which the varying conditions of the world have imposed on the family.

One of the most important peculiarities of this book is the manner in which physical questions are treated; we are not deluged with mere religious common place, but we have sound practical instruction, fitted for those who believe, or ought to believe, that our bodies are temples of the living God, and are to be raised to his glory. Take an instance—

"If the healthiness of children depends partly, as we have seen, on the healthiness of their parents, it most obviously follows that unhealthy and ill-assorted unions should be conscientiously avoided, since they can only be the means of propagating deformity, wretchedness, and disease. Within certain limits, parents frequently live again in their children. 'Yet we every day see very sensible people, who are anxiously attentive to preserve or improve the breed of their horses, tainting the blood of their children, and entailing on them not only the most loathsome diseases of the body, but madness, folly, and the most unworthy dispositions, and this, too, when they cannot plead being stimulated by necessity, or impelled by passion.'* And may we not add, that we every day see, not merely sensible, but some religious people, who ignore all such considerations, if they do not even deem their religious sensibility shocked at having their attention called to them. They would not be at all surprised at an insurance company requiring a regular list of searching questions respecting habits and health to

* Prof. J. Gregory's Comparative View of the State and Faculties of Man, &c.. pp. 18, 19. Dr. Pritchard's Researches, Vol. II., pp. 536-551.

be answered, before undertaking the risk of a small sum of money; but when they are about to marry, though they 'have, in the generality of cases, the health and happiness of five or more human beings depending on their attention to similar considerations,'* they either do not give the subject a thought, or else dismiss it as belonging to the domain of providence. They should remember, however, that the Bible is not insensible to a fine physical organization, and therefore the professed reverer of the Bible ought not to treat lightly the laws which secure it. If the *mens sana* seldom exists apart from the *corpore sano*, still more rarely is a healthy piety found in such isolation. That tree of righteousness is likely to yield the fairest fruit, and to reach the nearest heaven, all other things being equal, whose roots strike the deepest in the earth of our nature The very command that 'children should honour their parents,' looks back with a most inquiring and significant aspect to the entire life of the parties to be honoured. That 'the sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children to the third and fourth generation,' is not an arbitrary threatening, but a law of nature; and no parents lend themselves to its fearful operation so directly as they who ignore the conditions of a healthy progeny." —pp. 271, 272.

We make another extract upon the great topic of education.

"The *will* determines the amount of a man's *power*. According as it is influenced by right motives or wrong, it determines his *character*. In this complex sense, the will is the *man*. In the early discipline of the will, the object is to restrain the child alike from the extreme of obstinacy and of too great pliancy. In the latter instance, the child must be led to see that he is in danger of becoming the slave of circumstance, of being dragged at the wheel of every folly, written on by every finger, and of willing only with the will of others. Gradually, he must be shown that in allowing his emotions to terminate in themselves, he is wasting the very impulse which was meant to carry him out into appropriate action; that even good wishes are valuable only as they harden into purposes; and that purposes require for their accomplishment a reiteration of acts which strengthens into confirmed habits. Another child may be self-willed; requiring to be frequently shown the errors of his obstinacy; to be left at times to suffer its effects; and to have it inculcated in various ways that he only is fit for the society of voluntary agents who is prepared to yield as well as to exact submission. Now, the only way in which the will can be trained to govern is by being, from the first, wisely governed. And one of the most difficult problems of education is, to form the child to obedience without impairing his freedom. Indeed, the solution of the same difficulty, in relation to their subjects forms the chief occupation of every human government.

"No original quality of the mind, even though existing in dan-

* Combe's Constitution of Man. Seventh edit. p. 163.

gerous excess, should be opposed directly or crushed. Brought within proper limits it will have its value; and this is best effected by cherishing, appealing to, and developing a counterbalancing disposition. In other words, attention should be given, not so much to the weakening of any one quality, as to the strengthening of its opposite. The mother, who saw her little one running unconsciously to the edge of a precipice, did not attempt to save him by a shriek or a scold; but kneeling down, and baring her bosom, the child ran back to it."—pp. 291, 292.

We should go on to make many extracts, but we hope to make the whole book the subject of an article at no distant time.

Broken Bread; short Comments for Family Use. By the Rev. Capel Molyneux, B.A. London: Partridge, Oakey, and Co. 1855.

This is a series of short comments, so short as to be very well adapted for family use. The title seems affected; but the book is one which many households will greatly rejoice in, as scriptural, plain, and practical. One advantage it has above any other book of the kind, and that is that it is a selection. Some of the most important and interesting passages are taken in an intelligible order, and faithfully and evangelically commented upon.

Passing Thoughts. By James Douglas of Cavers. Part I. Edinburgh: Constables. 1855.

After reading this pamphlet of 134 pages, we congratulate ourselves and the public on the announcement borne on the cover—Part 1, for this indicates that in due time we may expect Part 2, and probably 3, 4, and 5.

The contents are what appear to be extremely able and interesting articles, such as we should look for and find in a review conducted with great ability; and the six which are now before us are on very attractive topics—Goëthe—Rousseau—Humboldt—Italy—Cousin and Eclecticism—Grecian History,—all of these are delightful, both in style and in the mode of treating the subject.

Extracts from such papers would be scarcely in character here, and the less so because we hope our readers will obtain the work for themselves; but we shall take a single episode from the article on "Cosmo," which will not fail to excite a desire to read further.

"The greatest event recorded in the heavens was the new star seen by Tycho Brahe. Looking towards the heavens as twilight

descended, he saw, with inexpressible astonishment, a new and most brilliant star in Cassiopeia. Familar with every aspect of the heavens, he was overwhelmed with surprise, and thought that his eyes were deceiving him. He called the workmen out of his laboratory, and they saw it too. So remarkable an event has been attributed by many writers, who are far from being religious, to the hand of Providence kindling this beacon on high to direct the attention of men to the heavens, where so many wonderful discoveries were about to be made. The star Tycho observed had no resemblance to a comet, it was exactly like the brightest stars in the sky. It surpassed in lustre Sirius and Jupiter, and was fully equal to the planet Venus, when it is nearest to the earth. Its position was fixed and immovable, but its lustre soon began to decline, from an equality with Venus, to an inferiority to Jupiter. It gradually descended to the appearance of stars of the second and third magnitude, and at last totally disappeared, after shining seventeen months. Its colour changed as well as its magnitude, first white, then yellow, then red, then a livid whiteness, like the colour of Saturn, before it finally disappeared. Humboldt mentions that Tycho tried to account for these appearances, by a theory somewhat similar to Sir William Herschell's, proceeding upon the nebular cosmogony of the world. 'Such,' says Humboldt, 'is the lot of hypothesis in the eternal fluctuation of opinions and systems.'"—pp. 56, 57.

On this singular, and deeply interesting event, Mr. Douglas proceeds to reason. He has before him lights which were denied to the distinguished Dane, and he compares modern discoveries with the circumstances just related.

"Such an appearance is not only an event in the heavens, but a most striking anomaly when contrasted with the general order of nature. Proceeding by the way of analogy, if we cannot explain, we may gradually reconcile it, though an extreme instance, with a long chain of varieties stretching from our own system into the recesses of space. To begin with our own sun, we have already mentioned some analogies between it and our humble earth. Various considerations lead to the supposition that our sun may be about the average size of the solar luminaries. Its magnitude is great compared with that of the earth. This is illustrated by an ingenious supposition,—if the solid body of the sun were scooped out, there would be room enough for the earth and moon to revolve at their proper distances within it, and somewhat to spare; but place our sun, immense as this view makes it, by the side of Sirius, and it would appear, if we may believe some cogent probabilities, to be like the moon for size, revolving round the earth.

"The Bible is the book of books, and contains thoughts which reproduce themselves into endless thoughts. How many applications might be made of the brief text, 'one star differeth from

another star in glory,' whether applied to the spiritual heavens of eternity, or to the visible heavens, or to the scientific heavens! How glorious the hosts of suns, and yet there are among them those, like Sirius, of surpassing glory, towering like archangels above the angelic armies!"—pp. 57, 58.

But we have not the history of our sun—we know but one short page—we are in the dark, and are but faintly enlightened as to the wondrous future. Speculation may be rife without much blame, and we willingly follow Mr. Douglas in his.

"Our sun shines with an invariable brightness as far as observation can reach. The solar spots neither sensibly impair its heat nor its radiance; but is the sun exempt from the great law of periodicity, and from terms of maxima and minima, which prevail so widely through the Universe? Through ages it may have been dimmed in its brightness, and through other ages scorching from its intensity, before there were human observers to note the difference. We must hope, for the comfort of those who are attached to the system over which it presides, that its irregularities were slow and almost imperceptible, and the greater heat which the earth has experienced in former days, might be ascribed to greater increments of heat from its own interior. At present we seem to possess one of the most constant of luminaries.

"'The light of the sun shall be sevenfold,' is a prediction which fills the mind with hope when applied to the spiritual light of the Truth; but if understood to be fulfilled literally, would create in us considerable apprehension; and, if it were diminished sevenfold, as well as augmented at periodic intervals, we should scarcely know how to provide either against the extreme heat or the extreme cold. Yet this is no theoretic case, but seems to apply to the variable suns, and, consequently, to the attendant planets in their train. These changes are often limited to a few days, and may therefore naturally be assigned to the movements of these suns round their axes; and to the supposition that one of their hemispheres is more illuminated than the other. Other varieties, in other suns, bear the appearance of sudden combustions, as if from the application of fresh fuel to supply a failing fire. Through these, perhaps, we obtain another step of approximate analogy to the star that so suddenly burst upon the gaze of Tycho; and to other similar outbursts of suns, which appear rarely, in distant ages, and which, it is remarkable, seem more particularly connected with a certain portion of the heavens."—pp. 58, 59.

The conclusion of what we have called an episode is not unworthy of the former portion:—

"It is astonishing how many of the dreams of the ancients appear to be realized, if we take in the whole range of time and space. Nothing seemed more wild than the opinion of a dark sun, placed some-

where in the heavens. There appear, however, to be several such; and some, perhaps, with bright planets revolving round them. Some of these dark bodies, again, like extinct volcanoes, may slumber in inactivity and obscurity for thousands of years, and then burst into a terrific, though temporary conflagration, which would afford another analogy to the star of Tycho. The variety of colour in Tycho's star, also finds its parallel in many of the luminaries throughout the heavens,—there being a great diversity of colour in the different stars, and changes even in the same star from red to white, while even the whiteness varies and changes to a more faint and pallid hue, or to a richer yellow. Some of the contrasts of colours are supposed to be subjective and merely complemental colours; but in many instances this explanation can have no place."—p. 60.

We greatly prefer these essays to the generality of works of the same kind; and have no hesitation in placing them on a level with those of Rogers or Isaac Taylor.

Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medineh and Mecca. By R. F. Burton, Lieutenant Bombay Army. London: Longmans. 1855.

There is no country in the world of which less is known among Europeans than the central parts of Arabia; the most inaccessible districts of Africa are comparatively familiar to us, and we look at a man who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and can tell us about it in our own land and language, as a wonder of the world, and we listen to him with equal amazement and edification.

Lieut. Burton, a gentleman peculiarly well qualified for such a task, has recently bent his mind to an undertaking perhaps the most perilous which could be set before him, and the result is given to us in the work above mentioned. His notions of preparation are extremely curious, but not less valuable.

"A fortnight was profitably spent in getting into the train of Oriental manners. For what polite Chesterfield says of the difference between a gentleman and his reverse—namely, that both perform the same offices of life, but each in a several and widely different way, is notably as applicable to the manners of the Eastern as well as of the Western men. Look, for instance, at an Indian Moslem drinking a glass of water. With us the operation is simple enough, but his performance includes no less than five novelties. In the first place he clutches his tumbler as though it were the throat of a foe; secondly, he ejaculates, 'In the name of Allah the compassionate, the merciful,' before wetting his lips; thirdly, he inbibes the contents, swallowing them, not drinking, and ending with a satisfied grunt; fourthly, before setting down the cup, he

sighs forth, 'Praise be to Allah,' of which you will understand the full meaning in the desert; and fifthly, he replies, 'May Allah make it pleasant unto thee,' in answer to his friend's polite 'Pleasurably and health.' Also, he is careful to avoid the irreligious act of drinking the pure element in a standing position, mindful, however, of the three recognised exceptions, the fluid of the holy well Zem-zem, water distributed in charity, and that which remains after Wuzu, the lesser ablution. Moreover, in Europe one forgets the use of the right hand, the manipulation of the rosary, the abuse of the chair—your genuine Oriental looks almost as comfortable in one as a sailor upon the back of a high-trotting horse,—the rolling gait, with the toes strait to the front, the grave look, and the habit of pious ejaculations."

At last our traveller fairly set out on his long and dangerous journey. We have in these two volumes, recorded his safe arrival at Medineh, and the following sketch is a very fair specimen of oriental life. The day after his arrival at Medineh :—

"I arose in the morning, and looked out from the windows of the majlis: the Barr el Munakhah, from a dusty waste dotted with a few Bedouins and hair tents, had assumed all the varied shapes and the colours of a kaleidoscope. The eye was bewildered by the shifting of innumerable details, in all parts totally different from one another, thrown confusedly together in one small field; and however jaded with sight-seeing, it dwelt with delight upon the variety, the vivacity, and the intense picturesqueness of the scene. In one night had sprung up a town of tents of every size, colour, and shape—round, square, and oblong, open and closed—from the shawl-lined and gilt-topped pavilion of the pacha, with all the luxurious appurtenances of the harem, to its neighbour the little dirty green 'rowtie' of the tobacco seller. They were pitched in admirable order; here ranged in a long line where a street was required; there packed in dense masses, where thoroughfares were unnecessary. But how describe the utter confusion in the crowding, the bustling, and the vast variety and volume of sound? Huge white Syrian dromedaries, compared with which those of El Hejaz appeared mere pony-camels, jingling large bells, and bearing shugdufs, like miniature green tents, swaying and tossing upon their backs; gorgeous Takhtrawan, or litters borne between camels or mules with scarlet and brass trappings; Bedouins bestriding naked-backed 'Deluls,' and clinging like apes to the hairy humps; Arnaut, Turkish, and Kurd irregular horsemen, fiercer looking in their mirth than Roman peasants in their rage; fainting Persian pilgrims, forcing their stubborn dromedaries to kneel, or dismounting grumbling from jaded donkeys; Kahwagis, sherbet sellers and ambulant tobacconists crying their goods; country people driving flocks of goats and sheep with infinite clamour through lines of horses fiercely snorting and rearing; townspeople seeking their

friends; returned travellers exchanging affectionate salutes; devout Hajis jolting one another, running under the legs of camels, and tumbling over the tents' ropes in their hurry to reach the Harem; canon roaring from the citadel; shopmen, water-carriers, and fruit-vendors fighting over their bargains; boys bullying heretics with loud screams; a well-mounted party of fine old Arab Shaykhs, of Hamidah clan, preceded by their varlets, performing the Arzah or war dance, compared to which the Pyrenean bear's performance is grace itself—firing their duck guns upwards, or blowing the powder into the calves of those before them, brandishing their swords, leaping frantically the while, with their bright-coloured rags floating in the wind, tossing their long spears, tufted with ostrich feathers, high in the air, reckless where they fall; servants seeking their masters, and masters their tents, with vain cries of 'Ya Mohammed;' grandees riding mules or stalking on foot, preceded by their crowd-beaters, shouting to clear the way; here the loud shrieks of women and children, whose litters are bumping and rasping against one another; there the low moaning of some poor wretch who is seeking a shady corner to die in; add a thick dust which blurs the outlines, like a London fog, with a flaming sun that draws sparkles of fire from the burnished weapons of the crowd, and the brass balls of tent and litter; and I doubt, gentle reader, that even the length, the jar, the confusion of this description is adequate to its subject, or that any word-painting of mine can convey a just idea of the scene."

One of the most interesting portions of the book will of course be the description of the mosque, and the tomb of the prophet.

"Shaykh Hamid, after wrenching a beggar or two from my shoulders, then permitted me to draw near to the little window, called the Prophets', and to look in. Here my proceedings were watched with suspicious eyes. The Persians have sometimes managed to pollute the part near Abubekr's and Omar's graves by tossing through the aperture what is externally a handsome shawl, intended as a present for the tomb. After straining my eyes for a time I saw a curtain, or rather hangings with three inscriptions in large gold letters, informing readers that behind them lie Allah's Prophet and the two first caliphs. The exact place of Mohammed's tomb is moreover distinguished by a large pearl rosary and a peculiar ornament, the celebrated Kaukab el Durri, or constellation of pearls, suspended to the curtain breast high. This is described to be a 'brilliant star set in diamonds and pearls,' and placed in the dark in order that man's eye may be able to bear its splendours; the vulgar believe it to be a 'jewel of the jewels of Paradise.' To me it greatly resembled the round stoppers of glass used for the humbler sorts of decanters, but I never saw it quite near enough to judge fairly of it, and did not think fit to pay an exorbitant sum for the privilege of entering the inner passage of the baldaquin.

Altogether the *coup d'œil* has nothing to recommend it by day. At night, when the lamps hung in this passage shed a dim light upon the glittering inscriptions and the massive hangings, the scene is more likely to become 'ken-speckle.' Never having seen the tomb, I must depict it from books—by no means an easy task. Most of the historians are silent after describing the inner walls of the Hujrah. El Kalka-shandi declares, 'in eo lapidem nobilem continere sepulchra Apostoli, Abubecr et Omar, circumcinctum peribole in modum conclavis fere usque ad tectum assurgente quæ velo serico nigro obligatur.' This author, then, agrees with my Persian friends, who declare the sepulchre to be a marble slab. Ibn Jubayr, who travelled A.H. 580, relates that the Prophet's coffin is a box of ebony (abnus) covered with sandal-wood and plated with silver; it is placed, he says, behind a curtain, and surrounded by an iron grating. El Samanhudi, quoted by Burckhardt, declares that the curtain covers a square building of black stones, in the interior of which are the tombs of Mohammed and his two immediate successors. He adds that the tombs are deep holes, and that the coffin which contains the Prophet is cased with silver, and has on the top a marble slab inscribed 'Bismillah! Allahumma salli alayh!' ('In the name of Allah! Allah! have mercy upon him.') The Prophet's body, it should be remembered, lies or is supposed to lie, stretched at full length on the right side with the right palm supporting the right cheek, the face fronting Mecca as Moslems are always buried, and consequently the body lies with the head almost to due west, and the feet to due east."

In this uncertainty do we leave the coffin of the prophet. We shall make one more extract as exhibiting a mode of calming an infuriated multitude.

"We were summoned by the Maghrabis to relieve their difficulties, by taking about half a dozen of them on the poop. Saad the Devil at once rose with an oath, and threw amongst us a bundle of 'Nebut'—goodly ashen staves, six feet long, thick as a man's wrist, well greased, and tried in many a rough bout. He shouted to us, 'Defend yourselves, if you don't wish to be the meat of the Maghrabis!' and to the enemy, 'Dogs, and sons of dogs! now shall you see what the children of the Arab are.' 'I am Omar, of Daghistan!' 'I am Abdullah, the son of Joseph!' 'I am Saad the Devil!' we exclaimed, 'renowning it,' by this display of name and patronymic. To do the enemy justice, they showed no sign of flinching; they swarmed towards the poop like angry hornets, and encouraged each other with loud cries of 'Allah akbar!' But we had a vantage-ground about four feet above them, and their palm-sticks and short daggers could do nothing against our terrible quarter-staves. In vain the 'Jacquerie' tried to scale the poop, and to overpower us by numbers; their courage only secured them more broken heads. At first I began to lay on load with *main morte*, really fearing to kill some one with such a weapon; but it soon

became evident that the Maghrabis' heads and shoulders could bear and did require the utmost exertion of strength. Presently a thought struck me. A large earthen jar, full of drinking water—in its heavy frame of wood the weight might have been 100lbs.—stood upon the edge of the poop, and the thick of the fray took place beneath. Seeing an opportunity, I crept up to the jar, and without attracting attention by a smart push with the shoulder rolled it down upon the swarm of assailants. The fall caused a shriller shriek to rise above the ordinary din, for heads, limbs, and bodies were sorely bruised by the weight, scratched by the broken potsherds, and wetted by the sudden discharge. A fear that something worse might be forthcoming made the Maghrabis shrink off towards the end of the vessel."

Acadian Geology: an Account of the Geological Structure and Mineral Resources of Nova Scotia, and Portions of the Neighbouring Provinces of British North America. By John William Dawson, F.G.S. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. 1855.

Geology treated as Mr. Dawson has treated it in the work before us, is somewhat of a dry study to the uninitiated. The scientific reader will highly value the facts which are here laid before him, and which show that the author is a sound practical geologist. We have had, hitherto, no really scientific work on the geology of Nova Scotia, but the want is now abundantly supplied. The volume contains some interesting accounts of the Palæontology of the provinces from which portion of the work we shall make a few extracts.

"In the island of Cape Breton the bones of a large elephantine quadruped, probably a species of mastodon, have been found in connexion with the superficial gravel. This gigantic creature probably inhabited our country at the close of the glacial or drift period, and may have been contemporary with some of the present animals, though probably extinct before the introduction of the human race. The existence of this huge quadruped does not imply a tropical or even very warm climate, since in a skeleton found in Warren county, New Jersey, fragments of twigs, found in such a position as to show that they had formed part of the food of the creature, were found by microscopic examination to have belonged to a species of cypress, probably the common white cedar of America; so that the animal probably browsed as the moose does at present, and could live in any wooded region. One specimen, found in the state of New York, measured twenty-five feet in length and twelve feet in height. In Nova Scotia the animal must have attained to similar dimensions, for a thigh-bone, now in the museum of the Mechanics' Institute at Halifax, though apparently somewhat worn, measures three feet eleven inches in length.

This huge bone and some fragments of a tusk, are the only remains of this animal that I have seen in this province; but I am informed that others have been found; though several of the best specimens have been unfortunately lost by shipwreck. Not having seen the teeth, I can give no opinion as to the species, but presume it must have been the '*Mastodon giganteus*,' the species usually found in the United States."—pp. 57, 58.

The most remarkable discovery in this branch of science which Mr. Dawson records, is thus related:

"A much more interesting fossil, which greatly aids in fixing the geological age of the red sandstones of Prince Edward Island, has recently been discovered. It is a portion of the jaw of a large *carnivorous reptile*, apparently closely allied to the *Thecodontosaurus* of the English new red sandstone. This creature must have rivalled in dimensions the modern alligators, and belonged to a more perfect or higher type of structure, represented in the present world only by lizards of moderate or small dimensions. It was, in short, one of that giant *reptile aristocracy* which constituted the highest animal type in the middle or secondary period of geological time, which in consequence has long been known as the peculiar 'age of reptiles.'

"The specimen was found by Mr. D. M'Leod, of New London, on the north side of the island, in the bottom of a well, at the depth of twenty-one feet nine inches, and embedded in the ordinary soft red sandstone of that part of the island. The discoverer was desirous of disposing of the specimen; and the writer being convinced that it would prove of great interest to naturalists, if examined and described by a competent anatomist, offered to negociate its sale. By the advice of Sir Charles Lyell, then in America, it was offered to the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, for which it was finally purchased for the sum of thirty dollars. It was described and figured in the Proceedings of the Society by Dr. Leidy, from whose elaborate paper I extract the following description, which will serve to give some idea of its character.

"'The specimen consists of the right dental bone, considerably broken, attached by its inner surface to a mass of matrix of a red granular sandstone, with large, soft angular red chalk-like stones embedded in it. The fossil has seven large teeth protruding beyond the alveolar margin of the jaw; and it is hard, brittle, and cream-coloured, and stands out in beautiful relief from its dark red matrix. The jaw indicates a lacertian reptile, and in comparison with that of other known extinct and recent genera, is remarkable for its great depth in relation to its length.'"—pp. 108-110.

An accident to one of the teeth in the living reptile, gives occasion to the following observations:—

"'As the teeth were worn away or broken off, they were replaced by others produced at their inner side, as is indicated in the specimen by a young tooth, which is situate internal to, and is con-

cealed by the largest mature tooth. The enamelled crowns of the fully protruded teeth are exserted at their base for several lines above the alveolar border of the jaw. They are compressed, conoidal, and recurved; but compared with those of *Megalosaurus*, they are not so broad, compressed, nor recurved, and they are more convex externally, and are less so internally. They resemble much in form those of the recent *Monitor ornatus*, but are less convex internally. The anterior and posterior acute margins of the crowns are minutely crenulated; and the crenulations commence just below the tip, and descend as far as the enamelled base' "—pp. 110-111.

The importance of the dental bone and of the teeth, in ascertaining the character of the reptile will be seen from the preceding extract. In this case the creature owes its name to its teeth.

" From the extraordinary depth of the dental bone relatively to its length, and from its northern locality, Dr. Leidy has named the animal to which it belonged, *Bathygnathus Borealis*. He adds: ' This interesting fossil is the second authentic discovery of saurian bones in the new red sandstone of North America; the first being those found near Hossac's Creek, in Lehigh county, Pennsylvania, by Dr. Joel Y. Shelley, and described by my friend, Mr. Isaac Lea, under the name of *Clepsysaurus Pennsylvanicus*.'

The remains of this ancient reptile must have been drifted by the sea, and embedded in the sand now forming the red sandstone of New London. Probably its bones, after the decay of the body, were scattered over the bottom, to be buried under the next layers of sand spread over it. What information can we derive from the fragment which has been handed down to our time, respecting the structure and habits of the creature, and the age of the rock in which it was embedded? The teeth prove decisively that the animal to which they belonged was fitted for capturing and devouring other animals. It is difficult to imagine an instrument better fitted for cutting and tearing asunder than a jaw furnished with these sharp and serrated teeth. The size of the teeth, and the shortness and depth of the jaw, indicate an amount of power sufficient for the destruction of large animals; perhaps fishes, smaller reptiles, or even clumsy and gigantic wading birds, all of which are known to have existed as far back as the new red period. Among living carnivorous reptiles, those which, like the crocodile, are clumsy and less agile in their movements, have elongated snouts to enable them the more easily to secure their prey; those which like the serpents can move with extreme rapidity, have comparatively short jaws. We may therefore infer that this creature was furnished with means of very rapid movement, either on land or water. It could spring or dart on its prey. If we had the remains of its extremities, we could determine what its movements were, and whether the sea or the land were its sphere of activity. Without these nothing very certain can be determined on these

subjects. The apparent thinness and density of the bone, however, and its width of surface, convey the impression that it was intended to combine great strength with great lightness, and therefore that it belonged to a creature of terrestrial habits. Probably considerations of this kind, though he does not state his reasons, induced Dr. Leidy to hazard the conjecture, 'Was this animal probably not one of the bipeds which made the so-called bird-tracks of the new red sand-stone of the valley of the Connecticut?' This conjecture of an eminent anatomist, itself shows how singular and anomalous among reptiles is this fossil fragment."—pp. 111-113.

So remarkable a discovery as this well merits notice, and warrants the length of the foregoing extracts. Mr. Dawson continues—

"Had this fossil been specifically identical with any reptile whose remains have been found in other countries, the age of whose rocks has been determined, it might have given conclusive evidence as to the true geological age of the red sandstones of New London. It is, however, a new species of a new genus, quite distinct therefore from any species found elsewhere. Still it gives some important testimony. It belongs to a group of large and highly organized carnivorous reptiles now extinct, and which occupied in the secondary period of geology a place afterwards taken by the carnivorous mammalia. No reptiles of equal grandeur and perfection have existed since the beginning of the tertiary period; and so far as we know, none were created before the very close of the palæozoic period. Between these eras, therefore, we may place our fossil; but this gives a very wide range. There is, however, a difference of *facies*, or general appearance, between the reptiles of different parts of this long reptilian dynasty, which enables us to distinguish between them, just as an antiquary might distinguish a coat of armour of the time of John of Gaunt, from one of the time of Henry the Seventh. Now, as already hinted, the reptile in question appears to have most nearly resembled the *Thecodontosaurus* and *Palæosaurus*, reptiles of the lower new red or *Permian* system of Europe, than any other known animals; hence it confirms the view generally adopted on other grounds, that this is the age of the Prince Edward Island new red, and its corresponding formation in Nova Scotia. I only add, that the occurrence of this family of reptiles in rocks so old, is one of the geological objections to the so-called 'development' theory of some popular writers, whose zeal to dispense with acts of creation outruns their discretion. 'This family of reptiles is allied to the living *monitor*, and its appearance in a primary or palæozoic formation,' observes Mr. Owen, 'is opposed to the doctrine of the progressive development of reptiles from fish, or from simpler to more complex forms; for if they existed at the present day, these monitors would take rank at the head of the lacertian order.'"—pp. 113, 114.

One other passage we shall extract, as it may serve as a warning to those who are in these days impatient to be rich, and inclined to fancy every soil may be auriferous.

"Since the gold discoveries in California and Australia, reports of similar discoveries have locally arisen at different times in Nova Scotia; but, so far as I am aware, have always proved deceptive. Iron pyrites, or the bright golden scales which occur among the debris of granite containing black ferruginous mica, have usually been mistaken for the precious metal. Quartz veins, however, occur abundantly in some parts of this district, and it would not be wonderful if some of them should be found to be auriferous. It is, however, much more probable that such discoveries may be made in the inland matamorphic district described in last chapter, than in that now under consideration, as its rocks bear a much closer resemblance to those of the auriferous districts in other parts of America. Most parts of Nova Scotia have been too well explored to leave much probability that any extensive surface deposits of the precious metal exist; but that it does not occur in small quantities cannot with safety be asserted, until careful trials of the sands and gravels of the streams flowing from the matamorphic districts shall have been made. The gold deposits of the River Chaudiere, in Lower Canada, afford an instance in which, while individual search has proved quite unprofitable, washing operations on a large scale, with the aid of machinery, have repaid the labour and capital employed. Unless some accidental discovery should indicate a promising locality, it would be unwise for individuals to engage in such trials; but if a public survey should be undertaken, they would form a part of its duties.

"A few years since an article appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine' on the subject of gold discoveries, in which it was boldly affirmed, that gold would be found in the hills south of the Annapolis valley, and comparisons, having very little foundation in the facts of the case, were instituted between this valley and that of the Sacramento. In the colony this article was incorrectly ascribed to an eminent geologist who had visited the province, much excitement arose on the subject, rumours of actual discoveries of gold appeared in the local papers; persons were induced to abandon their employments to engage in the search, and there seemed every probability that a rush of gold-hunters would take place to the land of promise. The first adventurers, however, having been disappointed, and some pains having been taken to expose in the public prints the errors of the article in question, as to matters of fact, the excitement subsided with little loss to the community. The circumstance, however, shows how much injury to the reputation of science and to the welfare of individuals, may result from injudicious predictions of this sort."—pp. 362, 363.

1. Learning and Working. Six Lectures delivered in Willis's Rooms, in June and July, 1854.
2. The Religion of Rome, and its Influence on Modern Civilization. Four Lectures delivered in the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, in December, 1854. By Frederic Denison Maurice, M.A., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1855.

We shall do no more here than call attention to these lectures. We purpose to examine into the constitution of people's colleges, their mode of working, and their chances of success—and then we shall again recur to the former portion of this work. The latter portion is occasionally philosophical and always interesting.

A Historical and Critical Commentary on the Old Testament, with a New Translation. By M. Kalisch, Ph. Doc., M.A. London: Longmans. 1855.

Dr. Kalisch is conferring a great service on the theological and the philological world. The translation is accurate, and the notes valuable. The writer has done what all commentators ought to do, but which very few indeed really perform, —he has avoided mere spiritualisations and sermonising, and has honestly and very ably grappled with the real difficulties of the book which he expounds.

He gives good reasons for beginning with the second volume, the Book of Exodus; but we shall hope soon to see the Book of Genesis. This work will be unspeakably valuable to the clergy.

Locke's Writings and Philosophy, Historically considered, and vindicated from the Charge of contributing to the Scepticism of Hume. By Edward Tagart, F.S.A., F.L.S. London: Longmans. 1855.

Mr. Tagart is a learned and candid Unitarian, and it is with him a labour of love to show, which he has done very effectually, that Locke is by no means answerable for the scepticism of Hume; we think that while the great object which the author has had in view has been well attained, that he has somewhat too highly rated Locke himself. To compare him with Bacon, in such language as the following, is hardly likely to secure the attention of the philosophical reader.

"One great and inestimable advantage the disciple of Bacon, Locke, and Hartley must enjoy over the pupils of every other school. A philosophy intelligible, consistent, and practical, will

supply him with a number of rules available for constant self-regulation, improvement, and happiness. Sympathy with the pure and lofty spirit of the masters, and the constant study of their works, will mould the temper to a like heavenly frame. Through the purification of the heart the understanding will be cleared. No fumes of prejudice and passion, of envy or malignity, will rise to dim the eye of the mind. Curiosity, stimulated by the desire of good, will issue in truth, and the attainment of useful knowledge. All that is solid and instructive in science, all that is sublime and beautiful in the order of nature, graceful and sweet in poetry and the expression of human sentiment; all that is delicate, tender, consoling and elevating in common life and the instruction of Scripture, will mix with it and vanish into it, to enhance the radiance of the glory of God. Teaching us that benevolence is the fountain, and happiness the end, of universal being, by attracting to itself all our pleasures, and by softening, if not subduing, all our pains, such philosophy will place us amond the men who—

> " 'With God Himself
> Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
> With his conceptions; act upon His plan,
> And form to His the relish of our souls."

Nor will the conclusion to which Mr. Tagart comes be quite so generally acceded to as he expects.

" No writings in the English language breathe a purer and loftier spirit, or tend more powerfully to form the candid, philosophical, religious mind. It is not only that high ethical character to which Mr. Hallam does full justice, that freedom from the spirit of party and absence of partiality even to his own opinions, apart from the evidence which facts and reasonings furnish, but what is more, because so rare in the philosopher, a constant remembrance of the relation between the human finite intellect and the infinite unknown; that modest sense of human ignorance and error, combined with an anxiety to turn to good account whatever can be known with any approach to certainty; and, above all, that disposition to find the final cause of everything in the wisdom and benevolence of the Creator; these are the moral graces that shed their halo round the memory of the illustrious Locke, and make his *Essay on the Understanding* at the same time a work well fitted to purify and enlarge the heart. Should any taste for genuine English thought and literature survive the present race of thinkers, should it again be reckoned among the needful accomplishments of an English gentleman to know well the greatest and best authors of his country, the estimation of Locke will rise once more to its just height, and the candid youth of universities and halls will be taught to pronounce with veneration the name of the most philosophical of Christians, the most Christian of philosophers."

It is probable that such a work as this will be generally acceptable at the present day, even to those who are by no

means prepared to place Locke in the high position which Mr. Tagart claims for him. We shall not enter further into the question than to recommend the volume to all metaphysical students, as one which cannot fail to be interesting to them, whatever determination they may come to with respect to its subject.

The Microscope, and its Application to Vegetable Anatomy and Physiology. By Dr. Herman Schacht. Edited by Frederick Currey, M.A., Second Edition. London: Highley. 1855.

It is only recently that the great importance of the microscope has been recognised in medicine and medical science; and it is to the treatises put forth by Mr. Highley, under the title of "Library of Science and Art," that we owe nearly all that the generality of the profession can obtain. The present work has for its object the application to the purposes of botanical science, the powers of the microscope; and it is certainly as practical a treatise as could possibly be produced. All the required instruction is given; nothing of real importance is omitted; and at the same time, by avoiding all useless digressions or mere technical diquisitions, the book is kept within a small compass. Such are the books naturalists and professional men want.

Works of Hendrick Conscience.—1. The Lion of Flanders. An Historical Romance. 2. Veva. A Tale of the Belgian War of Independance. 3. The Miser, and other Tales. 4. The Curse of the Village, &c. London: Lambert. 1855.

These volumes form part of a new series of amusing books, under the title of the "Amusing Library." Of the rest of the series we know nothing; but if the same judgment be exhibited which has dictated the selection of Conscience's works, we cannot but augur well for the series. A few months ago few persons in England knew that there was such a thing as a Flemish literature, scarcely even that there was a Flemish language. Now, thanks to a single writer, there is as much known on the subject as there is of any other literature in Europe. We have already spoken at considerable length on the subject of Conscience and his works; for before the volume of "Constable's Foreign Miscellany" appeared, which first drew the attention of the English public to the Flemish novelist, our readers will remember that we had prepared an article on the subject, with specimens of the tales, which appeared simultaneously with Constable's elegant volume. We rejoice to see that our suggestions were not unheeded, we have

now before us four volumes of tales translated from the Flemish, and we understand that their circulation has been highly satisfactory. The present volumes are well got up, in a larger type than books of the class usually present themselves, and more pleasant therefore to the reader. As to the translation, it seems to be under some kind of revision by the author himself, at least so we gather from the terms employed by the publishers; whether this be an advantage or not, must of course depend on the author's knowledge of English. The fact is that the translation, though a good one on the whole, is too literal; it is far less spirited, therefore, than that of Mr. Constable's series, and we would recommend to the translator of the present series, the careful perusal of that to which we have alluded. There will probably be no rivalry in the matter, as Messrs. Constable will hardly be likely to publish another volume from the same author, and the field is clear to Mr. Lambert's edition. The volumes may be safely recommended to families. The moral is good, the pictures of domestic felicity very attractive, and Mr. Conscience always takes care that there shall be poetical justice done on his characters. Nor must we omit the exquisite sketches of Flemish life and manners with which the volumes abound. We are very pleased to see such, and wish success to the undertaking.

Olga; or, Russia in the Tenth Century. An Historical Poem. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1855.

What induced the writer of this book to put it into verse? The verse is not good and poetry is out of the question. The facts of history are just so far departed from as to make the volume utterly valueless as a record, and no interest is added by the accessions we do find. The life of Olga is one which might furnish a good subject for a prose romance; but we do not recommend it to the author of the present volume. To show that we do not underrate the author's powers, we site the opening of the "Poem?" and we assure the reader that it is the best passage we can find.

"Responsive ever to the wingéd touch,
Inviting stands the lyre of poesy;
Its ready strings allure the longing hand
With promised strains of tuneful melody;
And inly roused by echoes from afar,
I nerve my soul to strike its varied notes,
Until, re-waking every thrilling chord,
The minstrel, self-forgetting, be forgot.

Again may battles rage, fierce war-cries sound,
And peace-crowned Victory loud her triumphs tell;
Young love its hopes, and garrulous old age
Its memories oft rehearse; so shall the song
In customed measures move, and wonted key,
While yet the chosen theme be new and wild.
Bring hither ancient History's ponderous tome;
Observe the portions marked by constant use;
See, on its opening lines, the strong impréss
Of sightless Milton's eager vigorous grasp;
Or onward turn to Ilion's storied leaf,
Not time- but study-worn; or where the tale
Records the prowess of crusading knights,
Inscribed with signature of Tasso's pen.
O'er Albion's chronicles hath Shakspeare mused;
Helvetia's patriot hath a place in song;
And Lusitania boasts an epic bard.
But Scythia's annals still neglected lie,
A virgin-page, by stranger-hand untouched,
Though amply with enticing charms endued
Of wealth and beauty, excellence and grace.
Who can for this a fitting cause assign?
Do northern snows deter the Muse's flight?
Or northern accents shock her tender ear
With barbarous names and unmellifluous sounds?
Avaunt the unworthy thought!—the base distrust!
In southern Russia crave we now her aid,
While Russia's chieftains we memorialize."

We are much pleased to find that the Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh, are about to publish a new edition of the Princetown Essays. The book has long been out of print, and is only to be obtained at a high price. The republication will we have no doubt be a remunerative one, as the volume contains some of the choicest metaphysical divinity. The publishers request orders, as they intend to limit the impression. We should have thought this caution needless, but they are probably better acquainted with the demand for such books than we are.

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